McCLURE'S Magazine

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Seven Short Stories

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By H. M. Wright

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Comfort as well as convenience marks the design of the "Nova" lavatory pictured above. Its spacious top is 30 inches broad while its deep basin is 13 by 18 inches. Your architect or plumber can get you any Crane fixture made. Crane branches and sales offices provide a national supply service.

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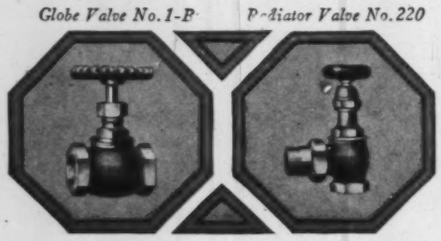

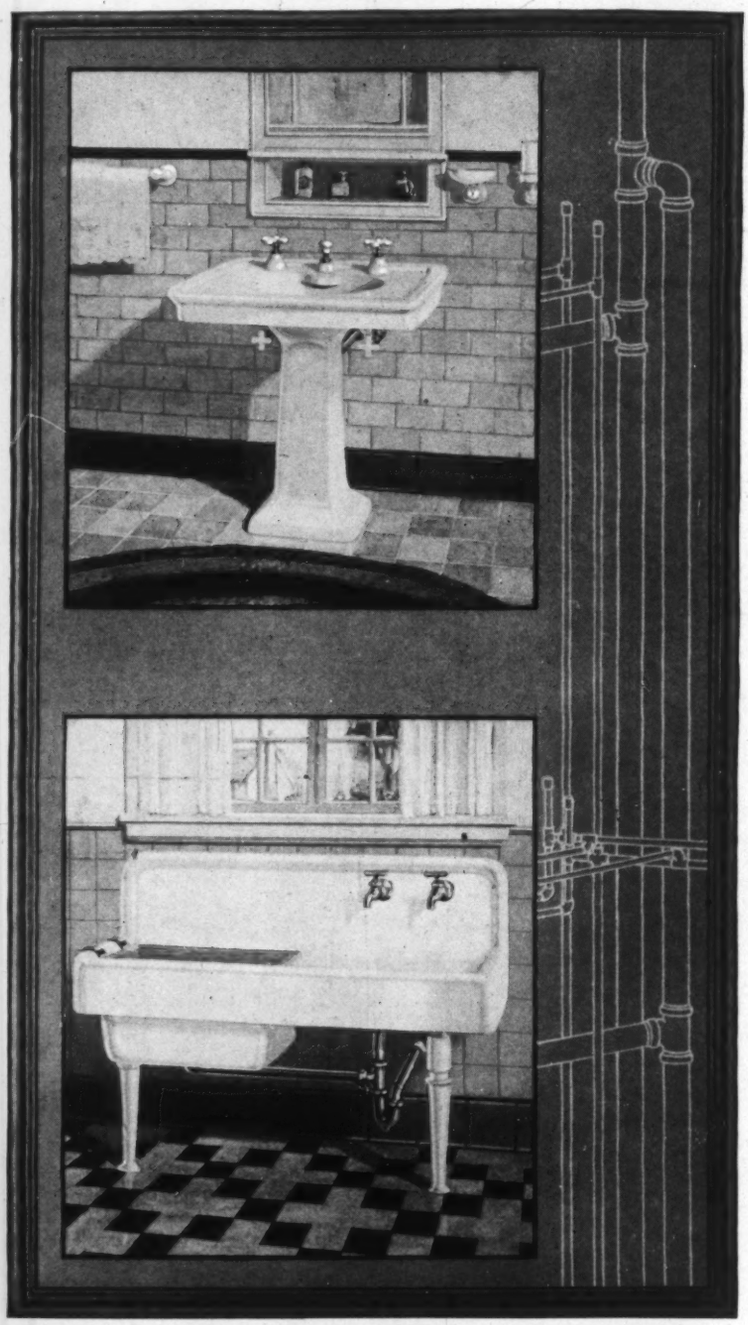

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The same high standard which Chaliapin maintains in his public performances, he also demands for his record "appearances"—and his interpretations are given adequate expression only through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records. Among the fifteen records he has made are:

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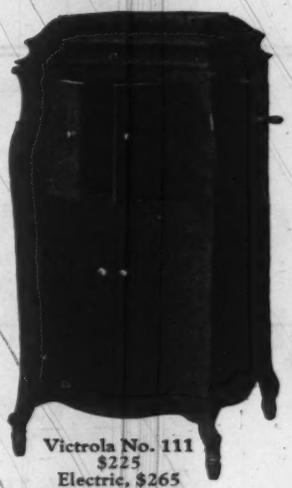

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Volume 56 Number 1

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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Contents *for* January, 1924

PAGE

THROUGH THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE ..... *Roderick Matheson* 9
An American's Thrilling Adventures in the World's Worst Seismic Catastrophe

THE MYSTERY AT MEYERLING ..... *Joseph Szebenyei* 22
Secret Letters from the Hapsburg Archives Reveal the Facts of an Historic Tragedy

AN EXPERIMENT IN ELECTRICITY ..... *H. C. McNeile* 32
Jim Maitland Stakes His Life on One Last Game of Bluff

MUSSOLINI ..... *Samuel Crowther* 37
What the Growing Power of the Fascisti Portends in World Affairs

A TRYST WITH GHOSTS ..... *Edgar Wallace* 44
Enemies Meet Again for Christmas in the Trenches—And Solve A Wartime Mystery

MISTOOKEN IDENTITY ..... *John Randolph Hornady* 50
Obie Shorter, Financial High Flyer, Unfortunately Essays the Rôle of High Diver

TIGERS OF THE SEA ..... *Hamilton M. Wright* 58
Fishing for Speed Demons of the Deep—A Sport More Thrilling Than Big Game Hunting

DIAMOND MADNESS ..... *Edward M. Thierry* 62
A Story of the Lost Treasure of the Kalahari Desert

THE MAN WHO KNEW HOW ..... *Allanson Shaw* 67
Nemesis Lurks in the Blizzard to Challenge a Villain's Boast

MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE NEWS 74

WHAT THE SOUTH IS THINKING ..... *George F. Milton, Jr.* 76
Ford—McAdoo—Prohibition—Muscle Shoals—Co-operatives—the Boll Weevil

THE COUNTERFEITERS ..... *Major C. E. Russell* 83
Another Real Life Detective Story Disclosing A. E. F. Secret Service Exploits

THE NEW LODGER ..... *Maryland Allen* 89
Lumberjacks Celebrate Christmas Eve—but Miss the Best of the Fight!

THE THIRD ROUND—(*Serial*) ..... *H. C. McNeile* 95
With Bulldog Drummond Bound and Gagged, Robinson Becomes Master of Ceremonies

FROM DIMES TO MILLIONS ..... *Edward Mott Woolley* 109
The Story of F. W. Woolworth's Revolution in Merchandising

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS ..... *Franklin K. Sprague* 118

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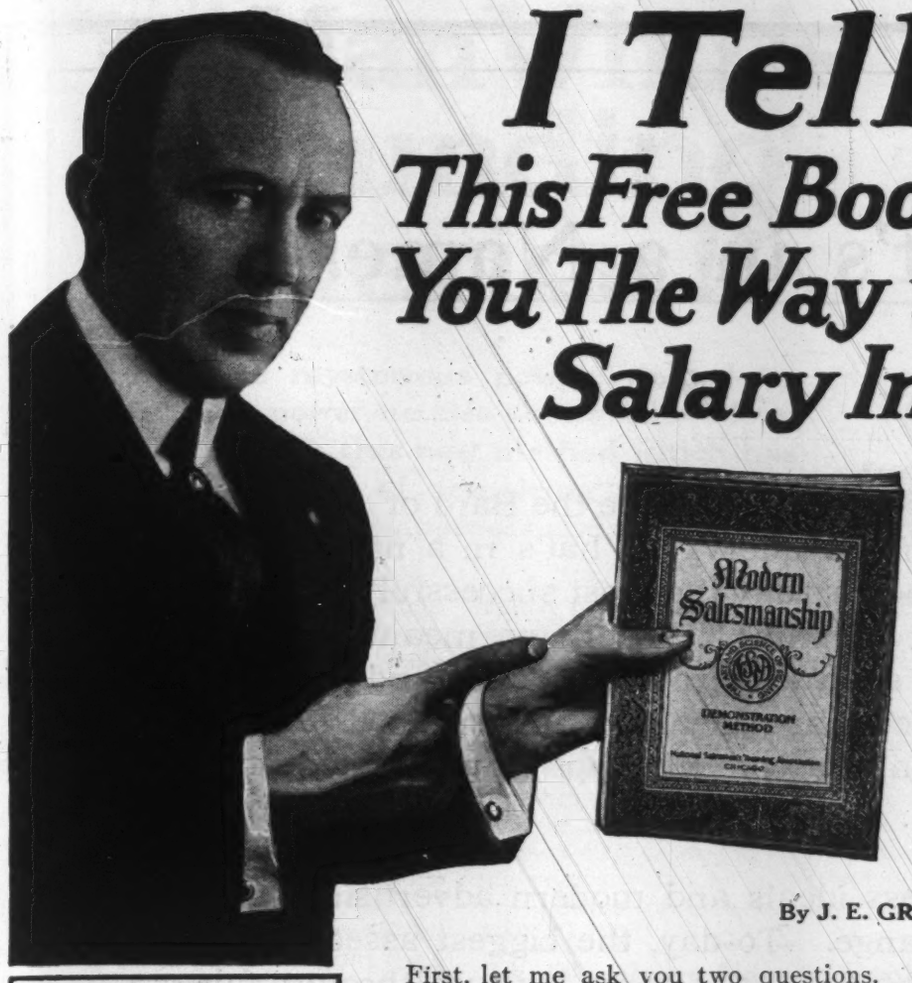

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Modern business ideals and modern advertising have wrought the change. To-day, the biggest asset of any successful business is a good name built up through fair dealing, fair policies, and a good product.

Advertising creates reputation. Makers of advertised products frequently value the names at millions of dollars. They cannot afford to jeopardize the worth of these names by selling anything but good merchandise of full measure and fair price.

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Read it

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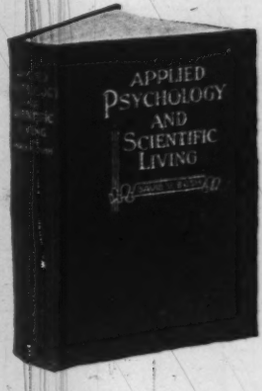

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At right, view from a refugee-thronged vacant lot toward the financial district of Tokyo, a seething mass of flames on the afternoon of the earthquake

Below, group of homeless refugees, dazed and half suffocated by smoke, making their way along the road from Tokyo to Yokohama

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VOLUME 56
No. 1

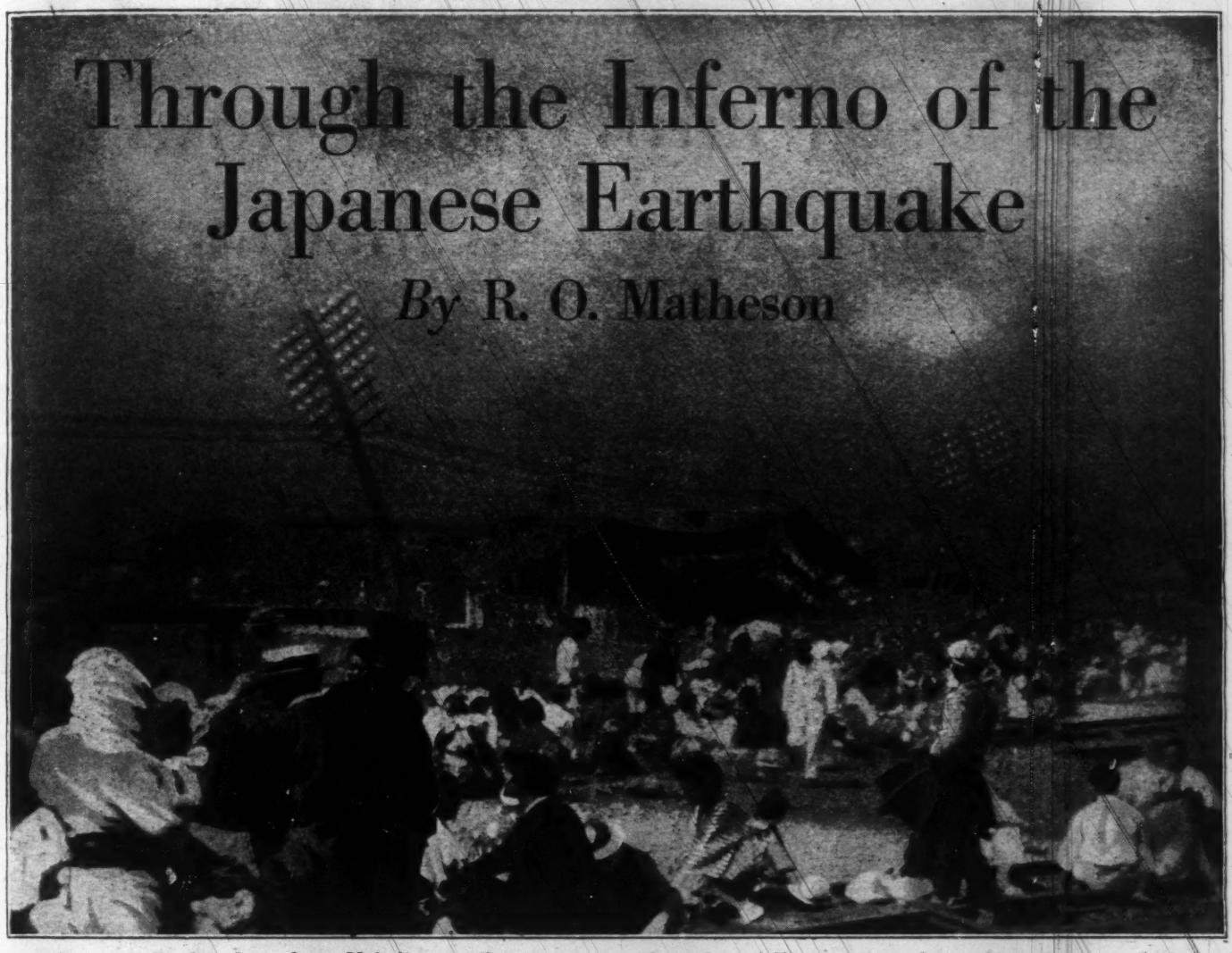
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*
KENNETH W. PAYNE, *Managing Editor*

JANUARY
1924

Through the Inferno of the Japanese Earthquake

By R. O. Matheson



Railroad yards in Yokohama offer temporary refuge from falling roofs and engulfing flames © *Keystone*

THE gates of hell swung open for Central Japan two minutes before the noon hour on Saturday, September the first, and for two days the demons of destruction worked their will with all the elements of earth, fire and water. Death in a hundred forms stalked abroad. The solid earth turned fluid. The sea invaded the land. Fire, unleashed and uncontrollable, fed upon the wreckage of half a hundred cities, towns and villages, and drowned the shrieks of perishing thousands in its onrushing roar.

Without one second of warning the blow fell that swept at least two hundred thousand people over the brink of eternity; that destroyed a majority of the buildings over three thousand square miles of one of the most densely populated sections of the world; that reduced one of the five Great Powers from a mighty, proud and powerful nation to a people forced to turn abroad for many of the necessities of life and with her considerable fighting strength crippled in every arm.

The morning of Saturday, September 1, 1923, a date that will never be forgotten in the history of Japan, was warm, clear and delightful. It was the first day of the fall term for the Japanese public schools. At the fateful moment, throughout Tokyo the offices were being closed for the week-end and the Saturday half-holiday; merchants and clerks were on the point of leaving their counters and their desks for luncheon; school children were waiting for the noon gong; housewives were preparing the warm sauces and the condiments that go with the midday rice. Toward the various railway and tram-line stations, for the noon trains to country homes, seaside and mountain resorts or suburban dwellings, hundreds of thousands in Tokyo and Yokohama had turned their steps, anticipating one of the last holidays of the summer season, with Saturday afternoon and Sunday before them.

An early morning rain had sweetened the air and laid

Photo from S. R. Wolf

A street in Tokyo ripped open along its whole length by the terrific force of the quake

the dust; fleecy clouds and a bright sun gave promise of an enjoyable period ahead. There was peace, contentment and prosperity in the land at the moment the thunderbolt of earthquake, fire and tidal wave was launched upon the heads of a happy people.

Looking forward to an afternoon's swim at Kamakura and an interesting Sunday afternoon there at the Engakuji Temple, wherein is housed for veneration a tooth of Buddha and where a visit to the innermost shrines and an inspection of the temple treasures had been promised me, I replaced my typewriter cover, locked the door of our office in the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, and had just stepped from the side entrance when a mighty jar smote the roadway beneath my feet and the earth seemed to tilt and shift from under me. The sensation was exactly that of standing upon a heavy plank and having it struck a swinging blow from underneath by some giant hammer. It was not my first earthquake by several dozen, but an instinct warned me that perhaps it might be my last. At the first blow I knew, in some way, that the great shake which all who live in the Japanese earthquake zone have from time to time speculated upon had come and that I was in it.

The "Great" Earthquake Continues

I SPRANG to the center of the short and narrow street and braced my feet to save me from falling and in order that I might be poised for a jump in any direction, depending upon whether the brick walls of the hotel might collapse and fall my way before the three-storied frame structure of the Tokyo Electric Light Company's offices, across the street, came down. I had it all planned out in my mind that I would dodge the first crumbling wall and then climb upon its ruins to escape the second. In the meanwhile I had to keep my feet, whatever the road might do. All this was figured out in an instant, as the first grinding blow was followed by earth convulsions, with everything swaying, twisting and bumping.

There was one instant of absolute silence, then a steady roar as the earth, the buildings and, it seemed, the very air groaned in a resistance to the mighty force. With a shiver that threw everything out of focus before my straining eyes the buildings on either hand, the elevated railway crossing before me and the light and telephone poles above my head began to oscillate. From the ground, from every mortar line of the hotel brickwork, from every joint of the frame building of the electric company's office, floated a fine dust, which filled the air, almost immediately to be caught up and eddied about by a piercingly chilly wind, which seemed to come from all directions at once.

The heavings of the ground increased; the groaning of the buildings all about me rose to a steady roar; with a report like a six-inch gun one of the brick walls forming a street garden of the hotel opened in a zigzag split; the boardings of the frame building beside me began tearing themselves off and spilling down; a frame shed beside the building pitched forward and collapsed; overhead there were swaying poles, swinging in sickening arcs, with wires snapping and whipping their broken ends about, while all the time beneath my feet the earth pitched and tossed, ground and swayed, and on the yielding surface I swayed and balanced like a sailor on a ship's deck in a stormy sea.

All this was a matter of a very few seconds, although seemingly an eternity of terror, as I was still alone in the short street while I observed what I have described. Then, almost without my noticing it, I was in a crowd. From alleyways, doors and windows rushed the hundreds of people who had been occupying the wing of the hotel closest to me, the offices opposite and the little stores and homes of the side streets. All were terrified, but showed this in different ways. Many were laughing hysterically; others wrung their hands as they staggered, tripped or fell into the street. Several, either unconscious from fright or injured by falling ceilings or walls, were being dragged along by friends over the now-accumu-

lating débris covering the pavement all around us.

Through a tilted, swinging torii staggered a wedding party, from the fashionable Hibiya Shrine, the groom half supporting his fainting bride, whose gay wedding kimono and pink-silk wedding headdress were soiled with dust. The groom's foot was crushed by a falling tile from the temple roof, and his white Japanese sock dripped blood as he dragged the girl to whom he was just being wedded along the street toward the open shelter of Hibiya Park. Beside the shrine a long frame tenement crashed down and from the wreckage at once rose a thin column of smoke.

The Devastating Fires Begin

IN an incredibly short time the wreckage was afire, with shrieks arising from the split and tangled woodwork, the calls for help from women and children pinned down. Some turned aside from their dash for the open park to drag injured ones from the wreck, but only those held in the edges could be reached, so swiftly did the flames feed upon the splintered woodwork. One knot of men held back a frantic husband, determined upon entering the flames to rescue or die with his girl wife.

With a crash heard above the general roar and confusion a three-storied restaurant in the center of Hibiya Park split and fell, burying the score of waitresses at their posts for the noon rush. Flames again in incredible swiftness. Some girls escaped miraculously; some were dragged out with crushed bodies; some were taken later, unrecognizable, from the ashes.

All this practically simultaneously and close about me, and with it all the repeated swaying and heaving of the earth, with each repeated convulsion other buildings crashing down, new fires springing up, fresh waves of terror running through the crowds. I thought then that there could be nothing worse. How little was the terror of the scenes I saw compared to the hell through which others passed and from which so many thousands failed to emerge, I learned within the next twenty-four hours.

The Imperial Hotel having withstood the earth-racking of the first convulsion, I decided to go back to our office in the basement arcade and prepare the copy of an urgent cablegram. My mind had been so occupied with the tragedy swiftly unfolding before me and I had been so busy mentally recording impressions that I had not had the time to become frightened. When I turned into the basement of the hotel, however, deserted of life, without a light showing and with the passageway strewn with débris of some kind which I could not see but over which I stumbled, I was seized with a wave of terror and, argue with myself as I would, I could not drive myself farther into the darkness. I saw myself trapped underground, with a hundred thousand tons of brick and concrete shutting off escape, and I turned and stumbled back into the street faster than I had so boldly walked in. An earth heave, just as I was on the threshold, considerably hastened my last few steps into the center of the street.

As yet unconscious of the extent or the real severity of the earthquake and still intent upon dispatching the news without delay to America, I shouldered my way through the crowds gathered along the street before Hibiya Park and looked for a rickisha to take me to the Central Telegraph Office, several blocks off in the Marunouchi section, where the newest and largest office blocks of the city have been erected. I found some rickishamen seated on the shafts of their vehicles, but not one willing to move in any direction.

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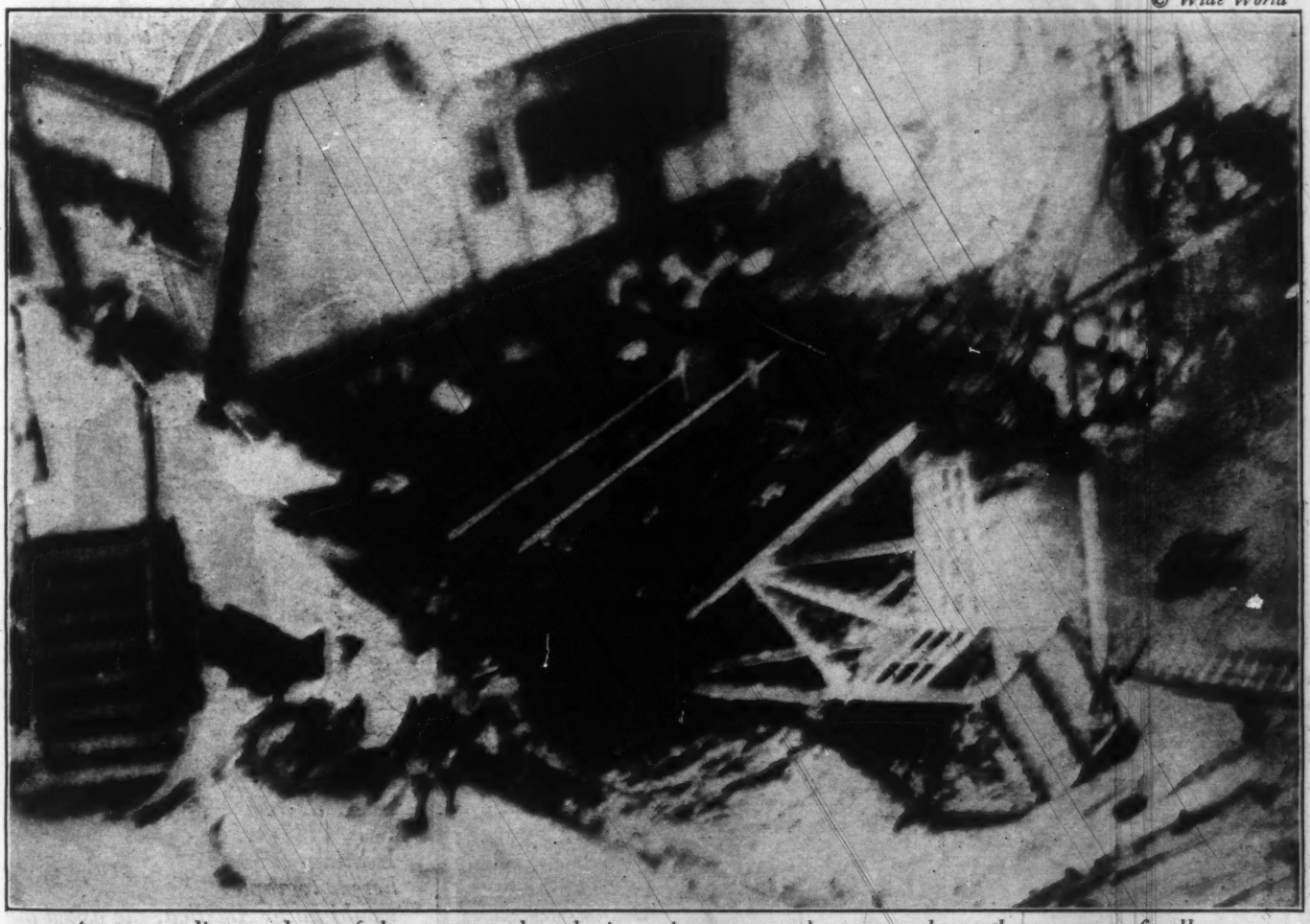
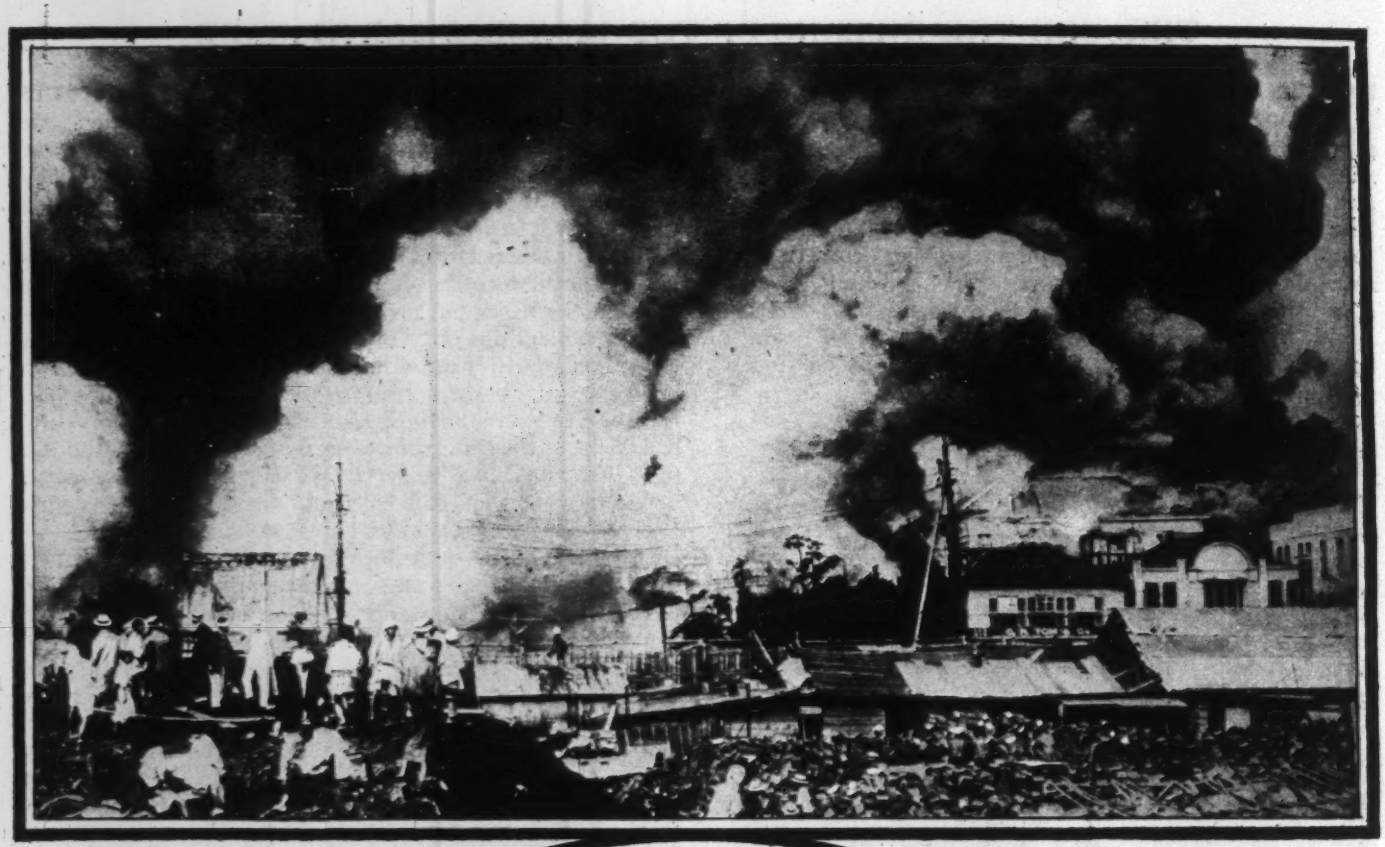


An extraordinary photo of the great earthquake in action—a warehouse caught at the moment of collapse, with passers-by in the foreground. Note falling barrel in left center



Above, photo by the author, taken from a point of refuge while the conflagration was raging over Tokyo on the afternoon of the earthquake. Below, Imperial office building in flames attracts only cursory attention from passing groups of refugees

At left, hitherto unpublished photograph showing the still smoldering ruins of a once-magnificent temple in the heart of Tokyo, first shattered by earthquake and then swept by flames that pursued the terrorized refugees into the haven of its grounds

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A refugee who posed for the author — old, almost blind, with all relatives killed. Hearing that her photograph would go to America, she asked the author to thank the American people for her for their kindness to Japan

"One hour five yen," I offered. "*Ikemasen*—I will not go," was the emphatic reply. "Ten yen," I suggested, this time the rickishaman refusing even to dignify my offer with a refusal. He and his brothers were in a safe, open spot, and money had no immediate value, so I walked, keeping carefully on the broad moat side of the street that runs before the Imperial Theatre, the Chamber of Commerce and the handsome, newly-opened Tokyo Kaikan block, seven stories of ornate steel, brick and concrete, handsomely decorated as to interior and the pride of Tokyo. This structure, Japanese owned, Japanese designed and Japanese built, had been most pridefully compared by the Japanese public with the American-built Marunouchi Building and the just-opened office block of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, close by.

The earthquake had been the test of construction, however, and while the big blocks recently completed by the Fuller Construction Company of New York were damaged, they stood with framework and concrete intact, while the Japanese-built Tokyo Kaikan calls for the services of the dynamite squad and the wrecking crew. The building presented the strange appearance of one with ground floor intact and with everything from the third floor up undamaged, but with the second story completely fallen away except as to steel work, and this steel, independently supporting the upper stories, all bent at an angle of several degrees, leaving the upper section of the big structure some ten inches out of plumb with the foundation story.

© *International*

Monument in a Tokyo park plastered with notices left by refugees telling of their whereabouts

I took note of all this as I walked along, watching the big buildings nervously as shock succeeded shock. I had heard that the shallow moat had a mud bottom which held and drowned those unfortunate enough to fall into it, and if one of those high walls across the street had decided to come down my only escape would be by jumping into the moat and giving the mud bottom a test. Across the moat bridge at Babisakimon, the direct road between the Imperial Palace gate and the Tokyo Station, over which the Emperor drives in state and where I had stood to watch the Prince Regent and his Royal guest the Prince of Wales pass a few months ago, with the capital en fête, now poured a crowd equally as dense as that which had greeted the British Heir. These were the occupants of the big business blocks, seeking a haven in the broad, open space between the inner and outer moats of the Imperial Palace.

It is a fact that those who know the least about earthquakes fear them least. Ignorance is not exactly bliss, but it does provide something which keeps the inexperienced running into quarters from which the Japanese flee. A few minutes before I had had to force an American girl to keep away from the swaying main portico of the Imperial Hotel, from which shady spot she was enjoying the spectacle of thousands of others fleeing for the open park. Her main concern at the moment was whether the black eye she had received in the first big quake would last until she got to Honolulu or not. She wanted to exhibit it to her friends there as proof that there had been an earthquake in Tokyo the day before she was booked to sail.

With somewhat the same valor of ignorance, I breasted the fleeing crowd in Marunouchi, still seeking the telegraph office. I passed blanched clerks, fainting telephone operators, terrified men and boys in the uniforms of the railway service, escaping from the main Tokyo Station, and I observed the shattered surfaces of the office blocks and the cracks in the pavement as I went. I was trying to use my small stock of Japanese words to interview a telephone girl from the sixth story of the Marunouchi Building on her escape when the second big shock roared an interruption. The girl was already so weak from terror that she could not walk. Instinctively I grabbed her by the arms and began dragging her in the direction of the Tokyo Station, before which is an open space, while on either side the massive buildings shook and swayed, cracks broke in ten-foot-high X's between the windows and brick surfacings parted from the concrete and splattered on the sidewalks. Excited people broke and ran, some toward the Palace ground, some, with me, toward the railway station plaza. Some Japanese relieved me of the girl I was unconsciously dragging along, and I was able to make better time. I reached and stood upon the street-car track, watching the rails bend and straighten out again, until I remembered the high tension wires overhead. There was no power in the wires from the first shock, but I did not know this, and I hastily betook myself some distance off.

By this time I had reached the telegraph office and when the earth tremblings had subsided I entered the big frame building to file my cable. Behind the counter frantic clerks were throwing records into baskets and passing these out, but I stopped one long enough to tell him what I wanted. "All the wires are down!" he shouted. I asked him to take my cable and put it on file, to go as soon as communications were re-established—in an hour or two, I thought—but he did not wait to answer me. Neither did I wait for any answer. Some mighty hand had pushed the building. The flooring split and the ceiling sagged, and the next I knew I was out in the open, running again, with the clerk right at my heels.

Through streets lined with the biggest buildings in the city I made my way toward Shimbashi Station, which would take me past several newspaper offices and news

© *International*

The retail district of Tokyo after fire and quake. American-type buildings survived, but the Japanese-built structures were subjects for the wrecking crew

agencies, where I thought I could obtain some information as to extent of damage and possible open avenues through which to transmit news. Every few minutes fresh shocks jarred the ground. I dodged along past the building wherein the American Trading Company had its offices, past the office of the United Artists' picture corporation and other brick and stone structures, all standing bravely, but all with surfaces cracked and with entrances littered with débris.

In every street dazed people hurried along, some bleeding, some being helped. Fire engines were dashing hither and thither, with piercing sirens howling and adding to the confusion. I paused between the new concrete newspaper offices of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* and the *Hochi*, facing each other, and here the third big shake caught me. By this time I was possessed of the same frenzy as had seized every one, and I later remembered having shaken an aged Japanese by the shoulder and shouted a warning to him that a brick structure behind him was on the point of bulging into the street. For answer he pointed to the Hochi Building, behind me, and I wheeled in time to see it swaying back and forth, threatening to bury us all.

I hurried away, finding George Denny and J. Russell Kennedy—newspaper men—seated on a curbstone in front of the wrecked building of the Kokusai *News Agency*, with one rescued typewriter between them. Close by, Randall Gould, editor of the *Japan Times*, had a table in the street, from whence he was beseeching his Japanese foreman to collect the scattered linotype operators and printers in order to issue an extra. Not a printer would re-enter the *Times* office, however, and Gould joined me in my wanderings. We walked into a small Japanese store, from which the front had fallen, and filled our pockets with chocolate creams, leaving some money in the candy jar, the shop proprietor being nowhere in evidence. It had suddenly dawned upon us that we had had no luncheon.

During that afternoon I walked through many blocks of the strictly Japanese sections of the city, with destruction, death and suffering on every hand. While the foreign buildings had withstood the earthquake, the heavy-roofed, flimsy-walled Japanese stores and homes in much of Tokyo had crashed, burying thousands, and from these ruins, all over the city, had sprung the flames that, during the next few hours, claimed more than a hundred thousand victims.

There was little indication in the greater part of the city during the hours up until six o'clock that one of the

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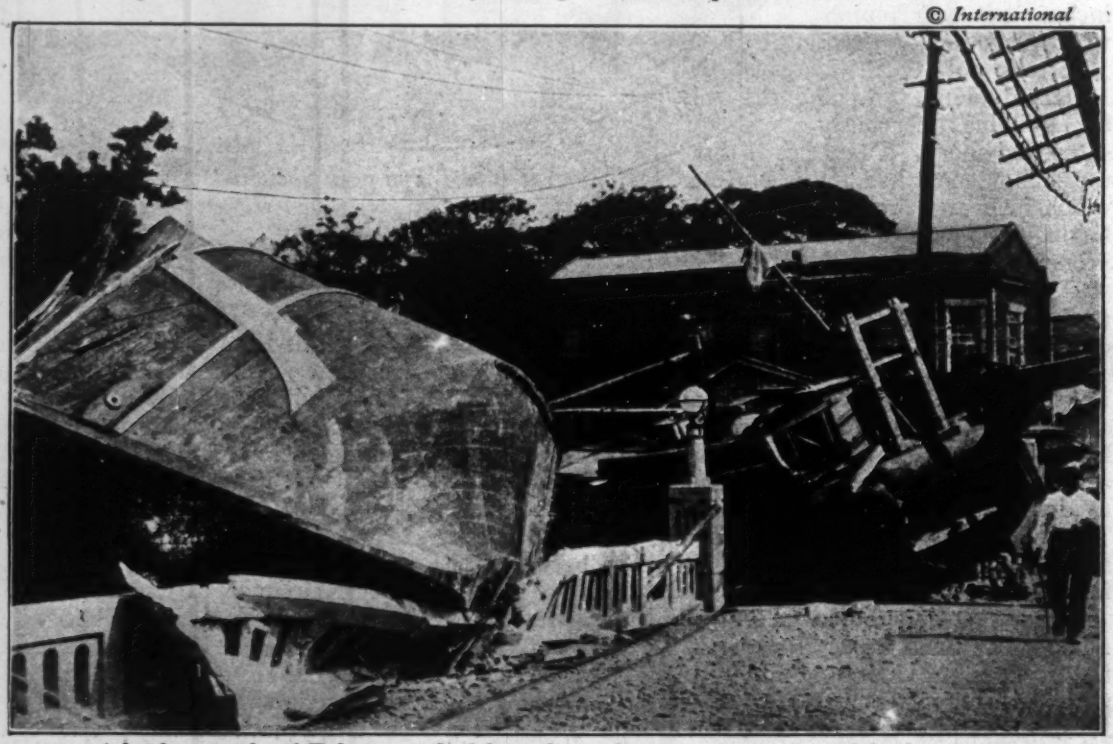
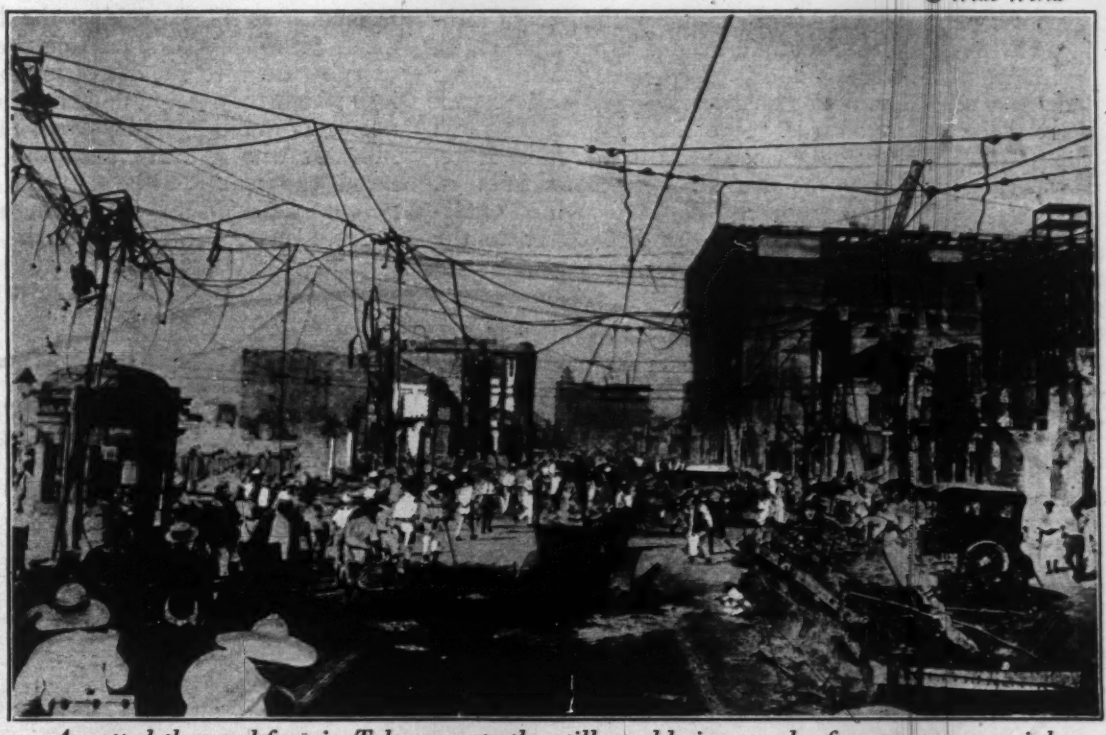


A bridge south of Tokyo wrecked by a boat thrown against it and broken in two

© Wide World



A gutted thoroughfare in Tokyo—note the still smoldering wreck of a street car at right. Throngs of homeless refugees pass endlessly and aimlessly amid the wreckage

greatest disasters of all ages had come. The city had moved from the buildings and was living along the main thoroughfares, the street car tracks being one continuous line of campers, many of whom had rigged up shelters of blankets, sheet iron and the wooden shutters from their homes. Around five o'clock the mothers had begun to prepare the evening meal, with fires in the usual fire-pots. The children were enjoying the experience hugely and jokes flew from camp to camp. Long before midnight these campers were fleeing for their lives from the spreading flames, jamming in the narrow streets, turning and milling as one way of escape after another became closed by the fires, and dying by the thousands as the flames circled them and cut them off.

At half-past four o'clock, in the compound of the Navy Department, where sailors, perched high aloft on the steel towers of the wireless station, observed the march of the flames and wigwagged the dread news to their comrades on the ground, I was told by Captain Fugita, secretary to the Minister of the Navy, that twenty-four major fires were raging in the city, which seemed doomed. Of the extent of the earthquake damage and the area affected, the department had no news, the wireless stations failing to respond in any way to the calls from the Tokyo station. Of what had happened in Yokohama, or the big naval base at Yokosuka, no news was obtainable.

At the office of the *Japan Advertiser*, the American daily of Tokyo, I was joined by Duke Parry, Far Eastern representative of the International News Service, and Parry and I agreed to leave Tokyo for the nearest working telegraph station to the north of the city. We walked from garage to garage in the attempt to rent an automobile, being finally joined by Mr. H. C. Huggins, formerly American consul in Japan, who promised to secure a car and to drive it for us.

By this time the entire western section of the city appeared to be afire and we heard that the people from a number of the fire-encircled districts were being rescued by boats on the Sumida River. At this time, although we did not know it until later, on a small open space across the river, in Honjo, thirty-three thousand people, men, women and children, were being slowly roasted to death or suffocated by smoke and fumes. Honjo is the tenement and slum quarter of Tokyo, a large district of one and two story houses and shops and little factories, densely crowded.

One of the large establishments of the quarter, with

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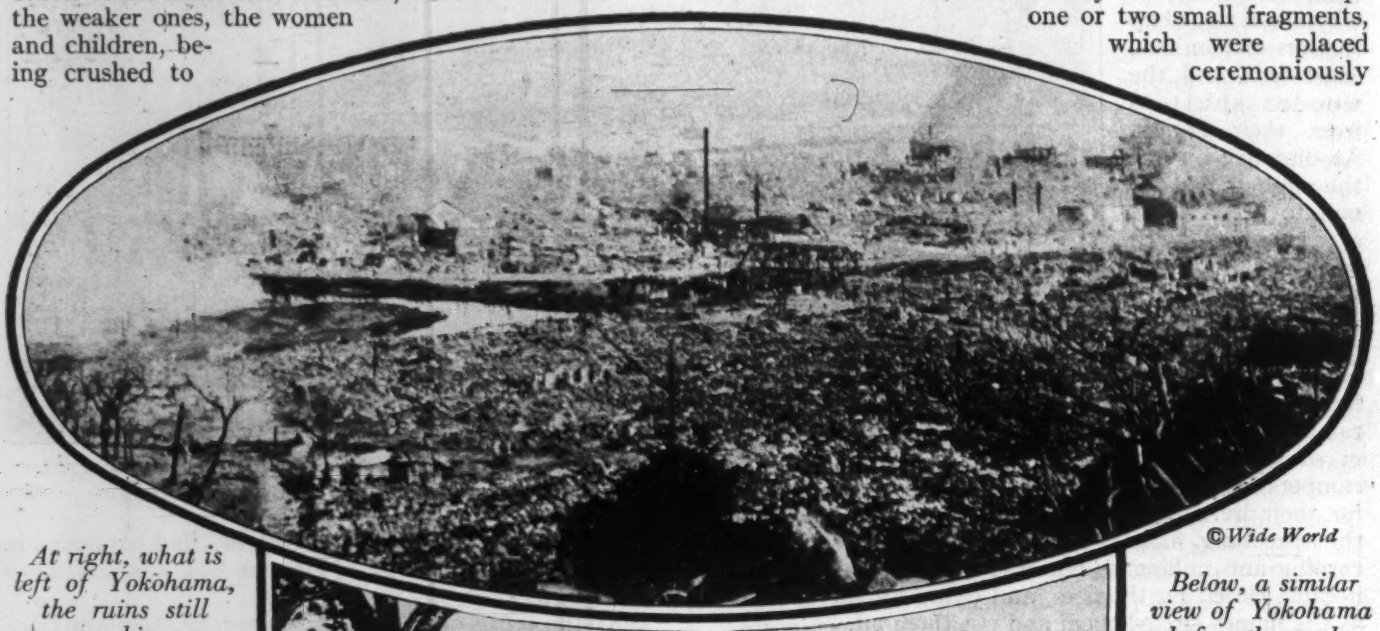
Under the wreckage of this cotton spinning works near Hakone 500 girls were killed

the only open space in all the section, was the Army Clothing Factory, where the uniforms for army and police were made. The compound is about five hundred yards long in a rough triangular shape, with its broadest part some three hundred yards. Into this compound poured the people of the neighborhood until it was full. Here, it was thought, safety was assured. On swept the flames, circling the then-entrapped thousands, the outermost ones of whom jammed closer and closer to the center of the flame-encircled field, with the weaker ones, the women and children, being crushed to death. They were the fortunate ones. Hotter and hotter grew that vast furnace; denser and less breathable grew the smoke-choked air. The frenzied ones nearest the flames pressed in closer and closer until the thousands in the center could not move hand or foot while they lived nor fall when they died.



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At right, what is left of Yokohama, the ruins still smoking

© *Keystone*

Below, a similar view of Yokohama before the quake

Those who came over the ashes when the fires had exhausted their fury found in this field a solid mass of dead, with twenty thousand still standing upon their feet, held up by the other dead around them. By actual count of the bodies, few of which were burned, in that small space on Saturday evening thirty-two thousand, eight hundred and forty-three persons perished.

I visited this field of death two weeks later, when the last of the fifty thousand dead of Honjo were being thrown into the rough crematorium erected there. Seven heaps of calcined bones and ashes formed white splotches upon the blackened ground. From these heaps old women were busy picking the bones away from the ashes with chopsticks, putting the bones in baskets and carrying them to a series of rough, corrugated iron bins, into which they were dumped. Before these bins passed a row of mourners, dry-eyed, silent and stony-faced. Mothers who had lost sons and daughters, wives who faced the world without their men, children whose parents had formed a portion of that mass of dead, shuffled in wooden clogs over the cinders, each selecting indiscriminately from the bone heaps one or two small fragments, which were placed ceremoniously upon wooden trays.

From the bins, tray borne ceremoniously in two hands, each walked to a temporary shrine near by, where priests chanted a continuous funeral service. Upon the rough altar, formed of unplaned and charred planks, the trays with the bones were placed and before these the relatives joined in the supplication for eternal peace in Buddha's bosom for the ones whom death had sought so fiercely. Over the shrine flapped a canvas and over this, again, floated a long banner, inscribed with a Buddhist text for the dead.

On the site of this shrine, on October 19, the forty-ninth day after death, which is solemnly celebrated by Buddhists, there will be a great memorial service for all the Tokyo dead from the earthquake and fire. Buddhists and Shinto priests will unite in this ceremony and an invitation has been extended to the Christian clergy of Tokyo also to take part in the common service.

A mile away from this field of death a greater tragedy,

© Keystone

A wrecked suburban community with groups of refugees in the foreground and the smoke and flames of the conflagration beyond

in some respects, was being enacted that awful afternoon. Almost within the shadow of the great Asakusa shrine of the Goddess of Mercy, the Kwannon-sama to whom all Tokyo prays, twenty-five hundred girls of the world-famous licensed quarter of Yoshiwara were trapped within the walled enclosure of "the Nightless City." The Yoshiwara, with its ten blocks of gaudily-decorated, three-story buildings, facing very narrow streets, has but four exits, that the police may watch the comings and the goings. At the first crash, say survivors, the streets were jammed with wreckage, many being made impassable. From this wreckage rose the shrieks and prayers of the hundreds of girls pinned down or unable to clamber over the splintered woodwork, these shrieks rising in their agony as the inevitable and merciless flames took hold.

In the beautiful enclosed gardens of many of the larger brothels of this district are miniature lakes and lily ponds, and in these very many who had escaped the crashing of their houses sought refuge from the fire. When the ones who gathered up the dead came into the Yoshiwara ruins they found these shallow pools clogged with young bodies, blackened to a crisp on those parts which floated clear of the water and cooked in those parts below the water surface. The shallow pools had become boiling caldrons in the conflagration.

Wholesale death smote in many places. An army arsenal hurled extinction to hundreds when it disappeared in a mammoth flash of explosion. The naval arsenal at Tsukiji scattered death over many blocks when its store of shells was reached by the heat. Hospitals went down with patients, nurses and doctors into destruction. Schools crashed upon the heads of thousands of innocents.

With Huggins driving a car, which we had taken without permission from a garage, in the path of the oncoming flames, Parry and I left the blazing capital about eleven Saturday night, after helping move the clothing and valuables of some foreign friends to what we hoped would prove to be a safe part of the city. There was a ring of fires about us, but through this some open roads were left, and we swung out into the night, driving with care through crowded streets and having to watch every minute along the suburban highways lest we run over some family sleeping on the road. None dared stay within doors, with fresh shakes every few minutes, even if there remained a roof under which to shelter. Road after road to the north we tried, to be held up on each by warning bands of countrymen, telling us that the bridges were down.

Our search for a road led us to the Tamagawa river ferry, some twelve

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Improvised relief booth in a devastated street of the Yokohama Naval Station

miles from Yokohama, which by this time we knew to be in flames. Unable to get the motor across the river, we left it in charge of Huggins, while Parry and I crossed by sampan and started to trudge through the night, the flames of Yokohama lighting the countryside before us, while on our backs shone the fires of Tokyo. It was shortly after our tramp had begun that we began to realize that what Tokyo had suffered was mild in comparison to the ordeal through which Yokohama had passed, and it was nearly two days later that we knew that what Yokohama had undergone was surpassed by the fury with which the elements had wreaked their will still farther to the east and along the lengths of the peninsulas which enclose Sagami Bay.

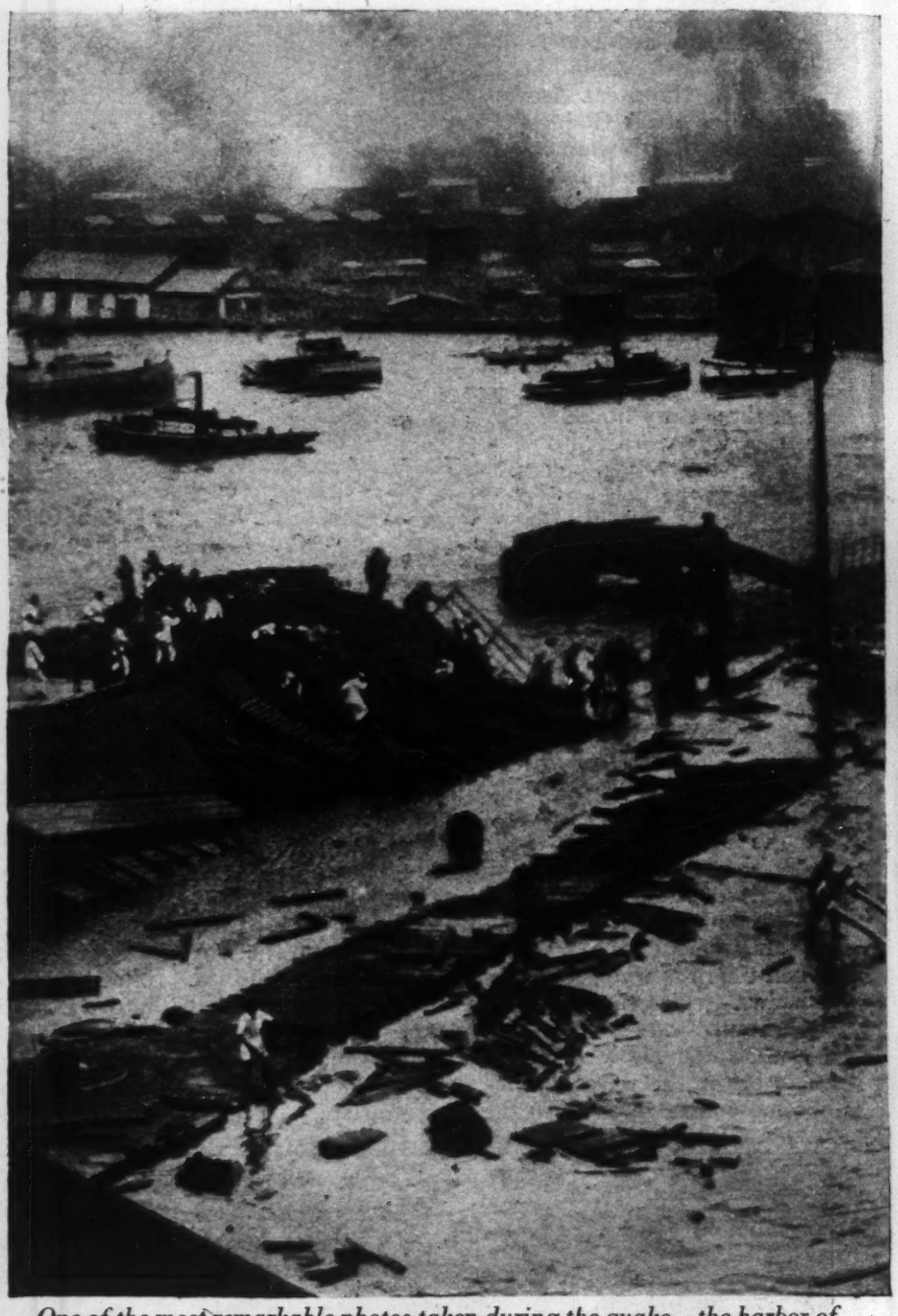
We Reach Yokohama

EVEN had we ferried our car across the Tamagawa it would soon have been useless to us. The road we walked was rent and split in many places. Where it had been built up across the rice fields it had been split and thrown to either side. Bridges were tilted on end or cast into the gulches, while, closer to Yokohama, the houses of the many villages had been pitched helter-skelter into the narrow road. Important towns like Kawasaki, Tsurumi, Higashi-Kanagawa and Kanagawa were tumbled about, but had been spared the fire fury, except in some places. On every hand across the countryside were death and destruction. All along the road we passed knot after knot of frightened residents, camping in the open and afraid even to sleep.

Daybreak found us still working our way through the smashed country toward Yokohama, the black, rolling smoke of which told us of fuel tanks afire.

At daybreak we met the first of the army of refugees fleeing from stricken Yokohama. In a narrow procession, two or three abreast, came haggard white-faced people, kimonos bedraggled, heads bound in towels, a few carrying bundles upon their bent backs. The old were being supported by the young; many women had their babies slung on strings behind them; many showed injuries, hastily bound up; one wild-eyed mother crooned to a dead babe at her breast, insanity plain in her looks and actions. Close to the outskirts of what had been Yokohama we passed a bent old man and a gnarled old woman, hand in hand, each with a stave in the free hand with which they tap-tapped the road as they slowly moved along. They were both blind!

In this trudging procession of refugees walked two foreigners, the first white faces we had seen since leaving Tokyo. They were Doctor George D. Richmond, an American dentist of Yokohama, and an American lady, a resident of Tsurumi. He was supporting her. Both were mud-daubed, haggard and excited. When the first shock came, he told me, his companion had been in his dentist chair, three floors above the street. Chair, patient and dentist dropped into the basement as the building crumpled about them, but both were able to crawl out to the littered street, along which a dozen fires had sprung up in an instant.



© International

One of the most remarkable photos taken during the quake—the harbor of had smashed the piers, with flames just springing up in the city

The two ran the gauntlet of fires and sought the open space of Yokohama Park, where ten thousand others congregated. Here they spent ten hours in hell, the streets around the park becoming one roaring furnace, the sparks and embers from which sought every corner where the huddled safety-seekers lay. The air was suffocatingly hot, and the smoke that whirled from every side in the typhoon which had followed the quake made breathing difficult and painful.

One of the phenomena at Yokohama was that the surface of the entire city dropped vertically some three feet, accounting for the swiftness with which practically every structure in that community of 600,000 was destroyed. This dropping of the top ground forced the waters of the saturated sub-strata to the surface, through innumerable earthcracks, flooding the entire city, except the hill tops, to a depth of eight to ten inches of cold

Yokohama seen from the "Empress of Australia," after the first shock beyond and rescue workers exploring the shattered dock at left

water. This soon flowed off into the harbor, but it left the softer ground muddy and this mud in which the refugees at Yokohama Park burrowed themselves saved the ten thousand there from the fate that came to the thirty-odd thousand in Honjo, Tokyo.

It was a night of concentrated horror, however. Wounded men and women groaned in the agony of crushed limbs or broken bones, unset and jostled in the crowding. Throughout the weary hours, when every breath had to be fought for, the earth shook and rolled; beneath them as they lay in the mud the terrorized refugees could feel the earth opening and closing and none knew what moment he might be engulfed.

"There is no Yokohama!" said the doctor. "Don't go into that hell." Then, seeing that we were determined to go on, our idea being now to send a wireless from one of the ships in the harbor, or, failing that, to charter a sampan, tug or yacht to carry us down the coast and beyond the earthquake zone, he advised: "Take something to eat and something to drink. You will find nothing there."

Adopting this suggestion, I entered the sagging front of a still-standing store and filled a box with Japanese rice cakes. From the shattered ruins of a fruit stand I gathered up four Japanese pears, tasteless things but juicy, and this was our food and our main drink for the next two days.

From the high ground at Kanagawa, where the old Tokaido highway is left by Yokohama-goers, we got our first sight of the Yokohama ruins. As far as we could see through the smoke there was not a house, not a store, not a factory nor warehouse left. The jagged walls of shattered brick and stone buildings alone rose from miles of smoldering plain. In the Kanagawa railway yard were the skeletons of hundreds of passenger and freight cars and the warped ruins of locomotives. The railway tracks were twisted like serpents.

Into the city we trudged. Along the street from Yokohama Station, from one side of which rises the brick wall of the elevated electric line into the city, we saw the first of the Yokohama dead, lining the bottom of the brickwork. These had been trapped between the unscalable wall and the raging fires sweeping the blocks across the street, and they had fallen and burned as they fled.

Scenes Along the Bund

ON the plaza before Sakurakigo station the fury with which the earthquake had torn the city was apparent. The macadam here was gashed with great cracks, five to ten feet wide and twenty feet deep. Scattered about were dead men and women, over whose roasted corpses had been placed sheets of scorched iron. How the ground had fallen away was testified to by the crazy positions of the bridges, which were sticking up three feet above the roads. The granite posts of one bridge, some thirty inches across at the base, were snapped off, and from the jagged end of one fallen post protruded the feet of a woman.

Across this bridge, over which so many tourist visitors to Japan have jaunted for their first glimpse into the Orient, we passed into the ruins of the modern, business section of the port. The brick structure of the Russo-Asiatic Bank and the uncompleted block designed as a telephone exchange were the only buildings not entirely down. The Chartered Bank was still burning as we passed, the flames belching from the high cupola. Over the débris of shattered brick walls and smashed concrete heaped in grotesque ruins was spread a golden snowfall of raw silk, scattered from the wrecked silk warehouses by the typhoon.

Carefully we picked our way to the Bund, over ruins, past dead dogs and horses, dead children, dead women, dead men, dead on every hand, dead crushed dead burned, dead drowned.

A few living walked dazed along the Bund, the sea wall of which was gone in many places. Great earth

cracks, deep depressions and crumpled bumps testified to the fury with which this strip of roadway over which so many had to pass if they were to have a chance to live had writhed eighteen hours before. I gave away a few rice cakes, one to a brown spaniel, standing guard over a heap of brick and mortar, from which I could not entice him. Under that bit of the ruins lay master or mistress, who must not be deserted.

Signs of activity could be seen before the tangled iron and stonework that had been the Grand Hotel, at the extreme end of the Bund, and here we dragged our weary feet. From this point on the Bund launches were being run to the foreign ships in the harbor, already jammed with refugees, while from a point farther down toward the Honmoku shore a Japanese launch was ferrying refugees to the *Korea Maru*. By the time we reached these launches only women, children and injured were being carried off, the ships being already jammed and the immediate danger of death ashore having passed.

Fresh Horrors Due to Terrorists

WE went to the Japanese launch and finally managed to reach the *Korea Maru*, where we induced the wireless operator to take our messages and our money and promise to do his best to start the dispatches America-ward. The Japanese ship, although she had been badly damaged in the earthquake, had taken aboard 1,800 persons, for the greater part Japanese and Chinese women and children. She was short of both food and water and the crew was living on quarter rations in order to help feed the refugees. I want to emphasize this, inasmuch as I have heard some foreigners say that the Japanese ships took no part in the general rescue work.

Returning to shore, I ventured a survey into the Japanese city, where the sights would have sickened me had I by this time not had my nerves and sensibilities stunned by all that I had witnessed previously. I walked along the banks of canals over which I could have crossed on the blackened bodies of the floating dead; I saw heaps of tangled dead in what had been small open spaces in the streets; I saw many scores who appeared to have died with awful suddenness. Some were in the attitude of scaling the slopes of the Bluff, whereon the foreign community had lived; others were in burned automobiles, with hands on driving wheel; others clung with dead hands to curbing or stone posts; crisped forms crouched over little crisped forms, as mother and babe died together. And everywhere was the unforgettable smell of burned human flesh.

From these horrors I retraced the footsteps of death back to the open space of reclaimed land upon the harbor front from whence the launches had been plying, only to face fresh horrors. I came from the dead to see fresh death abroad and to realize to what little value human life had sunk. I saw to what use were being put the iron bars in the hands of Japanese youths.

In a few of the outermost suburbs of Yokohama some houses had escaped the flames and some people, whites as well as Japanese, were clinging to their own premises. Through these suburbs ghouls were prowling, at first believed to be the escaped convicts from the big Yokohama penitentiary, later known to be fanatical anarchists and such convicts and other cutthroats as could be bribed into a most dastardly service. These ruffians were looting, outraging women and girls and destroying property. The first few caught and promptly executed were found to be Koreans, of whom there were some thousands of laborers in and around Yokohama and near-by towns, and swiftly the word was passed that the Koreans had risen in revolt and that every Korean and every man unable to give a satisfactory account of himself must be killed on sight.

Before my eyes three men, whether Korean or Japanese I could not say, were smashed down and their heads beaten to pieces. On the reclaimed ground, which I had returned to as one place death had overlooked, other battered corpses lay scattered about. I examined some of these, as unostentatiously as possible, but was unable to determine whether they were Koreans or not. I was told by an excited Japanese that they were, however.

The launches to the ships were not running any more; I was too dead beat to walk back out of the city, and so, after eating some rice cakes and drinking from a well that yielded brownish water and contained I knew not what of corruption and contagion, I lay down on the cindered ground to get my first sleep since the earthquake. Alongside me was a Salvation Army captain, who had worked, comforting whomever he found mourning and who had given away his last crumb of food and his last drop of water. I slept like a log, uncaring who was alive and who was dead around me, and waking for a moment only when the almost constant earthquakes grew violent.

Of the slaughter of Koreans, of which I saw a little, much has been printed that is not so. This is due very largely to the fact that the Japanese clapped a censorship on the news filed for abroad and forbade any reference to the matter in their press at home. Naturally rumors flew among the people in Japan and many exaggerations found their way to the world through the inevitable underground channels. The Japanese have not yet learned that any censorship except in time of war always defeats itself.

That many Koreans were killed, including a large proportion wholly innocent of any wrongdoing, is true, but the mob executions were not confined to Koreans. Japanese looters were smashed down, killed with bamboo spears or old-fashioned Japanese swords as fast as they could be found. In Yokohama, among the volunteer guards which sprang up and which armed themselves with all sorts of weapons, the password for the night was "Yama," meaning "mountain," to which all who had business abroad after dark were supposed to answer "Kawa," meaning "river." Failure to respond promptly with the proper word meant death, and many an innocent Japanese countryman, hastening to Yokohama or Tokyo to search for a lost son or daughter, and many a resident of both cities whose accent was of some distant province and not clearly understandable to the mobs, met swift death.

Methods Employed by Terrorists

IT has been satisfactorily proved that the earthquake tore the cover off and precipitated a carefully-planned conspiracy of terrorism. When the first reports stated that Koreans were using incendiary bombs in unburned sections of Yokohama and in the villages about the news was regarded as incredible. Where could any one in the great confusion find time to manufacture or locate a supply of bombs, or secure poison with which to contaminate the wells, such as was being told of? But, according to reliable testimony of foreigners who saw Koreans and other ruffians at work and who helped round up looters, bombs in plenty were in use, with the kerosene tin to help out should the bomb fail.

A. W. McLean, who for twelve years until recently was one of the Japanese interpreters at the British Embassy, Tokyo, and who speaks Japanese like a native and understands the native characteristics thoroughly, tells me that he watched terrorizers at work. They

Photo by Author

The Field of Death, compound of Army Clothing Factory, Honjo, Tokyo, where 32,800 seeking safety were suffocated. The white piles are calcined bones. The lettered sticks erected beside one pile are Japanese grave marks

proceeded through the unburned suburbs in gangs of three. The first spied out the neighborhood, saw that the coast was clear and marked the house to be bombed; the second pitched the bomb, and the third, in the event of the house failing to take fire, came behind with bottles of kerosene and the torch. Every Korean killed around Yokohama had an even twenty-five yen on his person, this repeated coincidence being regarded as proof that some higher-up had bribed the lawless to carry on the bombing.

The populace generally went mad after the earthquake, and many of the young defenders of hearth and home against Korean invasion, finding no foe to try their swords upon, slashed at the bodies of the earthquake dead. The bodies of some few foreigners were treated this way, resulting in a report among foreign refugees that the Japanese were murdering foreigners ashore. So far as can be known, only one foreigner died from human hands.

Almost without exception the foreign survivors of the disaster speak in the highest praise of the faithfulness of their Japanese servants and the uniform kindness of their Japanese neighbors. Maids, cooks and chauffeurs gave their first attention to saving the lives of their mistresses and the white children of the house, many dying in attempting to drag their employers from ruins or fire. During the first few days at Kobe, when the ships were bringing the foreign refugees from Yokohama, tears were in many, many eyes as the Americans and British told of the heroisms of their Japanese employees. It is certain that the catastrophe has brought the foreign community of Japan very close in affection to the Japanese people. No race could have come out of a terrible affair with higher credit to themselves is the unanimous opinion.

The official class earned vastly less credit. The Navy was slow to move to Yokohama's aid, and the Army was only a little more prompt in taking charge in Tokyo, not prompt enough to prevent the insane killing of many Koreans and innocent Japanese. Obstacles were placed in the way of the rescue work done by the American Navy, and the British warships were withdrawn from relief work very early, in the face of official rebuffs. Japanese wireless operators jammed the air and prevented foreign ships in Japanese waters from communicating with each other, while the censorship ashore blocked the work of the press correspondents and made possible the circulation of exaggerations.

I have not visited the Kamakura section, nor the Isu Peninsula, where the earthquake was worst. Eye-witnesses tell of the town of Mainazura, with its 2,000 inhabitants, being pitched bodily out to sea, without a survivor; of miles of railway track shifted from a quarter to half a mile; of mountains filling valleys and of forests completely disappearing.

In famous Kamakura, the *Dai Butsu*—the Great Buddha colossus of bronze—gazes across a plain of ashes, the massive bronze itself shifted from the seat it has occupied for the past twelve hundred years. The Imperial villa at Hayama is a wreck, with hundreds of lesser villas and thousands of homes of humble fishermen. The great naval station at Yokosuka is wiped out.

How many died in the great quake and fire? None knows as yet and the world at large will never know. Already it is apparent that the Japanese authorities are not going to let the world know how deep is the wound inflicted upon the nation.

Japan is trying to hide her wounds and to turn a brave face toward the world. Japanese pride will not admit a mortal injury, any more than Japanese pride will accept with any show of thanks the presence of American military hospital units on Japanese soil, or the American Red Cross working independently of the Japan Red Cross. It may be a foolish pride, but it is a sentiment that has to be reckoned with.

Japan as a nation has a heart overflowing with gratitude to America for her promptness in giving relief. The Japanese people know now, whatever may be the official attitude, that America is the true friend of Japan, and that truth, borne home to Japanese hearts, is one of the benefits the world will reap from the ruins of the earthquake and the horrors of the fires.

New Light on the Most Tragic Royal Romance in Modern Times

The Mystery at Meyerling

Being the truth of the historic double suicide of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Baroness Mary Vetsera, now fully revealed for the first time in long-secret official documents and police reports of the Imperial Palace in Vienna, and in the private letters and confessions of Emperor Francis Joseph, of Baroness Mary Vetsera, of her mother and brother, and of the Countess Larisch, who brought the lovers together.

By Joseph Szebenyei

Illustrations by A. Leyden

ON the morning of January 30, 1889, Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, was found dead in the royal hunting lodge at Meyerling with the Baroness Mary Vetsera dead by his side. The baroness was a beautiful girl in her teens.

In the early hours of the afternoon, extra editions of the newspapers startled the public with the news—and gave "heart failure" as the cause. The baroness did not appear in the reports.

It was surprising that, although the finding of the girl's body had been successfully suppressed, nobody believed the official explanation of "heart failure." Persistent gossip that the Crown Prince had not died a natural death sprang up in every stratum of society.

Two days afterward the Government was compelled to withdraw the first version of the death. A short announcement appeared in the Vienna and the Budapest newspapers to the effect that Crown Prince Rudolph had committed suicide. It was stated at the same time that he had given many indications recently that his nerves were seriously unstrung, so that it was a matter beyond doubt that the suicide was the consequence of temporary insanity.

The two contradicting versions of the death, published within forty-eight hours, and the utter disbelief of the public that there was anything wrong with the nerves of their beloved Crown Prince, produced a fertile field for the invention of all sorts of romantic stories which have persisted to this day. Indeed, the actual facts were so astonishingly well guarded that, up to the present time, not one of the innumerable published accounts has revealed truthfully the whole story of this sensational drama. The will of Emperor Francis Joseph that no scandal should be allowed to shadow the Imperial House resulted in utter confusion of the real facts of the case.

There were very few people who knew the details of the tragedy, and the few eyewitnesses remained silent. Hence, even men who were in the entourage of the Emperor did not know the facts. Baron Margutti, for instance, former chief aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was on the wrong track in his widely-read book, "About the Old Emperor." According to Baron Margutti, the Crown Prince was shot in the forest of Meyerling by his gamekeeper when he was returning to the castle after having spent some time with the gamekeeper's wife.

Still other stories have it that Baroness Mary Vetsera, in a jealous fit, attempted to kill the Crown Prince only to be shot by him in self-defense; or that, in the course of an orgy at Meyerling Castle, the Crown Prince was killed with a champagne bottle thrown at his head by a friend.

P. & A. Photo

Baroness Mary Vetsera, youthful heroine of the Meyerling tragedy

Documentary Evidence

BUT now at last the original private documents and letters that tell the complete and true story of the sensational affair can be given to the public. Among them are letters and documents emanating from the mother of Baroness Mary Vetsera, from Emperor Francis Joseph, from Baroness Mary Vetsera herself, from Baron Laszlo Vetsera, brother of the latter. With the aid of this documentary evidence it is possible to present, for the first time, the plain truth about the historic love-drama of Meyerling Castle.

All these documents Emperor Francis Joseph himself collected immediately after the affair and handed to Count Taafe, his trusted Minister President, who secreted them in the special archives of the Imperial

Photos from Brown Bros.

VOL. XXXVIII.....NO. 11,677
ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH DEAD
HIS BODY FOUND IN BED YESTERDAY MORNING.
SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED FROM EPILEPSY OR HEART DISEASE — HIS QUARREL WITH THE KAISER.
BY THE COMMERCIAL CABLE FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
Copyright, 1889, by the New-York Times.
DEATH OF PRINCE RUDOLF.
THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY FOUND DEAD IN BED.
Apoplexy the Cause of Death—Great Excitement in Vienna and All Business Suspended—Condoling With His Family.
FEBRUARY 2, 1889.
PRINCE RUDOLF A SUICIDE.
SHOT HIMSELF THROUGH THE HEAD IN HIS BED AT MEYERLING.
His Act Attributed in Vienna to Temporary Mental Derangement—A Story that he Had Betrayed a Princess and Chose the Alternative of Suicide Rather than
RUDOLPH KILLED HIMSELF
A NEW OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM VIENNA.
THE PRINCE SAID TO HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE WITH A PISTOL—AN ENGLISH VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

At top, last photo of Crown Prince Rudolph

Above, portrait of Baroness Mary Vetsera

Contemporary Reports of the Meyerling Affair

THE pride of the ill-fated House of Hapsburg, on the one hand, and the cheap romancing of yellow journalism, on the other, have conspired for three decades to shroud in utter confusion the actual events leading to the historic suicide of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and his sweetheart, the Baroness Mary Vetsera.

McCLURE'S is this month able to disclose in quotations from the secret archives of the Imperial Palace in Vienna the real facts of this romantic and world-famous tragedy.

You will find this narrative absorbing not only because it puts straight at last an intensely dramatic bit of history, but also because of the intimate human interest in the letters and documents.

Above are reproduced clippings from editions of New York newspapers published on the days following the tragedy, containing the earlier misleading accounts that were given to the press. For three months following the event, cable dispatches brought the wildest versions of the story, remote from the facts as here disclosed.

House. Since the downfall of the House of Hapsburg, and as a result of disorganized conditions in Vienna, all these documents have been unearthed, except the futile letter written by the Crown Prince to the Pope, asking him to dissolve his marriage with the Crown Princess Stefanie, to enable him to marry Baroness Mary Vetsera, and the reply of the Pope. It is unlikely that these two documents will ever see daylight, but I am now able to present the others to the readers of McCLURE'S. Never have dusty archives given up official documents telling so romantic a story!

From these private papers we learn that Baroness Mary Vetsera, seventeen-year-old society beauty of Vienna, had been in intimate relationship with the Crown Prince for three months before the famous tragedy, yet her mother was ignorant of the fact that Mary had even met Rudolph until the very day of the catastrophe!

It was indeed very hard on Baroness Helen Vetsera, the mother of Mary, that, in addition to losing her beloved daughter, she had to fight to clear her name from the calumnies promptly directed against her and her family. Her letters addressed to the Emperor reveal her distress. Remember that she had meekly obeyed an order of the Emperor to leave Vienna on the day the tragedy became known and, with a heavy heart, had submitted to the request not to be present at the funeral of her daughter. Meanwhile, Mary's body, scantily dressed and covered with blood, had been handed over to the male relatives of the family, namely, Count George Stockau and Alexander Baltazzi, with orders from the Emperor that it was to be conveyed that very night in a cab, in a sitting posture, to the neighboring monastery at

Heiligenkreuz and there buried without any religious ceremony.

Toward the end of March, the Baroness Helen Vetsera returned to Vienna and a month or so later addressed a letter to the Emperor. reading in part as follows:

"TO His Imperial and Apostolic Royal Majesty, Baroness Helen Vetsera, Imperial and Royal Ambassador's widow, begs for gracious consideration of her humble self-justification.

Imperial and Royal Majesty:

In my deeply desperate position, I take refuge before your Majesty's feet, to ask for your merciful protection and mercy for myself and children.

The pains which I have suffered since the death of my daughter make me worthy of your Majesty's compassion. Without being able to see my poor child again, I had to leave Vienna, I had to deprive myself of every consolation and expression of sympathy and I had to bear in my dumb desperation the most terrible suffering ever meted out to a mother's heart. I could not console myself by complaining to others about my sufferings and I remained dumb even when untrue accusations were spread broadcast against my children and self.

At last, in the middle of March, when I could not withstand any longer the irresistible longing to see the last resting place of my poor daughter, I made the awful discovery on my return to Vienna that everywhere I was viewed with a disquieting suspicion and that even the leading circles treated me as though I were a guilty party.

My shock was indescribable. My brother (translator's explanation: the already named Alexander Baltazzi) had already, some time ago, in the early days of the false accusations, called on the Prime Minister (Count Taafe) with the request that he speak to your Majesty regarding the matter, as it cannot fit in with your Majesty's gracious objects that I and my children should be persecuted.

Count Taafe promised my brother that he would transmit my request to your Majesty, but I have never received a reply from him.

The position into which I then drifted caused me excruciating suffering. I saw my honor and my children's future threatened and lost if I did not succeed in tearing up the accumulating net of lies.

My warmest wish would have been that, in the first case, I told your Majesty faithfully everything I knew of what had happened and then left it to your Majesty's merciful decision as to what I could use out of all this for my own defense. When, however, all my steps to this end remained fruitless and the terrible calumnies spread more and more as my constant silence appeared to be an authoritative confirmation of the accusations, I could not find any other means to defend myself and my poor children than to have printed a few copies of my Defense, to be distributed in my immediate circle with the object of stopping the libels.

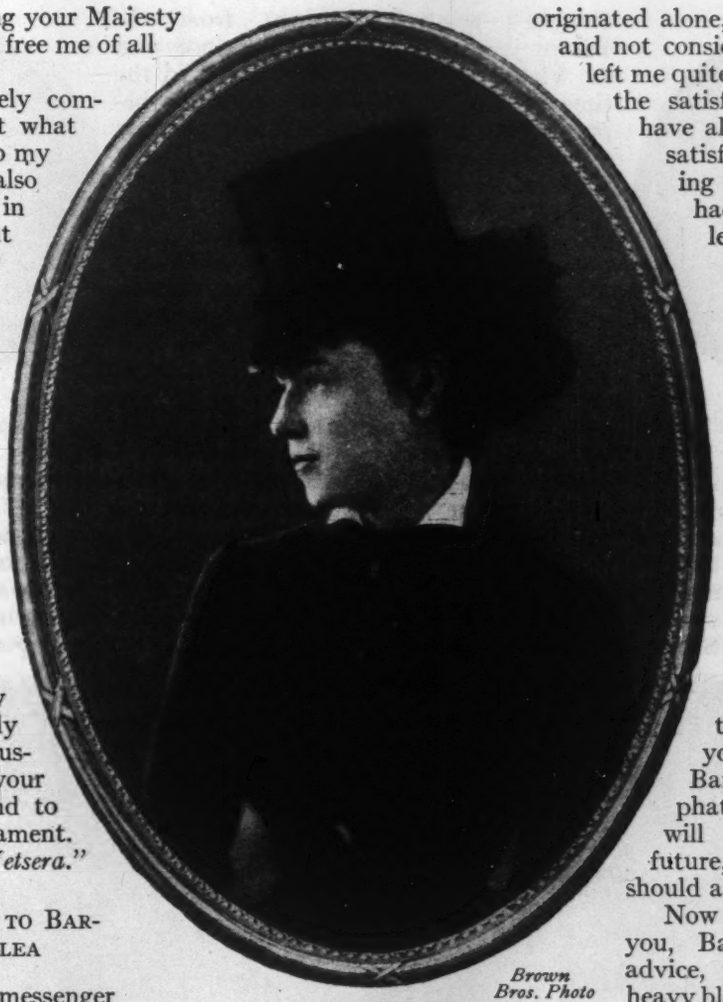
These copies, however, have been confiscated by the police as if there had been in them an attack against your Majesty. It is due to this that I humbly bow before

The Crown Prince and Mary first interchanged glances at the races, and thereafter sought to see each other and smile at every race meeting

your Majesty's feet, begging your Majesty to render me justice and to free me of all suspicions.

I thought I could freely complain in my defense about what has been done to me and to my poor dead child and I also thought I was justified in making my bitter complaint about the treatment—by the order of the Imperial Master of Ceremonies—of the body of my unfortunate child. My principal object was, first of all, to justify myself in the eyes of your Majesty and to seek the attention of your Majesty to my complaints.

Begging the mercy of your Majesty for myself and my children with great reverence, I pray that your Imperial and Royal Majesty may graciously and mercifully listen to my humble self-justification and will extend your high protection to me and to my children in our predicament. (Signed) *Baroness Helen Vetsera.*"



Brown Bros. Photo

Quaint photograph of Countess Larisch, who brought the lovers together

The Emperor Replies to Baroness Vetsera's Plea

On July 19, 1889, a messenger handed to Baroness Helen Vetsera the Emperor's reply to her plea, written by Count Paar, his Chief of Staff. The text of the original letter, as found in the archives, is:

"*Baroness*:

His Majesty the Emperor, having taken note of your letter in which you ask for consideration of your 'Self-justification,' and in which you further ask satisfaction and protection, His Majesty has been pleased to entrust me to send a reply to you.

His Majesty has repelled from the first moment the thought that you might be guilty of having knowingly contributed to anything that caused the awful misfortune.

The unexpected and terrible way in which the catastrophe occurred accounts for the variety of attempts to supply explanations and it is due to this that from so many sides accusations have sprung up round your person, Baroness.

Whether your decision to step before the public with your statement of defense was wise, whether the contents of the statement can be reconciled in every respect with the respect due to the dead and to their living relatives and whether the publishing of it would fulfill the aim desired, should remain undecided on this occasion. Without this step, without sacrificing your child, truth would have been victorious in the end and the sin would have become exposed.

You are asking from His Majesty satisfaction for the disgrace you have suffered and justice on account of the behavior of 'leading' circles who are ceaselessly slighting you.

Leaving out of consideration that this behavior has originated alone, without any influencing, and not considering also that you have left me quite in the dark as to the form the satisfaction should take, you have already tried to obtain this satisfaction through the printing of your 'defense,' which had become known to those leading circles.

However much His Majesty feels with you over the slights that have touched your sorrowful mother's heart respecting the funeral arrangements of your unfortunate daughter, the unspeakable shock caused by the misfortune, the necessary quick arrangements and the fact that they could not be postponed have also to be taken somewhat into account.

Lastly, in reference to the highest protection which you beg for your children, the Baroness can be convinced emphatically that this protection will never be missing in the future, if guiltlessly, serious need should arise for the same.

Now His Majesty wishes to give you, Baroness, the well-meaning advice, that you should bear the heavy blow inflicted by the Almighty with quiet resignation.

Allow me, Baroness, that I should remain on this occasion,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) *Count Edward Paar.*"

The Baroness' printed "defense," to which both she and the Emperor refer in their letters, is to be found in the archives and reads as follows:

The "Defense" of Baroness Helen Vetsera

"Under the first distressing influence of the Meyerling catastrophe it was impossible for those who were affected by it most closely to see the complete truth. Immediately after the sad tragedy a close veil was placed over the happenings and no one, not even the nearest relatives of the victims, were allowed to look through this veil.

"The truth, however, is longing for daylight and it has eventually to be disclosed—if for no other reason than to insure that the terrible misfortune should not cast its shadow on innocent people.

"In the last days of January, before the seventeen-year-old Baroness Mary Vetsera was prevailed upon to run away from her mother's house, the mother had not even had the slightest idea that her daughter was in the habit of meeting the Crown Prince, and she even did not know that her daughter knew him personally.

"On January the 28th the lady companion of the Baroness reported the following to her mistress:

" 'Toward the evening yesterday I was at the skating rink with the Baroness. When we left there Miss Mary persuaded me to accompany her to a fortune teller, with whom she said she had an urgent and secret appointment.'

"At the same time the companion reported that on January the 15th she had accompanied the Baroness to

Photo from Brown Bros.

Countess Larisch

Photo by P. & A.

Count Taafe

Rodeck's—a well-known jewelry firm in Vienna at the time — where she purchased a gold cigarette case. She arranged for something to be engraved on the case — the companion did not know what — and left the store, stating that she would send her maid for the gold cigarette case. Baroness Mary had made her companion promise that she would not tell her mother anything about this matter and, as she thought the purchase was intended for some surprise, she willingly promised not to divulge anything about it. When, however, she had to accompany Mary to the fortune teller, she became anxious, and the whole matter began to be unpleasant to her. She thought it her duty to mention now both events.

"The Baroness then pressed her daughter to disclose the truth about the matter, and after persuasion and threats she confessed that she had bought the cigarette case for the Crown Prince and that she had already sent it to him, but anonymously, so that he could not suspect who the sender was.

"The Baroness, then very much annoyed about the matter, censored her daughter severely. She told her of the scandal it would cause merely to have her name coupled with that of the Crown Prince. She, not yet seventeen, together with the married Imperial Prince!

"At the command of her mother, the Baroness Mary opened her iron jewel box in which a cigarette case was found, made out of steel, with a sapphire ornament and the name of Rudolph engraved on it. There was also a will in the box dated January 18, 1889. On being questioned about this, Baroness Mary told her mother that she received this cigarette case from Countess Larisch; the Countess had received it, she added, last summer as a present from the Crown Prince and had given it to the Baroness Mary because the latter adored the Crown Prince so much——

"The Baroness was reassured about this, as she assumed that Countess Larisch would corroborate what her daughter said. Respecting the will, the other remarked that it is a work of youthful empty-headedness and everybody would laugh at her for writing such stupidity.

"The Baroness Mary appeared very pale after this scene and looked exhausted and lost in thought.

"In the afternoon, however, she became livelier and fresher and accompanied her mother for the usual afternoon's walk from which they returned together after five in the evening.

"One hour afterward the mother was looking for her daughter in her room, but could not find her.

"She had disappeared from the house.

"After Mary's disappearance the Baroness Vetsera made inquiries from the servants and, from the information received, she thought that her daughter had thoughtlessly decided to look up alone the Countess Larisch who had returned just about that time to Vienna from her journey abroad.

"The Baroness Helen Vetsera thereupon at once hurried to the Grand Hotel, where she learned from the porter that the Countess had just driven away, accompanied by Mary, to Salesianer Street. So she left at once to return home where she again found her daughter and the Countess, the former lying in bed, dead pale, speechless, with a veritable attack of the nerves.

"Her eldest daughter, Hanna, told her mother that her sister Mary on her return collapsed in the room, after which she undressed her and put her to bed with the

At the door a manservant waited while the Baroness Mary hurried out of the Palace

CASE LIBRARY

Photo from Brown Bros.

Crown Prince Rudolph

Photo from Brown Bros.

Princess Stephanie, Rudolph's wife

assistance of the Countess.

"'Countess Larisch turned toward the mother:

"'What have you done to this girl? I wrote to her that it was impossible for me to call here today and when she asked me the second time I sent her word that I could not come, as I had to be with the Empress this evening at seven. Shortly afterward she sauntered into my room at the hotel and threw the cigarette case I gave her as a present, at my head, with the words, 'There, take it back, I am going straight into the Danube.' Having said this, she collapsed in the same way as she did later on here. I managed to put her somehow on her feet and brought her back here and I told her that I wondered what her mother would say on finding out that she had left home alone.'

"Quite a flow of questions and answers started after this. Baroness Vetsera asked the Countess Larisch what else she knew about what had happened. She told the Countess at the same time about the gold cigarette case, suggesting that she had a strong suspicion about Mary's maid, a very quiet woman who answered all her questions with the words, 'I do not know anything about this.'

"The Countess Larisch then stated that she had made a present to Mary of the steel cigarette case, but did not know anything about the gold one.

"Now the Baroness spoke about her anxieties concerning the matter, and Countess Larisch, after a few moments' thinking, said:

"'Rudolph is nowadays always very gracious to me. I shall write him telling him that I want to speak to him, and I shall then easily learn from him whether he received the case at all and whether he suspects from whom it came. But now I must hurry to the Burg—the Palace where the Emperor and Empress lived—as I do not want to be late for dinner.'

"Toward noon the next day—January 4th—Countess Larisch again called and related that the Crown Prince had responded to her letter at once and had called on her that morning. According to the Countess' narrative, she told him a long story about a married friend of hers who had sent him the gold cigarette case and now desired its return for fear of getting into trouble. This the Crown Prince ridiculed. At any rate, she assured the Baroness, the Crown Prince had not the slightest inkling that Mary was the sender of the case.

"Afterward Countess Larisch offered to call during the next day with Mary at the jeweler's to transfer the account of the gold cigarette case to her name so that Mary could not be implicated, in case any one chose to make inquiries about it.

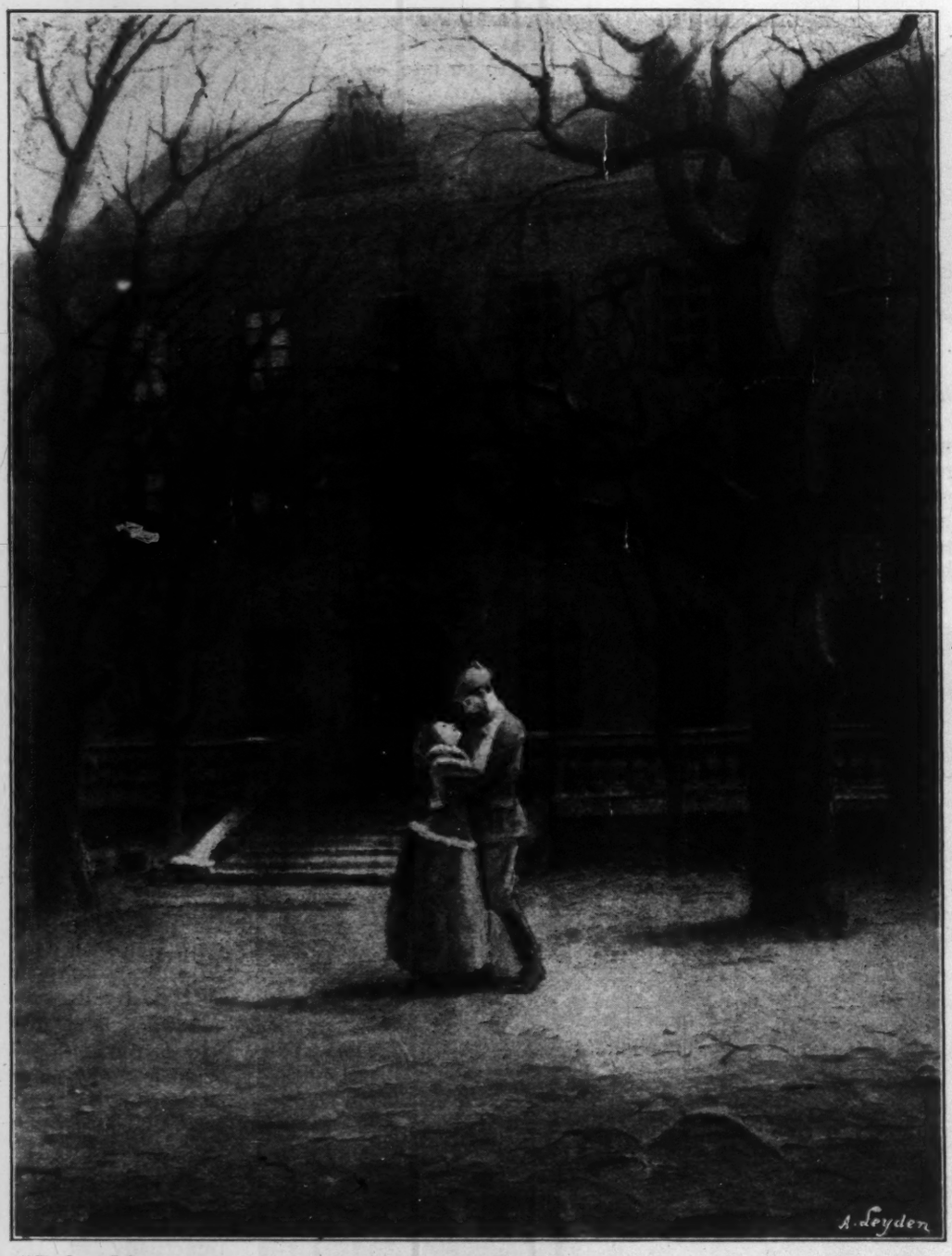
"This plan appealed to the Baroness and it was at once decided that Countess Larisch should call for Mary the next day at half past ten to go with her to Rodeck's for the purpose of transferring the account to the name of the Countess.

"'Next day, punctually at the appointed time, Countess Larisch arrived at the Vetsera Palace and departed a few minutes later with Mary. The girl never returned to her mother's house."

The Baroness secretly visits a fortune teller to learn what the future holds for her

Let us interrupt at this point the quotations from the Baroness' defense, in order to learn how the love affair had first sprung up between Rudolph and Mary, and to see how Countess Larisch's own version of the events that led up to the tragedy corroborates that signed by Mary's mother.

Countess Larisch, it must be explained, was the niece of the Empress Elizabeth, mother of the Crown Prince



"Today I have to make a confession," writes the Baroness Mary to her friend Hermine. "I was with Rudolph last night at the Burg"

Rudolph. She enjoyed the full confidence of the Empress Elizabeth and she often acted as a go-between in the Empress' love intrigues.

Countess Larisch's part in these questionable chapters of the Empress's life was ethically and morally unenviable, but it is not surprising that after such schooling the Countess proved an eager and ready helper in the intrigue into which her cousin the Crown Prince drifted. It has often been asserted that the Countess deliberately planned to bring the beautiful Baroness Mary Vetsera into the path of the Crown Prince, because she wished to avenge her disappointment that the Crown Prince had not married her. She knew that Rudolph was unhappy with his wife Stephanie, the daughter of Leopold, King of Belgium, whom he had been forced to marry for reasons of State. She also knew that Rudolph was easy-going, very impressionable and very fond of the company of beautiful women. The period of flirtation between her and the Crown Prince gave her sufficient opportunity to study him at close quarters and yet she never divined that he was capable of loving as profoundly as he ultimately loved the Baroness Vetsera.

After Rudolph's marriage the Countess' very slender hopes of ever becoming the Crown Princess were shattered. She married Count George Larisch, only to have the marriage dissolved. One of her children committed suicide under the influence of the part played by his mother in the Meyerling tragedy.

It is illuminating to follow Countess Larisch's story, and it is not difficult to discern her effort to incriminate others in order to clear herself from her responsibility for bringing the two lovers together.

"From time to time," Countess Larisch writes, "I used to turn up at the Vetsera Palace and 'Little Mary,' as her friends used to call her, was very much attached to me.

"One morning in the spring of 1888 I arrived at the Vetsera Palace about half an hour before breakfast and as I wished to speak to Mary and her sister Hanna before breakfast I walked into their room without being announced.

"As I quietly opened the door, excited voices struck my ear.

" 'Good day, little Mary!' I said.

"On hearing my voice, the young girl looked up from her desk, and when she recognized me she threw herself into my arms and repeatedly kissed me.

"The face of Mary Vetsera lives ineffaceably in my memory. She was not tall, her slender figure and full chest made her look older than sixteen; little vivacious red lips covered tiny white teeth—which I used to call mice teeth—and I have never seen such soulful eyes, such long eyelashes and such well-drawn eyebrows. Her dark-brown hair was very long, her hands and feet small.

" 'Oh, Marie!' shouted Mary after the kisses. 'How glad I am to see you again.'

" 'Tell me what happened?' I asked. 'Your eyes are shining from rage. Have you had a row with Hanna?'

" 'Mary is a stupid child,' remarked Hanna, 'and she is on the right road to lose the little sense she still has.'

" 'What is it all about?' I asked again.

" 'You would never believe it,' said Hanna, 'that one could be so silly. Imagine! She is madly in love with the

Crown Prince! What do you say to such brainlessness! And she does not even suspect how ridiculous she appears!'

"The eyes of Mary became more brilliant, but she never uttered a word.

"Hanna continued: 'For the love she feels for you, you can thank the fact that you are related to Rudolph. She makes herself believe that you resemble him. Tell her what he eats and what he drinks, she will be interested tremendously.'

" 'And whom does it concern, after all, if I give myself the pleasure to admire the Crown Prince?' she said languidly and somewhat challengingly. 'It provides enjoyment for me to worship somebody who is quite different from all other men. Prince Miguel of Braganza related very many interesting things about him.'

"Breakfast being announced, the argument fortunately ended."

In the subsequent conversation with Mary on this morning, Countess Larisch states that she "was very much amused by Mary's ceaseless questions about the Crown Prince, as I did not consider the Crown Prince a man who could win the interest of a young girl."

The Countess Larisch Acts as Intermediary

ABOUT ten days later, at a subsequent meeting between Mary and the Countess, the latter claims that Mary entrusted to her in confidence the information that she got acquainted with the Crown Prince by boldly writing him a letter to tell of her love.

But the letters of Mary to her friend—now uncovered—crystallize beyond doubt the fact that the first meeting between her and the Crown Prince and a number of those that followed, as well, were in fact brought about through the intervention of Countess Larisch.

While, for reasons easily understood, Countess Larisch in her book takes great pains to wash her hands of the charge of having brought the two lovers together, it appears from the newly discovered documents that she did in fact act as intermediary from the start, and she does not make a secret of her subsequent activities in assisting the two in their meetings.

She admits having taken Mary out to the Prater to meet the Crown Prince, of having gone with her to get her photograph taken to present to Rudolph, of having taken Mary to the Opera though she knew Mary's only object was "to enjoy the surprise on the face of Rudolph's wife when she notices me in your box." And she admits, also, that it would have been her unquestionable duty to speak to Mary's mother when she realized the serious trend things had taken.

How these various meetings between the Crown Prince and Baroness Mary were brought about with the help of the Countess Larisch is easily gathered from the mass of secret documents now unearthed.

Mary's adoration for Crown Prince Rudolph first became intense when, at the horse races in the spring and summer of 1888, the girl thought she noticed that the Crown Prince was looking at her incessantly. She did not mention this to any one with her at the time, though she confided it in a letter to her trusted girl friend.

There was some break in the intensity of this adoration as Mary was taken by her mother to England, where they stayed for several months. On her return to Vienna, she felt she must make up for lost time.

But she was so circumspect in her intercourse with the members of her family that they did not even suspect the intensity of her devotion. The incidents at the races and at the Court Theatre, where the Crown Prince and Mary exchanged glances, were not considered to be anything out of the ordinary and, as no one suspected that the two knew each other or had ever exchanged a word with each other, Baroness Mary succeeded in deceiving her people practically until the day of the tragedy.

Mary's letters to her friend Hermine and her conversations with her lady companion were divulged to the authorities only under terrific pressure, and were promptly secreted in the archives from which they have only lately been obtained.

It is interesting to follow in the letters and records of these conversations the effect that the Crown Prince's attention had on Mary. Whenever she saw him, she mentioned it to her lady companion.

"I saw the Crown Prince today. He looked very handsome." She often added, when she saw him in the Prater—a wood just outside Vienna: "He greeted me so nicely with his beautiful eyes."

Before she went to England she seemed very downcast to her trusted companion. She was thinking of simulating an illness so that she could stay at home! She cried when she said farewell to her companion. When the latter advised her to get rid of her infatuation for the Crown Prince, as the whole thing was futile, she replied that she would never love anybody else. When she returned from England she said, "Do not think for a moment that I have forgotten him. I love him now ever so much more."

She was very happy when, at the next horse race, the Crown Prince again appeared and gazed at her for some time. She remarked afterward to her companion that she thought the Crown Prince frequented the races on her account, since before then he had seldom been seen at a race. She also remarked on the conspicuously friendly way in which he saluted her and on his habit of driving three times through the Prater, whereas before he only drove through once. "And," she added, "he drives so close to our carriage that I cannot help blushing and it has such an influence on me that I cannot see or hear on these occasions. I become dazed!"

Toward the end of October, 1888, the Baroness received a registered letter from the Crown Prince, the contents of which she confided to her companion. It was his lively longing, he declared, to speak to her, and therefore he would like to meet her in the Prater. She told her companion that of course this would be impossible because she could not go away from home alone

The First Meeting Between Mary and Rudolph

MARY then wrote and wired to Countess Larisch begging that she come to Vienna and get permission from her mother for her to stay with the Countess for an afternoon. The Crown Prince also wrote to Countess Larisch to the same end and, as a result, the Countess arrived in Vienna, called on the Baroness Helen Vetsera, and told her that she would like to have Mary help her in her shopping. She prevailed upon the senior Baroness Vetsera to permit her daughter to go out with her that afternoon. And it was then that the first meeting between the Crown Prince and Baroness Mary Vetsera took place.

This meeting is described in Mary's own letter to the girl friend to whom she had previously confided her adoration for the Crown Prince. Not long before she had written to her friend Hermine about Rudolph in these words:

"I cannot live if I cannot see him and talk to him. Do not wear yourself out in counseling me, dear Hermine. I know that everything you say is right and good, but I cannot help it. I cannot do otherwise. I have two women friends. You, who are working for my spiritual

happiness, and the Countess Larisch, who is working for my moral misfortune."

Her friend had replied at once, warning her severely that she should not take another step on this path as it would lead to disaster. But it was too late. The fatal step had already been taken, and immediately afterward Mary wrote the following lively letter about it:

"You are receiving from me today a letter saturated with happiness because I was at his place today. Countess Larisch took me there on the pretext that we were going out to do some shopping. We went first to 'Adele' to be photographed. It is meant for him, naturally. Then we proceeded to the back of the Grand Hotel where Bratfisch—the Crown Prince's trusted driver—was waiting for us in his cab. We virtually buried our faces in our furs and then, at a fast pace, we were driven to the Burg—the Palace—where the Crown Prince lives. Behind a small iron door, a manservant waited for us, who led us up dark stairs and through numerous rooms until at last we stopped before a room into which we were shown.

"On entering, a black bird flew toward my head. I believe it was a sort of raven. From the neighboring room a voice was heard saying, 'Please enter, ladies. I am here!' We went into this room. The Countess introduced me and we were soon absorbed in a Viennese conversation. At last he said, 'I wish to speak with the Countess on a private matter,' and the two retired to the adjoining room. In the meantime I looked at everything closely. On the writing desk was a revolver and a skull. I took the skull into my hands and examined it from all sides.

"Suddenly he entered and, in a frightened manner, took the skull from my hands. When I told him that I was not afraid of the skull, he smiled. When we took leave, he himself led us through the dark room and down the staircase and spoke to the Countess Larisch in these words: 'Bring her again, please, at the earliest possible moment.'"

At the end of her letter, Baroness Mary wrote:

"You must swear that you will not mention the contents of this letter to any one, neither to Hanna—her sister—nor to my mother, because, if either of these two found out anything, I would have to kill myself."

Photo by P. & A.

Elizabeth of Bavaria, late Empress of Austria, mother of Crown Prince Rudolph

The Crown Prince and Mary Meet Again

THE first meeting with the Crown Prince took place on November 3rd, 1888, the day on which the photographs mentioned in the letter were ordered. Mary nerself wrote this date on the photograph she gave to her lady companion with the words, "On this day I was, for the first time, with the Crown Prince."

The next letter written to Hermine, the trusted friend, contains the following passage:

"Countess Larisch is out of town and I cannot see him, therefore, and my longing is indescribable. I cannot wait for the day when the Countess returns. She has promised to be back soon, however, and now I am counting the hours as, since I know him, my love has become greater. I am torturing myself day and night as to how I can see him again, but this is impossible without the aid of Countess Larisch."

According to her lady companion, only a few days elapsed before Mary, in the company of Countess Larisch, again left home to visit the Crown Prince. Whether the Countess remained with Mary at the Burg is not known, thought it is a fact that the Countess brought her home in the evening.

After this second interview the exchange of letters between the Crown Prince and Baroness Mary was conducted in the following manner, at the request of the Crown Prince. Mary addressed her letters to his butler, sending them by a messenger. Her first reply to the Crown Prince's letter was addressed direct to him, but after this he advised the above method as the safer one. The letters of the Crown Prince, on the other hand, were addressed to Mary's lady companion.

The chatty letters of Baroness Mary to her friend Hermine keep us well informed of the subsequent developments. Early in January she tells her friend of the engagement ring she received from the Crown Prince with the letters "I. L. V. B. I. D. T." engraved on it. She did not know the meaning of these initials, but in her next letter, after a meeting with the Crown Prince, she was able to tell her friend that the letters stood for the following: "*In Liebe vereint bis in den Tod*"—United in Love until Death.

She considered herself very happy and told her friend of another secret: the receipt of a *médaillon*—locket—from Rudolph which hung from her neck on a thin chain. Inside there was a plain piece of linen with a drop of blood, "from his veins." She wore it constantly, but in order to do so she pretended that it was a present from Countess Larisch.

In another letter she wrote:

"If we could live in a hut together, how happy I would be. We always talk about this and the talk alone is sufficient to make me happy. Alas, it cannot be! If I could give him my life to make him happy I would do it with pleasure. Life would not trouble me much.

"Tell me, Hermine, if ever I have to hide myself from the world, if people despise me, you will take me to you, will you not? You will not despise me."

She did not heed the entreaties of Hermine to stop the dangerous affair. Once she replied that she could not help it, that her love was greater than her will power and she could not believe that Hermine would be such a bad friend as to desire the shattering of the happiness of two people. She consistently returns to the request that Hermine should not give her away.

"If it were found out, we both would retire to a place not known to other people and after a few happy hours would meet our death together. But, no! He must not die. He must live for his people and everything that surrounds him must be pomp and glory.

"Hermine, if you wrote anything to Hanna or mother you would only precipitate the disaster."

Toward the middle of January she wrote:

"Today I have to make a confession about which you are bound to be angry. I was with him last night between seven and nine o'clock. We both lost our heads and we

are each others now in body and soul. I hope I shall not have to go to the ball on Saturday, so that I can go to him instead."

This letter, which she sent to Germany, where Hermine was now staying, was not dated, but it is beyond doubt that it was written on January 14th or that it was started on that day, as the date of January 13th is marked conspicuously in Mary's diary, wherein she marked every day on which she met the Crown Prince.

On this day she asked to be allowed to stay at home, as Countess Larisch promised to visit her. However, she did not stay at home, but visited the Crown Prince instead, returning home in a rather excited condition. She said to her companion that it would have been better had she stayed at home on this day. Later she said, "now I have to do everything he asks me, as I do not belong to myself any longer. I am his—altogether his, now."

We have brought the romance as revealed in the secret documents down to the verge of the gruesome catastrophe at Meyerling, and can take up again the narrative of Baroness Helen Vetsera's suppressed "defense," the opening portions of which were quoted earlier in these pages.

The Baroness Vetsera's Defense (Continued)

"AFTER the disappearance of Mary from her home, the Countess Larisch returned to the Vetsera Palace alone and rushed to the Baroness in an excited manner, crying shrilly: 'I lost her, she has left me! She ran away. I found this note in her carriage.'

"The note contained the words: 'I cannot live any longer! I have already such a start, that by the time you caught up with me I would be unrecoverably in the River Danube. Mary.'

" 'When we arrived before Rodeck's store, Mary complained of feeling poorly and begged me to go in alone to attend to the matter of the cigarette case. I went in, but as I wished to ask her something, I returned to the carriage at once. She was already gone. I did not lose my presence of mind, and remarked to the jeweler's assistant standing by my side that she had most probably driven away with her sister. I myself got into the carriage and asked the driver what had happened. He replied that he had left his seat to look at the shop window. On turning, he just caught a glimpse of the Baroness driving away in another carriage in the direction of Michaelerplatz. If you do not believe it, ask the driver.'

"The Baroness made inquiries from the driver, and he confirmed word for word everything the Countess related. When the terrified mother questioned Countess Larisch about the note left in the carriage, she replied:

" 'Do not believe her. She did not think of such a thing. She was always so full of life. This must have a connection with the Crown Prince, whom she adored so much.'

" 'She did not even know the Crown Prince,' replied the Baroness. 'This can only be an assumption on your part, unless you are keeping something from me, and the steel cigarette case proves to be really a present from him. This, of course, would prove that there was some intercourse between them. Can you swear that you yourself had given the cigarette case as a present to Mary?'

" 'How could you even think of anything else?' the Countess asked. 'The case was given to me by the Crown Prince as a present last summer at Tegernses.'

"This reply eliminated again the only proof that Mary knew the Crown Prince and that they were in touch with each other.

"To the question as to where Mary obtained the money to buy the gold cigarette case for the Crown Prince, Countess Larisch answered that she herself had given Mary a hundred and eighty florins—about seventy-two dollars—for which Mary asked her and added that the girl already had three hundred florins—about one hundred and twenty dollars—which she received from her brother.

Photo by P. & A.

Francis Joseph, late Emperor of Austria, who shrouded Rudolph's death in mystery

" 'Let us question her maid, perhaps she can tell us something,' suggested the countess.

"The maid having appeared, the Baroness told her that Mary had disappeared from in front of Rodeck's store, asking her at the same time whether she knew anything about it.

" 'Truly, I know nothing, nothing at all,' replied the maid.

"No other answer could be obtained from her and she stuck to this until Wednesday.

"The Countess then made the following remark: 'I lost Mary and it will be I who will bring her back. I am well acquainted with Krauss, the Chief of Police. Let me go to him and I shall tell him in confidence of my fears. If you went there or accompanied me, some one might see you, which may give occasion for all sorts of gossip,' she concluded, and awaited the Baroness' reply.

"The Baroness finally permitted her to go alone, to the Chief of Police, though she suggested that perhaps Count Taafe would be the more suitable person and it might be better to tell him everything.

"To which the Countess replied, 'No, no. That way we might implicate ourselves in all sorts of gossip, as the Prime Minister could not resist the temptation to tell his family about the matter and then it would leak out that Mary had disappeared from home. On the other hand, the Chief of Police,' she went on, 'rarely mixes with society, knows me well and will do everything I ask.' And she further stated that he would keep the matter a secret and also take care that the Gray Ruler should not find out at once what had happened.

"Shortly after the Countess left she returned again, stating that she had not been able to accomplish anything with the Chief of Police, because she had no authority to give notice and because the Chief of Police had no right whatsoever to search around the person of the Crown Prince. To do this, the highest command would be necessary. Notice about Mary's disappearance would only be accepted from her mother or from a near relation. She had therefore arranged with the police chief an appointment in the afternoon for that purpose.

"That afternoon call had no result, either. Countess Larisch, accompanied by the brother of the Baroness, proceeded to the police, but a formal notice was demanded, which the

[*Continued on page 126*]

As Aftermath to His Egyptian Adventure Maitland is a Victim of—

An Experiment in Electricity

By H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by George W. Gage

"Well, all I do," said the prince, "is to turn this little lever — and there you are"

WITH a little sigh of relief Jim Maitland straightened up. We had been standing side by side watching the last belated sight-seers hurrying across the gangway after a frenzied dash around Port Said, and now the first faint throb of the propellers heralded the final lap of the journey. In another fortnight—a boiled shirt; a tail coat, if the moths hadn't got it; London——

Slowly the gap between us and the shore widened; the native boats, with their chattering owners busily counting the proceeds of their robberies, fell away. And suddenly Jim turned to me with a grin.

"This is the identical boat, old man, in which I first left England. From a glimpse into the smoking room the barman is also identical. Moreover, the gun is over the yardarm."

"Your return to respectability has made you very silent," I said, with a laugh. "That's your first remark for half an hour."

He looked at me thoughtfully while the barman produced something that tinkled pleasantly in a long glass.

"Your girl all right, old man?"

"Molly!" I stared at him in some surprise. "Why—yes. I saw her being piloted to her cabin with that eminently worthy parson's wife. What makes you ask?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you now what I didn't tell you in Cairo," said Jim quietly. "To be quite candid, I've been distinctly uneasy these last two days."

"But what on earth about?" I asked.

"Our late friends at the Pool of the Sacred Crocodile," he answered soberly. "Put it how you will, Miss Tremayne escaped—and one of their chief scoundrels died a nasty death in the process. And a sect of that sort doesn't forgive things like that. So when I received in Cairo a letter containing a typewritten threat I wasn't altogether surprised."

"But why didn't you tell me?" I cried.

"You couldn't have done anything if I had. And I didn't want to run any risk of alarming your girl."

"What was the threat?"

"Terse and to the point," laughed Jim. "It merely stated that in view of what had happened, all our lives were forfeit and that they would be claimed in due course."

"How frightfully jolly!" I remarked, a little blankly. "Do you think it need be taken seriously?"

"I take it a great deal less seriously now that we've left the country," he answered. "I think that undoubtedly the principal danger has passed, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that we are out of the wood. However, there's nothing to be done. We can only wait and see if anything happens."

"It's possible," I said, "that the whole thing is designed to have a mental effect only. To make one nervous anticipating things which are never really coming."

"It is possible," agreed Jim gravely. "If so, they

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succeeded quite well with me for forty-eight hours. Anyway, there's your girl, old Dick. I'll go down below and pass the time of day with the purser, and incidentally fix up seats for tiffin."

The boat was fairly empty, as a number of passengers had broken their journey at Port Said. And when Jim discovered that he knew the captain, it was a foregone conclusion that we should sit at his table. And it was he who introduced us to Prince Feisul.

"A charming man," he remarked, at lunch, as Jim made some comment on the empty seat just opposite him. "Fabulously wealthy, and almost more of an Englishman than an Egyptian. Has a large house in London, and spends most of his time there. I wonder you didn't meet him in Cairo."

THE prince came in at that moment, and it struck me that the captain's remarks as to his appearance were quite justified. His clothes were faultless, with the indefinable hallmark of the West End tailor; his face, save that it was a trifle darker, was that of a European. He was wonderfully good-looking, and when he smiled he showed a row of the most perfect teeth. Moreover, he spoke English without a trace of accent. In fact, he seemed a charming man, with a most astounding range of knowledge on all sorts of subjects and a fascinating way of imparting it.

Jim and I both took to him at once. He had traveled all over the world, and traveled intelligently. In fact, most of his life seemed to have been spent in wandering, which gave him a common meeting ground with Jim. Yet in spite of his roving propensities he was—so I understood from the captain—an authority on old china, an electrical expert and a wonderful violinist.

"I happen to know of those three," said the skipper. "But from what I've seen of the prince, I shouldn't think they exhaust his repertoire by any means."

Strangely enough, Molly didn't take to him. He was unfailingly charming to her, but she didn't like him from the very first, though she could find no reason for her aversion.

The sea was like the proverbial mill pond, and a voyage in good weather with the girl who is shortly to become your wife is no unpleasant operation. So it is hardly surprising that by the time we left Gibraltar, Jim and his forebodings were forgotten in more pleasant thoughts. Life, indeed, seemed very, very good.

It was just as I was in that comfortable frame of mind induced by life being good that I saw Jim coming along the deck toward me. And the instant I saw his face I knew that something had happened. He glanced around to see that no one was within earshot; then he went straight to the point.

"I found this reposing on the pillow of my bunk an hour after we left Gib."

He held out a sheet of paper, and with a sense of foreboding I glanced at it. There was only one sentence on it, written with a typewriter.

"Remember all your lives are forfeit," it read.

The words danced before my eyes.

"How did it get there?" I asked at length.

"I know no more than you," he answered gravely. "I sent for our lascar at once"—Jim and I were sharing a cabin—"and frightened him half to death. No good. I honestly believe that he knows nothing about it. I've made inquiries from one of the officers about the steerage passengers. He tells me definitely that there are no Arabs or Egyptians among them. But how it got there," he went on thoughtfully, "is, comparatively speaking, a trifle. It may have been handed to some one before we left Port Said with instructions to put it on my pillow when opportunity arose. And the bustle and excitement at Gib may have been the first chance. No, old man, it doesn't matter *how* it got there—*why* is what concerns me. Is it just the continuation of a stupid bluff—or is it something more serious?"

"Why not ask Feisul?" I said. "His opinion ought to be worth having."

"Tell him the whole story," said Jim thoughtfully. "By Jove! Dick, that's a good idea. Let's see if we can find him."

We ran him to ground in the writing room, and he rose from his table instantly on hearing that we wanted his advice.

"My letter can wait," he said courteously. "It is not the least important. Let us go and have a whisky and soda, and for what it is worth my knowledge is at your disposal."

And so, without any exaggeration, but at the same time with some fullness, Jim told Prince Feisul exactly what had taken place in the Temple of the Sacred Crocodile. Some of the details I put in, but by the time we had both finished he had every fact in his possession.

"The point, prince, is this: Are those letters bluff or not?" said Jim, in conclusion.

"Most emphatically not," answered the prince promptly. "I have heard of that sect, of course, and you may take it from me that you only encountered the outside fringe of it. But, even so, you have been instrumental in killing a priest who is very highly placed. And that they will never forgive. Whether or not they will be able to carry out their purpose in England is a different matter—but they will assuredly try."

"What—to kill the lot of us?" said Jim.

"Certainly," said the prince calmly. "And deeply as I regret to have to say so, my friend, I shouldn't be at all surprised if they succeeded."

"We'll see about that," Jim remarked quietly. "And in the meantime, prince, what do you suggest we should do?"

"There is nothing to do," he answered. "Sooner or later they will find you, wherever you hide yourselves; then it will be you or they."

"Hide! Hide ourselves!" Jim stared at him in amazement. "My dear fellow, what an extraordinary flight of fancy! What in the name of fortune should we hide ourselves for?"

The prince waved a deprecating hand.

"Possibly I expressed myself a little infelicitously," he murmured. "I assure you, my friend, I intended no reflection on your courage. That, so I understand from our most excellent captain, is beyond dispute. But, for all that——"

HE broke off with a little characteristic movement of his shoulders.

"You can take it from me, prince," said Jim quietly, "that as far as I am concerned I don't propose to go into seclusion. But with regard to Miss Tremayne the matter is altogether different. And if you think her life is in danger we had better take some steps about it. Somewhat naturally, she knows nothing of these two warning letters, and we don't want to alarm her unnecessarily."

"Precisely," said the prince. "That is quite obvious."

He leaned back in his chair and blew out a long cloud of smoke, while we watched him a little anxiously.

"I will tell you what I suggest," he said at length. "It is possible that I may be wrong altogether, in which case there is no necessity to do anything. If, on the other hand, I am not wrong and you become aware that they are after you, then come to see me—I will give you my address—and possibly I may be of assistance. But it is

no use attempting to evolve any scheme now, when we have no idea what to be on our guard against. Therefore, let us leave it until we have an idea, and then—well, three heads are better than two, isn't that so?"

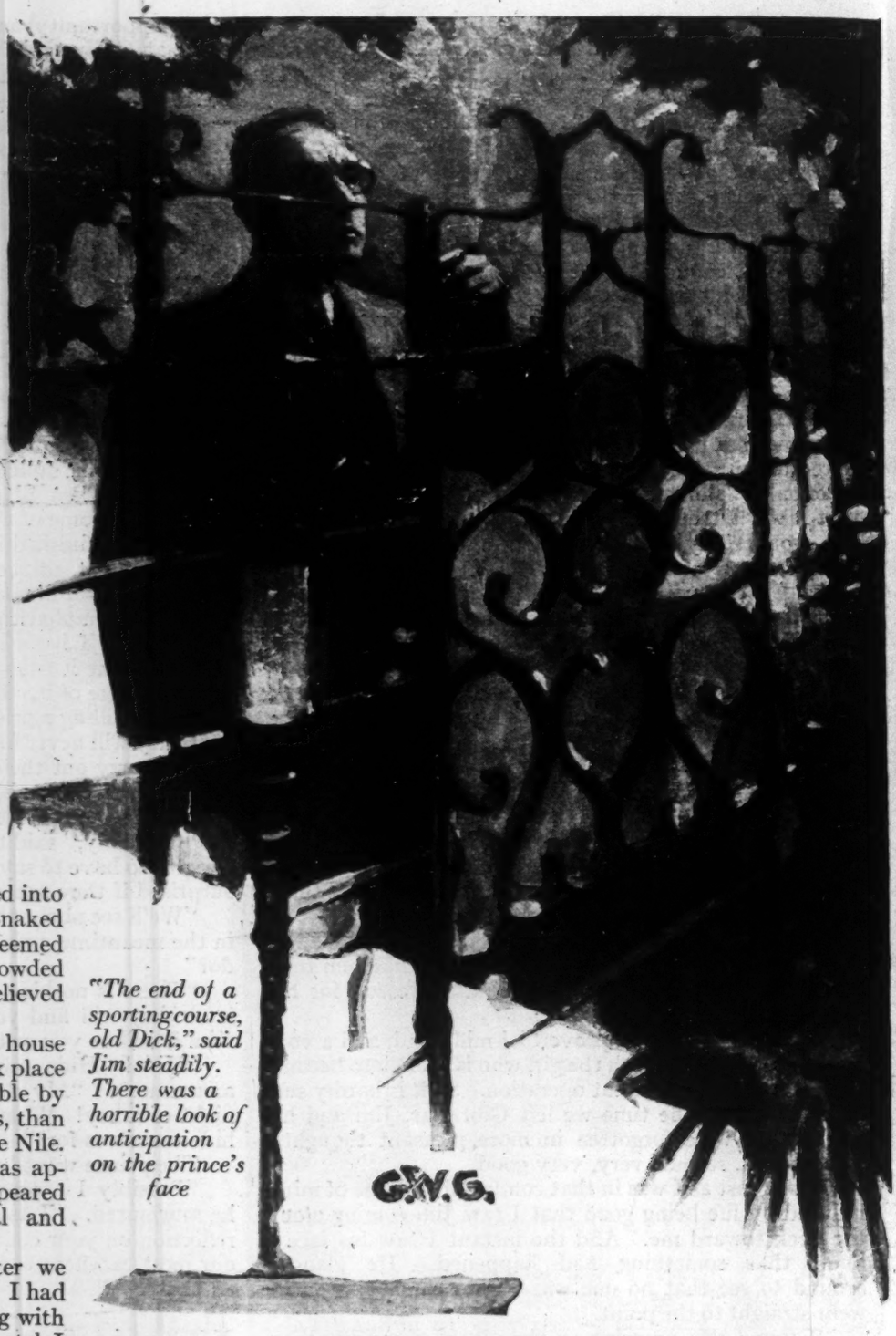
"I call that sporting of you, prince!" said Jim heartily. "And I'm quite sure that we accept your offer with gratitude—don't we, Dick?"

"Certainly," I agreed. "And in the meantime you don't think there is any need to alarm Miss Tremayne or take any special precautions on her behalf?"

"I do not," said Prince Feisul. "If the attempt is made at all, I feel tolerably certain that it will be made in London."

A moment or two later he rose and left us.

"That was a brain storm of yours, Dick," said Jim, as we watched him sauntering back to the writing room. "'Pon my soul, it's extraordinarily good of the fellow. All we can do is to hope that we sha'n't have to avail ourselves of his kindness."



"The end of a sporting course, old Dick," said Jim steadily. There was a horrible look of anticipation on the prince's face

IT was just a week after we reached London that the blow fell. As day after day went by and nothing happened, I had been lulled into a false sense of security. The half-naked priests of that foul pool in Egypt seemed so utterly incongruous in the crowded streets that sometimes I almost believed it had all been a dream.

And yet in London itself, in a house in the middle of Mayfair there took place a thing more amazing, more horrible by the very reason of the surroundings, than anything that had happened by the Nile. There, at any rate, the setting was appropriate; but in London, it appeared even at the time to be unreal and incredible.

As I say, it was a week after we reached London that it happened. I had been out all the afternoon shopping with Molly, and, after seeing her to her hotel, I had returned to my club to rest. I found Jim waiting for me in a state of unconcealed impatience.

"I thought you were never coming, Dick!" he cried, as soon as he saw me. "Take me somewhere where we can talk."

I led the way to a small card room which was luckily unoccupied.

"What is it?" I said. "Further developments?"

He nodded. "You know I gave Feisul my address. Until this afternoon I'd heard nothing from him, and nothing had happened on our side to make me get in touch with him. In fact, I was beginning to think that the whole thing was a bluff. An hour ago I was told that some one wanted me on the telephone, and it turned out to be the prince." Jim stared at me gravely. "It's evidently no bluff, Dick."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He started off with a bright chatty little remark," said Jim grimly. "The first thing he said when he heard my voice was, 'Thank Heaven! You're still alive.'

" 'Never better,' I assured him.

"He didn't beat about the bush at all, but came straight to the point. 'You're in the most deadly peril,' he said. 'I've just received information from a source that is open to me which it is absolutely imperative you should know at once. It is too long to tell you over the telephone, even if I dared.'

"Well, that sounded a jolly sort of beginning, and I asked him what he suggested as the next move. He'd got everything cut and dried, and it boiled down to this: You and I are to go around to his house this evening at nine o'clock precisely. The time is important, as he will then arrange that his Arab butler is out. That little precaution is for *his* benefit, he told me; it would be sign-

ing his own death sentence if it were known he was warning us. He will then tell us exactly what he has found out, and it will be up to us after that. Molly—because I immediately asked about her—was perfectly safe for the next twelve hours. He further asked if we would both be good enough to preserve absolute silence as to where we were going. That, also, for his sake.

"In fact, he made no bones about it. By doing what he was going to do, he was running a very grave risk, and somewhat naturally he wants that risk minimized as much as possible. Which is quite understandable, because after all there's really no call on the fellow to do anything at all for us."

"None whatever," I agreed. "And now you'd better stay and have an early dinner with me."

All through that meal we discussed the matter fruitlessly. What could it be—this danger that threatened us? The whole thing seemed so fantastic in the comfortable and peaceful dining room of a London club.

When we were ready to go Jim said gravely:

"We'd better start off toward Hampstead, to protect the prince. Then we can double back on our tracks, in case we're being followed."

He gave an address in Eton Avenue, while I looked around. As far as I could see not a soul was in sight—certainly no other vehicle, but we were taking no chances. So it wasn't until we were in Oxford Street that we gave the driver the real address we wanted in Berkeley Square.

"Have you got a gun, Dick?" said Jim suddenly.

"I haven't," I answered. "But we sha'n't want one tonight."

He laughed shortly. "No—I suppose not. But old habits die hard with me. I don't feel dressed unless I've got one. By Jove! I wonder what this show is going to develop into!"

"We shall know very soon," I said. "It's five to

nine, and here is Berkeley Square." When the cab had gone we mounted the stone steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the prince himself, and he immediately shut it again behind us. He was in evening clothes, and we murmured an apology for our own attire, which he waved aside.

"Follow me, please, gentlemen. There is not a moment to be lost."

He led the way through the hall to a heavy green-baize door at the farther end, and even in the one rapid glance I threw around it was easy to see that money was no object. Down two flights of steps we hurried after him, till another door barred our progress. The prince produced a key from his pocket, and the next moment an exclamation of wonder broke from both our lips as we saw into the room beyond. In fact, for a while I forgot the real object of our visit in my amazement.

IT was a big room divided in half by an ornamental grille. There was an opening in the center, and the grille itself hardly obstructed one's view at all. But it was the beauty of the furniture and the wonderful lighting effect that riveted my attention. It seemed like a room out of a fairy story. The general design was Oriental, and save for the perfect taste of everything the display of wealth would have been almost vulgar. Luxurious divans, with costly brocades; marvelous Persian rugs, with small inlaid tables of gold and silver; the sound of water trickling through the leaves of a great mass of tropical flowers; and over everything the soft glow of a thousand hidden lights. Such was my first impression of that room, and the prince, seeing my face, smiled faintly.

"A room on which I have expended a good deal of time and money," he remarked. "The general effect is, I think, not unpleasing. I use it a lot when I am in London. And I may say without undue pride that some of the things in here are absolutely unique. For instance, that chair near you, Mr. Leyton, is one that was used by the Doges of Venice. If you will sit in it, please, and put your arms along the sides as you would when resting comfortably—— Oh! By the way, Maitland, there's a head through there that will interest you. A record specimen, I'm told."

"That's comfortable now," I said, as Jim strolled into the other half of the room.

"Well, all I do," said the prince, "is to turn this little lever behind your head—and there you are."

"Well, by Jove!" I exclaimed. "That's neat."

Two curved pieces of metal, which were normally parallel to the arms and quite unnoticeable, turned inward through a right angle and pressed lightly on my wrists. But though the pressure was negligible, it was none the less effective. The curve of the metal prevented me from disengaging my hands by moving them inward; my elbows hard up against the back of the chair kept me from moving my arms in that direction. And by no possible contortion could I reach the lever at the back of the chair. I was a prisoner.

"That's extraordinarily neat, prince," I repeated. "So absurdly simple, too."

And at that moment there came a faint clang: the opening in the grille through which Jim had passed a moment or two before had shut.

"Absurdly so," agreed the prince, pleasantly. "But then, my friend—so are you!"

For a moment or two the silence was absolute. On the other side of the grille Jim swung around; then he took three quick steps to the place where the opening had been, and shook the grille. It refused to budge.

"Is this a game, prince?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know whether you will find it so, Mr. Maitland. I have every intention of enjoying myself thoroughly, but you may not see the humor of it."

"So it was a trap, was it?" Jim said thoughtfully. "At the moment I confess I'm a little in the dark as to your intentions, but doubtless I shall not remain so for long."

"You will not," agreed the other. "In fact, I intend to enlighten you now. When you first went into that half of the room, it was just a normal room. You could have sat on any of the chairs, Mr. Maitland, with perfect impunity. You could have stretched yourself on either of the two sofas and been none the worse. That was when you first went in. Now, I regret to state, things are rather different."

He stretched himself out in an easy chair.

"You may happen to have heard, Mr. Maitland, that I am something of an expert on electricity. And during the last week I have been very busy on a little electrifying scheme. Having been cheated by you of my excitement at the Pool of the Sacred Crocodile, I am sure you will agree with me that you owe me some reparation."

"So you were there, were you?" said Jim slowly.

"Certainly I was there," answered the prince. "And though I confess I was quite amused by the evening, it had not quite the same zest as if the charming Molly had gone into the Pool."

"You foul blackguard!" I roared, struggling impotently to free my arms.

"This room is soundproof," murmured the prince. "So when I ask you to moderate your voice you will realize that I am merely considering my own hearing, and nothing else. And please don't let any thought of Molly mar your enjoyment, Mr. Leyton. I will look after her with great pleasure when—er—you are unable to."

He turned once again to Jim, who had slipped his hand into his pocket.

"Take it out, and have a chat," said the prince, with a faint smile.

"Confound it!" cried Jim furiously. "What's the matter with the gun. Who is tugging at my pocket?"

He swung around with his fist clenched and an amazed look on his face. He was alone. And yet I could see the pocket that contained his revolver being dragged away from him, as if pulled by an invisible hand.

"I told you that I had carried out a small electrification scheme," went on the prince affably, and just then Jim managed to extricate his revolver. Simultaneously the Egyptian leaned forward and pressed a button.

IT looked as if the revolver was wrenched from Jim's hand. It crashed to the floor at his feet, while he stared at it, bewildered; then he stooped to pick it up. It was resting on two small pillars which stuck up a few inches from the floor; it continued to rest there. He tugged at it with all his great strength, and he might have been a child trying to push a locomotive up a hill.

"Magnetism, my dear Maitland," murmured the prince. "Perfectly simple and saves such a lot of trouble."

"What's all this leading to?" Jim demanded a little hoarsely, staring at the Egyptian through the grille.

"What I told you before—an evening's amusement for me."

And suddenly Jim lost his temper. He sprang at the gate in the center and shook it wildly, only to give a shout of pain and jump backward again.

"What the deuce was that?" he muttered.

"A severe electric shock," said the prince genially. "Not enough to do you any real harm—but enough to prove to you that I am not romancing or bluffing, when I tell you of my little scheme. [*Continued on page 121*]

MUSSOLINI

By Samuel Crowther

New Napoleon or Demagog ?

One of Mussolini's early appearances in the seats of the mighty, sitting at conference with Premier Poincare, the late Bonar Law, and, at right, M. Theunis of Belgium

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An Illuminating Analysis of Europe's Most Spectacular Statesman

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BENITO MUSSOLINI is the one premier on the Continent of Europe today who has real, constructive ability. And Italy today is the only country in Europe which is on the up-grade.

I know something of Mussolini, although I have talked with him intimately only once. I have chatted with most of the members of his cabinet and had at least a chance to size them up. This would not be a sufficient basis for a judgment. But I spent nearly three months in various parts of Italy. I talked with many Americans and English who have lived there for years. Some of them were by their positions thrown in daily contact with the government. Several of them knew Mussolini long before he was Prime Minister. I met most of the industrial leaders of Italy, and also not a few of the politicians. I talked with a great many churchmen, and with no end of plain, ordinary citizens.

Of the various people I met, three are confidants of Mussolini and he seldom puts an important policy into effect without talking it over with them. Of the three, two, it may be surprising to know, are Americans. The third is an Italian who, off and on, has lived in the United States and in England for the better part of twenty years, although for the last ten years or so he has spent most of his time in Rome. To one of these men Mussolini came just before the now-famous march of the Fascisti on Rome.

It will probably be news to most people that Mussolini did not want to march on Rome and did not want to be Prime Minister. He was forced into both of these actions by circumstances. Since taking office his course has been his own. But none of his acts are on first impression. He investigates thoroughly, even if rapidly. When he starts he goes quickly, in which he resembles Roosevelt and Henry Ford. He does not particularly dislike bunk. He has the political acumen to know that a politician cannot stay in power unless every so often he delivers himself of gobs of bunk. But he makes short shrift of people who talk bunk without knowing that it is bunk.

He is a new kind of politician, who does not give a hang about political theories or labels, and this is something more than extraordinary when one considers how much political theories and labels mean in Europe, where the facts are so seldom faced. The Continental politician believes that he was put on earth to talk. We think our own Congress is a cave of the winds. It is a place of silence as compared with any Continental assembly. Their legislative assemblies do not have debates—they have lectures.

It was into this sort of thing that Mussolini came, a practical figure, notably deficient in illusions, and at once he lined up all the doctrinaires against him by saying:

"What is Liberalism? Is it merely negative action —the giving of liberty to hundreds of fanatics? Political

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Benito Mussolini in a series of characteristic expressions. "The famous Mussolini

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philosophy must give way to political facts. I have not even the fetish of liberty when it is against the interest of the nation. Liberty is not only a right but also a duty. When liberty is not recognized also as a duty, then it is a duty to interfere with it. I shall proclaim reaction if I like—for me the terms of politics are but phrases."

Now, what kind of man is this Mussolini? How did he get where he is? What does he stand for? Who backs him?

The stories of how he got where he is fall into two general classes. The first and more popular story is that the middle class of Italy, being aroused by Red tyranny, rallied around the banner of Fascism held aloft by Mussolini, put on black shirts and proceeded to mop up the Communists in defiance of the constituted government. This job being done, they turned their faces toward Rome, marched into the city several hundred thousand strong, turned the government out and put Mussolini in charge of the whole works. Since then, as the savior of Italy, he has poured peace and plenty over its inhabitants.

The second story has it that Mussolini is the tool of sinister capitalists who, fearing that their vast enterprises were about to be turned over to the people and managed in the interests of the people, hired Mussolini and through him hired the Fascists to overwhelm the friends of the people, forcibly to seize the dictatorship with the connivance of the King and the Church, and that since then he has run Italy solely in the interest of capital and against the interests of the people.

THE real truth lies in between these accounts. Mussolini is neither a demigod nor a hired despot. He has done but a fraction of the things he is glorified or damned for. He is an exceptionally able, concretely thinking person, placed by circumstances in an exceedingly difficult position. Circumstances merely create the opportunity for men to be great. Mussolini has so handled circumstances as to be entitled to be called a great man. Whether he can continue to be a great man will depend upon how he handles himself.

Like every big movement Fascism has its lunatic fringe. Some of the Fascisti, with an international slant, have called on him to establish and then to head a United States of Europe. Others, with an imperialistic bent, insist that he revive the Roman Empire. Still others, with more modest pretensions, only ask him to conquer Jugo-Slavia and Greece and turn the Adriatic into an Italian lake. Not a few insist that he occupy most of North Africa as an outlet for Italian emigration. One enthusiastic coterie has the notion that Fascism ought to unite the Italians of the world, so that when the great call comes, Italians will be everywhere ready to arise and assert their supremacy. An Italian citizen of New York hurried over to Rome to find out from Mussolini how best to organize the Italo-Americans. Mussolini told him in a very few words. He said:

"First of all, make them unconditional Americans."

In domestic policies the cranks are equally troublesome. The intelligentsia are busily evolving theories of Fascism as a form of government so exalted that only a few gifted individuals could ever reach its heights. Others see in its reaction against Socialism such a complete individualism as would destroy all organization. A few large employers most certainly see in it a way to keep labor in its place. As a matter of fact, Fascism is none of these things. As Mussolini says:

"Fascism aims at a work of reconstruction in the highest sense of the term. It is as far from being reactionary as it is from being revolutionary. It teaches the people that salvation and national restoration are only to be found in the honest determination to work.

"Our aim is reality. The proletariat has powers and qualities which must be defended and encouraged and it is also necessary that the bourgeoisie, in whose hands is the directive power in business, should be able to continue its work in tranquillity. Communism is grotesque and only worthy of uncivilized tribes. It is absurd to want to divide what has not been produced, to socialize misery and to advocate communism in a country of individualistic citizens. Lenin now admits the impotence of his own teaching and Russia is being transformed into a country of small middle-class people. The experiment has failed and now the rapacious vultures of capitalism are descending in flocks upon the unfortunate land.

"For us it is not a question of entering the Socialist pact; we are in it already. It is rather a case of coming out of it and of stripping the State of duties for which it is unfitted and which it performs very badly. We shall have to act, to react, to be in turn revolutionaries or implacable reactionaries so long as the people rush toward an abyss under the pernicious influence of the Russian myth."

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scowl," writes Samuel Crowther, "is a pose such as all Italian statesmen affect"

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This is plain, ordinary common sense. Mussolini is not attempting to run Italy for the benefit of the Fascists. He is not committed to any rigid program. He told me that programs were useful only as guides and that they were harmful whenever they became articles of faith, and that he wanted to keep himself free from set programs in which he might find himself forcing principles against facts.

HE had drawn up for me detailed statements of his general domestic and foreign policies. This is his foreign policy. It explains his attitude toward the League of Nations, toward disarmament, and sheds considerable light on what, at the time of writing, is happening among Italy and Jugo-Slavia and Greece.

"1. Fascism does not believe in the vitality or the principles of the League of Nations. In this league the nations are not really on a footing of equality. It is a kind of Holy Alliance between the plutocratic nations of the Anglo-Saxon group to guarantee for themselves the exploitation of the greater part of the world.

"2. Fascism does not believe in the Red Internationals. Such constructions are artificial and formal. They consist of mere minorities, insignificant compared with the vast populations in the midst of which they find themselves and which by their life and movement, their progress or their retrogression, finally determine those questions of interest which international associations cannot touch.

"3. Fascism does not believe in the immediate possibility of universal disarmament.

"4. Fascism holds that Italy should work for a European policy of balance and conciliation among the different powers, and for this end the Fascists demand:

"(a) That the treaties of peace should be revised and modified in those parts that are obviously inapplicable or whose application might be a source of formidable hatreds and new wars.

"(b) The economic annexation of Fiume to Italy and her guardianship of Italians residing in the Dalmatian countries.

"(c) The gradual liberation of Italy from the group of plutocratic western nations by means of the development of our internal force of production.

"(d) The reconciliation of enemy nations, Austria, Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Hungary, but with an attitude of dignity and a firm maintenance of the supreme necessities of our northern and eastern boundaries.

"(e) The creation and intensification of friendly relations with all the peoples of the East, not excluding those governed by Soviets, and of the southeast.

"(f) The maintenance in colonial questions of the rights and necessities of the nation.

"(g) A rejuvenation and renovation of our diplomatic corps by careful selection of members.

"(h) The development of the Italian colonies in the Mediterranean and beyond the Atlantic by means of economic and agricultural institutions and by the establishment of rapid communications."

His domestic policy in a world which we are told is going to pot is singularly refreshing. It is also singularly American. Here it is:

"1. It refuses to risk the country for the sake of any unproved idea, no matter how finely that idea may work out on paper.

"2. It will hear of no socialism or pacifism and holds that love of country is an integral part of well-rounded life. It will have nothing of internationalism.

"3. It is absolutely against class warfare and holds that each class has its place in society according to its fitness, but that this place is not fixed and will change with the capacity of the citizen.

"4. It holds that no better system than that of capitalism has yet been discovered and that capital has its function, management has its function and labor its function, and that in order to produce the greatest good for the greatest number, the three must be taught to work to a common end—that is, service to the community.

"5. It believes in obeying the laws of the land and if the constituted authority will not enforce the laws, then the Fascisti will take the administration into their own hands.

"6. It does not believe that western civilization is becoming extinct or that Italy is decadent. It thinks, on the contrary, that vigorous work will take our civilization to a much higher level than it now has.

"7. It holds that a man has a right to be individual and to hold property; it will defend both.

"8. It will have nothing of catch words as political programs."

I went to see Mussolini as a not over-friendly critic. I was fed up on Fascism. I was fed up on Mussolini. The Fascists seemed on the whole to strut too much.

I failed utterly to appreciate the fact that

very few Italians ever grow up and that when they put on a new and successful political dress they act much as do children in new clothes. Nearly every day the bands were out, escorting a bevy of heroes to be decorated before the enormous, glaring Victor Emmanuel Monument in the Piazza Venezia. Mussolini and the King were usually on hand to do the decorating and the speeches dripped with bathos. It seemed that Italy was peopled solely by heroes. I knew a man who had a flat in the Piazza Venezia, and he used to tell me mournfully of his troubles getting to and from his flat because of the troops and the crowds and the cordons of *carabinieri*. It all seemed to me like a cross between grand and comic opera and so I told many of my friends who had lived for a long time in Italy.

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Dictator Mussolini's wife and their three children

They rather more than intimated that I did not know what I was talking about. They said that I should have been in Italy a year before, when no one would work and no one would be even moderately civil. One man, a doctor, said that he got telephone service only by giving frequent presents to the operator in charge of his line. When a mechanic came into a house to make repairs, he saw to it that he insulted the householder and his family and felt his day wasted unless he left the house worse than he found it. Then he rendered an enormous bill. Public services spent most of their time on strike. For an officer in uniform to venture on a railway meant a beating or death.

All of this, they said, was quite contrary to the Italian nature, but the Communists had spread the idea that the proletariat must assert its supremacy. The only way they knew to assert supremacy was by being rude and unruly. They told me that, once Mussolini had come, the people were relieved of the unnatural social pressure and permitted to be themselves and do their work. But I remained unconvinced until I met Mussolini and his cabinet.

It is rather hard to see him, first because he is very busy and second because a great many people want to see him. In the courtyard of the palace one finds a considerable number of hangers-on—mostly detectives in plain clothes, stupid to the exasperation point. The man who is said to be the bravest of the lot, and absolutely devoted to the Premier, can neither read nor write. I had some trouble finding my way up the big anteroom in the Palazzo Chigi, where perhaps fifty men were waiting to see the Premier. In a few moments I was taken into Mussolini's office—a small room opening on the courtyard with a door leading into the large room in which he

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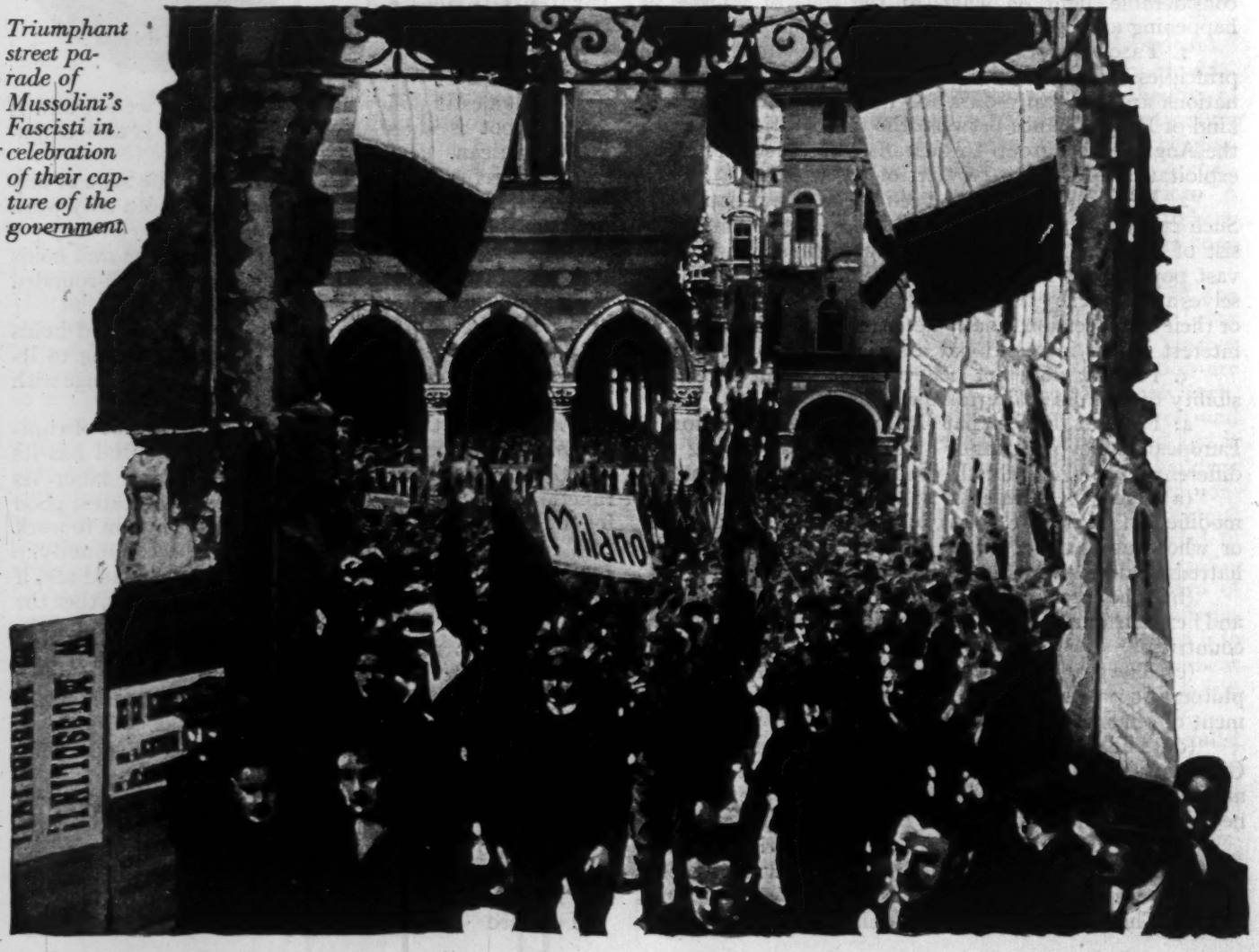

Triumphant street parade of Mussolini's Fascisti in celebration of their capture of the government

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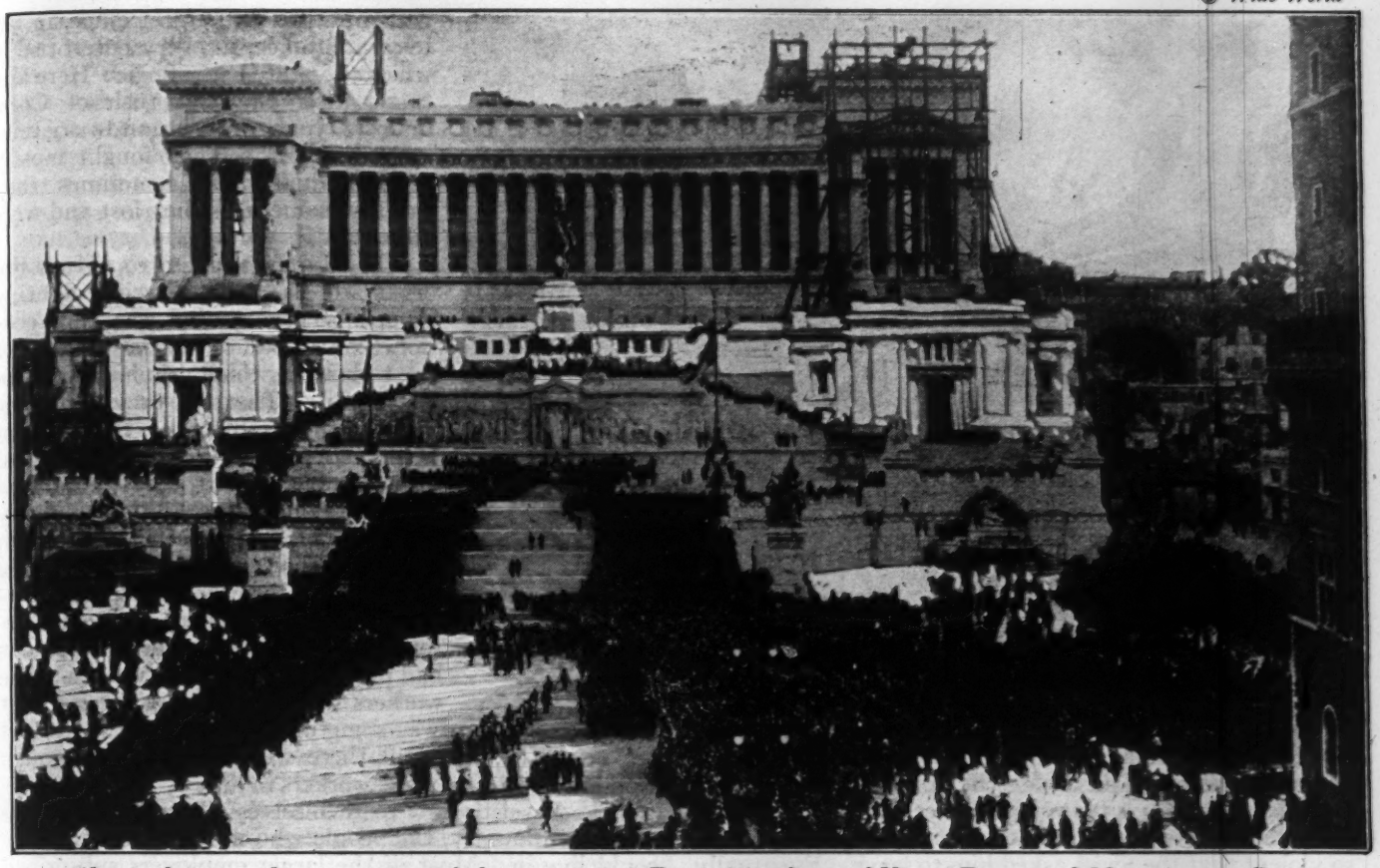

Above, the great demonstration of the conquering Fascisti in front of Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome after the taking of the city; below, General Novelli, giant leader of the Fascisti Army

holds important cabinet meetings.

He sat behind a flat-top desk with his regular photograph face on—the tremendously serious, somber, hard look that he always takes on when he is having a picture made or when he is marching or riding at the head of a procession. It is a frightening sort of look and Mussolini knows it; he wants people to be afraid of him and what he will do. He thinks that saves him trouble. But it is only a pose. I knew he was posing and I could not help grinning. He smiled and all the dreadful somberness was gone. Then we just talked. He says that he does not speak English, but that is because he is somewhat self-conscious and will not do anything he cannot do well. We had an interpreter, but I cannot recall that anything much was translated.

The man is impressive and I am quite certain he is sincere. But that would not be enough. Most of the trouble in the world is caused by perfectly sincere fools. But Mussolini, in addition to being sincere, is an expert politician and an exceedingly able man who can think quickly and act quickly. He is one of the few men who are both good administrators and good public speakers. In appearance he is an Italian—in mode of thought he is not; but he knows the Italian mind. He is a young man—not yet forty. Those about him, with one or two exceptions, are in their late twenties or early thirties. It is a young man's movement and it has been from the first. Italy always before selected its statesmen from a ring of politicians all of whom were sixty years old or more. Mussolini is an outsider and he rose rapidly.

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His father was a blacksmith at Predappio in the north of Italy and a Marxian Socialist. Young Mussolini was brought up as a Socialist. He gained a diploma as an elementary master and for a time taught school. Out of school hours he was continually stirring up trouble and finally had

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Benito Mussolini rides in glory through the streets of Milan, sitting at the left of his Sovereign, Victor Emmanuel

to get out of the country. He went to Switzerland and worked as a common laborer. For a time he washed dishes at a hotel in Lausanne—the same hotel to which he came later as Italy's representative at the first Lausanne Conference. He founded a Socialist paper which became so violent that the Swiss asked him to leave. Eventually he got back to Italy and soon became a leader in the Italian Socialist party. He was made managing director of *Avanti*, the leading Socialist paper.

THEN came the war. The war changed his whole life. He saw that Socialism was but a mirage. He resigned all his Socialist offices, founded the "Popolo d'Italia" at Milan and started on the work of making Italy a nation. Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel had made a united Italy in name, but not in fact.

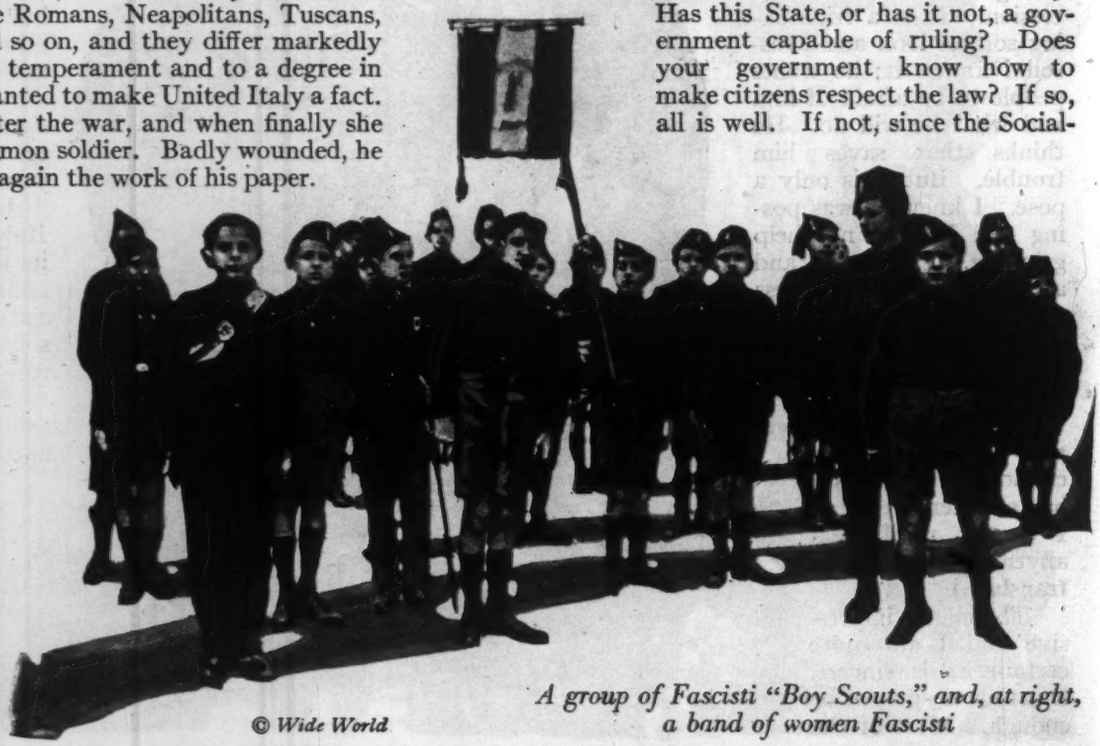
We speak of an "Italian," but in reality there is no such person. There are Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, Genoese, Venetians and so on, and they differ markedly in physical make-up, in temperament and to a degree in language. Mussolini wanted to make United Italy a fact. He urged that Italy enter the war, and when finally she did he enlisted as a common soldier. Badly wounded, he came back and took up again the work of his paper.

After the war Italy began to go to pieces. The Communists gained the upper hand everywhere. In 1919, they sent one hundred and forty-nine members to the Chamber of Deputies. There were Communist riots nearly everywhere in the north of Italy. The public services became mere feeding troughs. For instance, the railways, owned by the State, were overwhelmed with around fifty thousand additional employees. It was the same in the post office, in the telegraph office, in every enterprise in which the State had a finger. Here and there, after the first rush of Communism, young men began to organize and fight back. They fought mostly as individuals, and sometimes they won and sometimes they lost and were killed.

On March 25th, 1919, Mussolini organized the first Fascisti fighting groups. Their symbol was an executioner's axe, bound into a number of the rods with which criminals used to be beaten. That is, they took the Fasces, the emblem of the Roman lictors. For a uniform they had an ordinary black shirt, and those who could obtained in addition military breeches of gray-green cloth with puttees of the same color. The people were already turning against the Communists. The occupation of the factories by the metal workers' unions had proved to be an empty farce. The workers were beginning to find out that Communism was something different from what it set up to be, but still there were everywhere enough Communists to keep the workers in line.

The Fascisti drew to themselves all the better people of the community, the people who wanted an Italy they could live in. Most of the larger employers subscribed liberally to the Fascisti, just as in pioneer days the citizens of San Francisco who did not want to see the country overrun with crooks subscribed liberally to and served on vigilance committees. What the Fascisti did is a story all of itself. On July 31st, 1922, the Communists shot their last bolt by calling a general strike. The government was sitting on the side lines, watching the play. They had interfered with neither the Communists nor the Fascisti. Parliament was helpless. It had in it more than thirty parties. Mussolini addressed the Italian Government on the general strike:

"Tell us whether there be or be not a State of Italy. Has this State, or has it not, a government capable of ruling? Does your government know how to make citizens respect the law? If so, all is well. If not, since the Social-



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A group of Fascisti "Boy Scouts," and, at right, a band of women Fascisti

Communists are the first to deny this fact and to destroy the balance of law by their violence, it is perfectly just that, whether you will it or not, citizens of another kind and another stamp should endeavor to exercise authority and restore the order that you as governors have destroyed by your cowardice, weakness, and complacency."

HE gave the government forty-eight hours to break the strike. The government did nothing. The strike was not popular.

Under almost continual pressure from the Fascisti it broke itself. It became clear that some one would have to take charge of the government, for premiers were hardly inducted into office before an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies forced them out again.

And then came the really critical period.

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Mussolini's humble birthplace at Pradello, which is to be made a shrine by his enthusiastic followers

On October 24th, 1922, the Fascisti held a big congress at Naples. The Socialists selected that particular time to march on Rome. The march was supposed to be a secret, but some of the Roman members, Socialist-like, naïvely asked the authorities of Rome to put the schools and public buildings at their disposal. This part of the story has, I think, never before been told. One of the government officers, himself a Fascist, telegraphed Mussolini at Naples of the Socialist maneuver. Up to that time the Fascisti had no idea of marching on Rome or trying to take over the power otherwise than through the ordinary and accepted processes of election to authority.

"If the Socialists are going to march," said Mussolini, the moment he got the news, "we will get there first."

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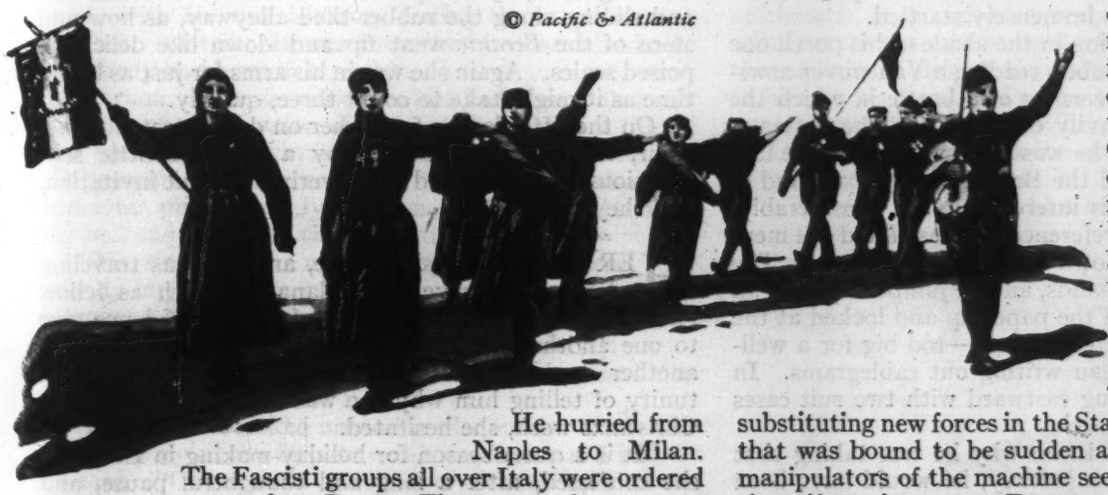


He hurried from Naples to Milan.

The Fascisti groups all over Italy were ordered to march on Rome. There was to be no secret about this march. The military authorities of Rome feverishly set up barricades. They put up posters announcing martial law and prepared to defend the city. Martial law could be declared only by the King. The King had not signed any documents. Rome heard that the Fascisti had started.

A lone cyclist in a black shirt appeared at the palace gates. He asked to see the King, and of course he was refused. He said that he must see the King, that he came from Mussolini. He saw the King. In a few minutes words came from the palace that whoever had declared martial law had done so without authority, that the posters must be taken down and the barricades removed. The King wired for Mussolini. Mussolini came and on Sunday, October 29th, 1922, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mussolini was the dictator of Italy. He took the power firmly, but modestly. As he said:

"When you have conquered, it is dangerous to try to conquer still more. We must not become tyrants after having been oppressed. It is difficult enough, whether for peoples or individuals, to stop at the right moment and end the tragic alternations of war by a just synthesis, but the secret of victory is precisely in this moderation.

"Fascists are almost all young, and hence exuberant, but they are also intelligent and they will understand the meaning of these words which vulgarly signify that Fascism must not help on a reaction against the Radical Reds, as the brutality of the Reds helped on the growth of Fascism. Our victory must not only have a signification in regard to the Reds, but it must also be fruitful in regard to the nation.

"The Fascist Revolution has already reached its second period. The first was spent in substituting new forces in the State machine, a proceeding that was bound to be sudden and violent. The former manipulators of the machine seem a long way off now in time, if not in space. Every one sees that the epoch of such men as Giolitti, Nitti, Bonomi, Salandra, and Orlando and the lesser gods of the parliamentary Olympus is at an end. Between October and November there was a mighty winding-up of the whole concern—men, methods and policy.

"The reputation of a nation in the world is in proportion to the proof of discipline within the nation itself. The State is strong and it will show its strength without regard to the party or group violating the law.

"*The State will not abdicate before any one.*"

And that is Mussolini.

A Tryst with Ghosts

Christmas Revives an Old Mystery of the Trenches

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

ONCE upon a time, in the far-away days of war, there was a mythical or semi-mythical individuality whom the British Tommies named "Quiff." He was credited with a prescience which was quite inhuman. He knew when the divisions were mustering for attack; he warned commanders of impending raids; at his word battalion chiefs were superseded—for he had an uncanny instinct for weakness. He was the guardian angel of five hundred miles of trench line, and was visualized as a white-bearded gentleman with a halo. When the enemy put a price on his head of 50,000 marks—in those days marks were real money—thus proving his tangibility, the line was immensely startled.

Nigel Porter was sitting in the shade of his porch one warm day in early December, reading a Vancouver newspaper. It was the anniversary of a battle in which the Canadians had been heavily engaged, and the writer of the reminiscences which he was reading recalled the fact that "Quiff" had warned the British higher command of the coming attack. This interested Nigel considerably.

Later he saw a brief reference to himself and the mention of his having been blown up by a land mine—— The paper dropped from his hands, and he jumped up with an exclamation. He picked the paper up and looked at the date. Then he went into his house—too big for a well-to-do bachelor—and began writing out cablegrams. In four days he was speeding eastward with two suit cases and a sense of guilt.

If anybody had asked him why he was taking that cold and very comfortless journey, he would have been ashamed to say. A man who owns farmlands in British Columbia views the barrier of the Rockies which keeps in check the shriveling winds that roar down from the frozen north, with the same satisfaction that a man, snuggled by a log fire, a pipe between his teeth and a book on his knee, might regard the frosted windows and the stout walls of the house that keeps from him the howling gale without.

And here he was, a lover of comfort and a man who grudged every second of the cold months that took him from sight of the Pacific and smell of cedar pine, tossing and pitching in the gray, wintry seas of the Atlantic, in the teeth of a nor'westerly gale. The ship was not a large one, the accommodation was fairly poor, his fellow passengers—— But there was a Compensation.

The Compensation was amazing in many respects, for Nigel was not a woman's man, and was almost, if not wholly, unromantic. If you forgot the extraordinary mission which was bringing him across the December sea, you might have said that romance had no place in his equipment. The Compensation came aboard at New York, and their eyes met for the fraction of a second before she stumbled upon the slippery deck—it had been snowing—and was caught in his strong arms. There was a murmured apology, an embarrassed second of incoherence on his part, and then she had vanished.

He did not see her till the second day out, and then, literally, he fell against her. He was on his way to the smoking room, a journey that involved alternate climbing and sliding along the rubber-tiled alleyway, as bow and stern of the *Beranic* went up and down like delicately poised scales. Again she was in his arms for just as long a time as it might take to count three, quickly.

On the fifth day he found her on deck, stretched in a chair, inadequately covered by a rug. A little self-consciously, he arranged the covering without invitation, and they talked.

HER name was Elsie Steyne, and she was traveling alone. She gave no explanation, such as fellow passengers in the first moments of their confidence give to one another, for her solitary journey. When, after another day's acquaintance, he offered her the opportunity of telling him why she was coming to Europe in Christmas week, she hesitated.

"It is a queer season for holiday-making in Europe," she confessed, after a long and thoughtful pause, and then, immediately, "but I am going to see my brother. He went over last week; it was arranged that I should spend Christmas with my mother in Ohio. But somehow—I am a little worried about him. And you, Mr. Porter? I suppose you are traveling on business?"

Nigel's blue eyes twinkled for a second.

"No, not exactly," he said, and she looked up at him in surprise. "The fact is," he added humorously, "I have a tryst with a ghost!"

To Nigel's astonishment he saw the color fade from her face. She struggled up into a sitting position and stared at him.

"'A tryst with a ghost?'" she repeated, and her voice shook.

For a moment he was dumfounded by the effect that his words had produced on the girl, and he cursed himself for his grim jest. Probably she was nervous; there were people in the world in whom the word "ghost" produced a shiver.

"I am very sorry, Miss Steyne," he said apologetically. "I am afraid I startled you."

Her eyes did not leave his.

"What do you mean?" she asked huskily. "A tryst with a ghost? Where did you hear——"

She stopped suddenly and, seeing the quick rise and fall of her breast, the pallor of her face, the queer, hunted look in her blue eyes, Nigel Porter became almost incoherent in his efforts to undo the mischief which his ill-timed remark had produced.

"The fact is——" he began, and then, realizing how fantastic and absurd the explanation that he was on the point of making would sound, he laughed. "It was a startling thing to say, wasn't it? I am afraid I have a latent streak of melodrama in my composition. Won't you please forgive me?"

She settled back in her chair, and for a while gazed blankly out over the tumbling gray seas.

"It was stupid of me," she said, "but my nerves aren't in very good order. Would you ask the steward to bring a cup of tea?"

No further reference to his unfortunate *faux pas* was made. He saw her the next morning, when the ship was rolling through the English Channel and Devonshire was a gray blur on the northern horizon, and she was apparently so absorbed in the book she was reading that she only gave him a nod before she returned to a steadfast scrutiny of the printed page.

THE morning on which they reached Cherbourg Nigel made an unpleasant discovery. He had been out of his cabin all the morning, walking the deck, in the hope of seeing the girl. She did not put in an appearance, however, and he went down to his cabin to prepare for lunch, with an unsatisfactory feeling that the morning had been wasted. It was then that he had his shock. Somebody had been in his cabin.

A trunk which was under the bed had been pulled out, and a brief examination of its contents told him that it had been subjected to a hurried, but thorough search. His passport, which he kept with other confidential papers under his pillow, was lying open on the bed. He rang the bell and presently the steward came.

"No, sir," said the man in surprise, "I've seen nobody in your cabin. I've been on this deck all morning. Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," said Nigel irritably. "Look at this trunk. And that—I haven't opened that passport since I left New York."

The steward looked around inadequately.

"Nobody's been in your cabin, sir, as far as I know," he said. "Of course, I haven't been watching it all the time, because I've been in the other cabins, tidying up."

"Have you seen any of the passengers near the cabin?"

"No, sir—yes, I have," he corrected himself. "I saw that young lady in 87, Miss Steyne. She came down this alleyway by mistake. Her cabin is two alleyways farther along."

Nigel scratched his chin in perplexity.

"Of course, it couldn't have been Miss Steyne," he said, and the steward, who was happy to agree that it could not have been anybody at all, nodded his relief at Nigel's words.

"It has been a clean trip," he said. "There are none of the gangs on board that usually work the line, and yours is the first complaint we've had. Would you like me to report this to the purser?"

Nigel shook his head.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

WHEN the steward had gone, he made a search of his belongings to find if anything had been stolen; but although the intruder had evidently made a systematic search of his cabin, nothing was missing. With his passport had been a letter of credit, and this apparently had not been taken from its envelope. He was a fool, anyway, to leave important papers lying around, he thought, and congratulated himself that he had not suffered any serious loss.

For some reason, he could not escape the conviction that the search of his cabin had been conducted with other object than the examination of his passport. The intruder had been searching for a document. What that document was, Nigel could not guess, though he racked his brains for some plausible explanation.

He saw the girl on the tender at Cherbourg, and to his surprise she was not only friendly, but communicative.

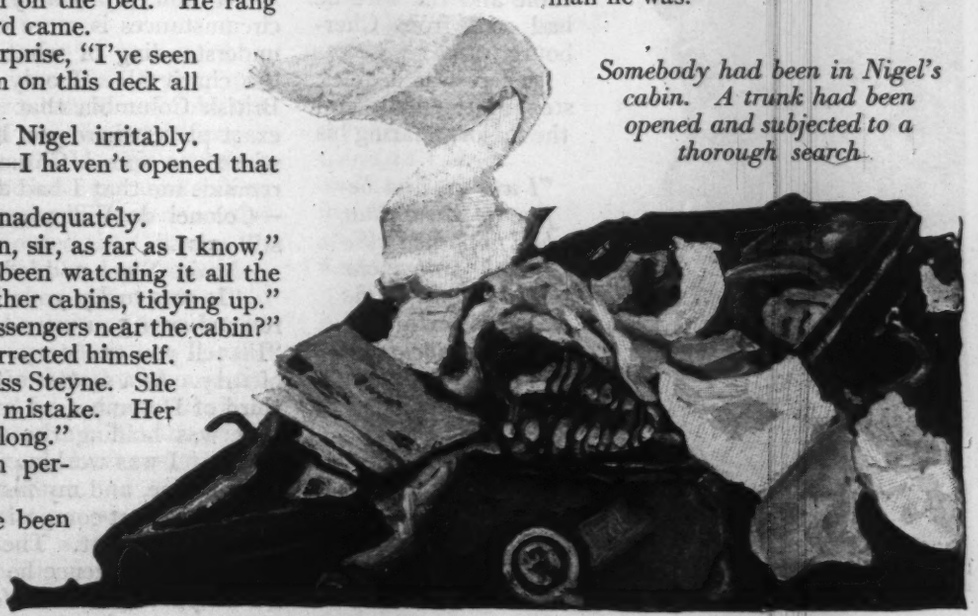
"I am going to Paris," she said. "You are going there, too, I suppose? Where are you staying?"

"I am not going to Paris," said Nigel, with a little smile.

Again that look of suspicion and doubt appeared in her eyes, but she made no further inquiries. He saw her through the Customs, and then made his way in a crazy taxicab to the town, where, if his cabled instructions had been carried out, the car would be waiting. He found it—an ancient French machine, but suitable for his purpose. His temptation was to stay the night in Cherbourg, but the time at his disposal was short. He had landed at the French port on the twenty-fourth, and he had less than twenty-four hours to reach his destination.

As the car bumped and jolted along the paved road that leads finally to Calais, he could only wonder at himself. It did not seem real, and yet it was true that, a little more than a fortnight ago, he had been sitting in the sunlight of British Columbia, when there had come to him, in the nature of a shock, the realization that he was fast approaching the Christmas of 1921.

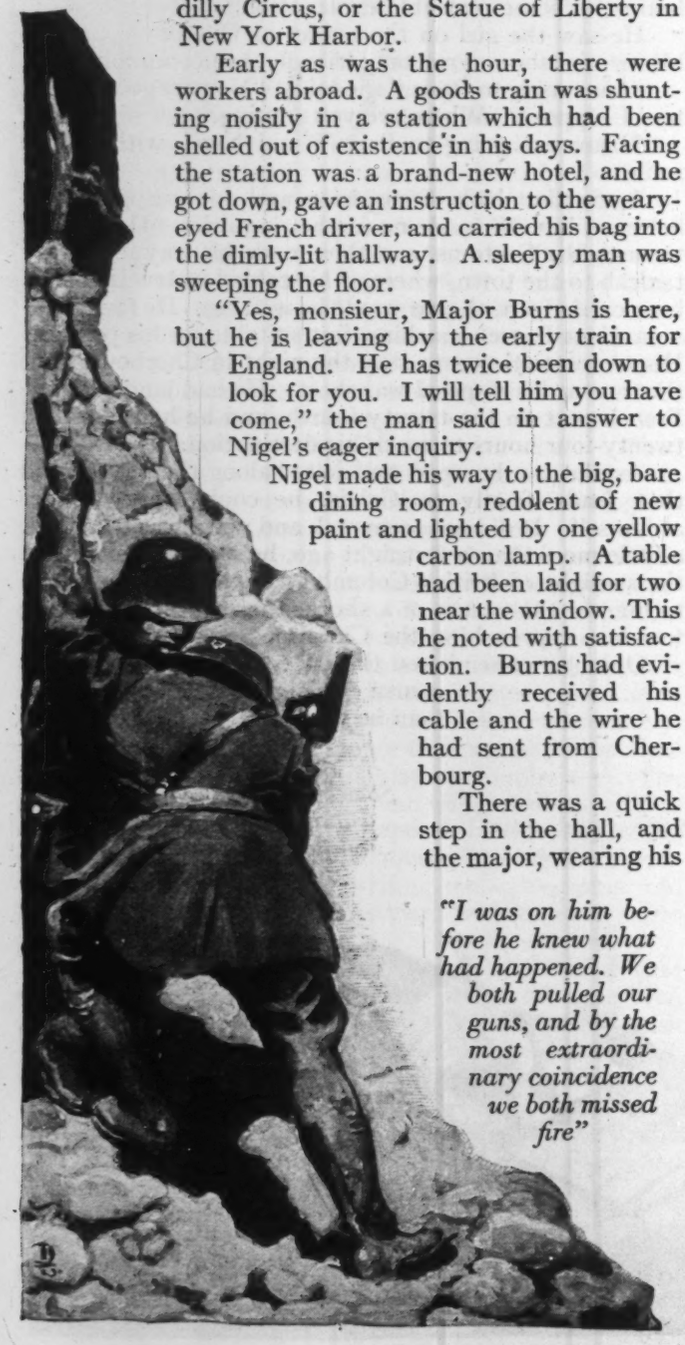
Once he remembered the date, there was no other course for him to follow, being the man he was.



Somebody had been in Nigel's cabin. A trunk had been opened and subjected to a thorough search

He did not regret his lost comfort; he did not feel sorry for himself; he did not even regret that he was in a car of uncertain age, rattling through a driving blizzard that obscured all view, that made the *pavé* so slippery that the car skidded every five minutes. And even when, tired and hungry, with the dawn just showing in a gray sky, he came into the station square at Ypres, he did not regard his adventure as being outside the limitations of common sense.

Ypres was changed, he noticed silently. Handsome red villas were going up in all directions. The Cloth Hall still pointed its maimed tower to the sky, and here and there, half covered with snow, he recognized a gaunt shell of a house that had been as familiar to him, in those horrible and painful days of war, as the Eros in Piccadilly Circus, or the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.



Early as was the hour, there were workers abroad. A goods train was shunting noisily in a station which had been shelled out of existence in his days. Facing the station was a brand-new hotel, and he got down, gave an instruction to the weary-eyed French driver, and carried his bag into the dimly-lit hallway. A sleepy man was sweeping the floor.

"Yes, monsieur, Major Burns is here, but he is leaving by the early train for England. He has twice been down to look for you. I will tell him you have come," the man said in answer to Nigel's eager inquiry.

Nigel made his way to the big, bare dining room, redolent of new paint and lighted by one yellow carbon lamp. A table had been laid for two near the window. This he noted with satisfaction. Burns had evidently received his cable and the wire he had sent from Cherbourg.

There was a quick step in the hall, and the major, wearing his long military overcoat and—as usual—his cap perched rakishly on the side of his head, hurried in and offered a gloved hand.

"I was on him before he knew what had happened. We both pulled our guns, and by the most extraordinary coincidence we both missed fire"

"I've been over to the station to fix my trunks. I'm going on a month's leave," he said. "So you've come back to the salient? They all do. Had some fellows here last week who knew you. We were talking of old 'Quiff.' Do you remember him? Wonder what happened to the old devil—never heard about him—hasn't even written a book! Do you remember that night when he tipped us off about the gas attack?"

THE major rattled on reminiscently. He was a red-faced man, with a bright, twinkling eye, and he was obviously amused. Men who are amused at seven o'clock on a raw, wintry morning, amid the sorrowful shades of Ypres, may be written down as possessing a strong sense of humor.

"I suppose you think I'm mad?" asked Nigel, when the other stopped.

Major Burns pursed his lips.

"I don't think so," he said at last. "No, I really don't think so. I suppose that, having lived in the midst of so much madness these past years, one takes a generous view of human sanity. Joseph"—he beckoned the waiter—"coffee. I can give you half an hour," he said to his vis-à-vis. "And by the way, here is the plan—so far as I can reconstruct it from the old operation plans of 1917."

He lugged out from his inside pocket a thin sheet of paper and spread it on the table.

"There's Kelners Farm, there's Dead Horse Lane, and that's Windy Corner. You'll recognize Windy Corner; it's one of the few bits of the old battlefield that have been left. I had to get this, by the way, from the Belgians, because it was on their front, I think, that it happened. I must tell you that Houthulst Forest has entirely disappeared; you won't find any trace of it, except a few straggling trees. It's a perfect beast of a place, Nigel."

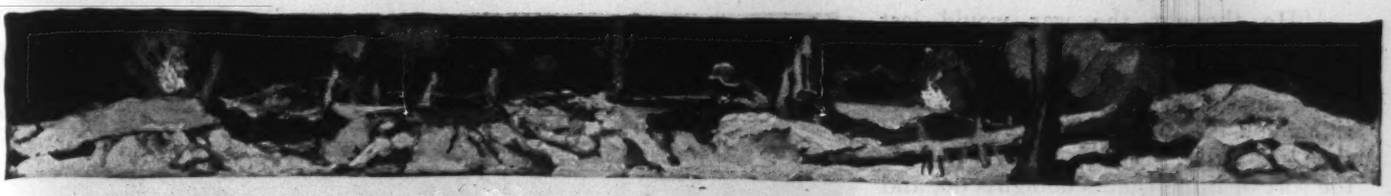
Nigel was examining the plan, and now looked up as he folded the paper.

"Do you think I'm mad?" he said again.

"I don't, probably because my knowledge of the circumstances is more or less shaky. If I had a larger understanding of what occurred, perhaps I should be less charitable. I only know that you cabled me from British Columbia that you wanted me to discover the exact place where you had been blown up, because you wished to spend Christmas Day in the hole. Which reminds me that I had a Belgian officer in here yesterday—Colonel de Villiers—who said that the mine craters still exist."

Again Nigel nodded.

"It was lucky your being here. Luckier still that I remembered you were here, Burns," he said, and then: "I'll tell you the story. It happened on Christmas Eve of 1917. As a matter of fact, it happened on the twenty-third of December. I was attached to the French corps that was holding the southeastern edge of Houthulst Forest. I was working in connection with the Canadian Intelligence, and my instructions were to go over to discover the exact composition of the force that was holding the Belgian front. The G. O. C. wasn't at all satisfied with the intelligence he got from the Belgian staff, who were supposed to be *au fait* with these particulars, and of



course the French had only recently come up and were not in a position to give any accurate information."

He paused and looked out of the window, and it came to him sadly that this was not the Ypres he knew, that smoldering furnace of a town, bombarded daily, hourly, every minute; rocked and shaken by high explosive shells, a town that rumbled and thundered night and day, year in and year out; a gray, dusty town, where long files of men crept cautiously under such walls as existed, on their way to the muddy inferno which lay along the ridges of the north. Sadly, for he was thinking of all the brave hearts that were stilled and the bright, boyish faces that had gone and were no more seen.

"The curious thing was that, at the identical moment I went over into No Man's Land, a young German officer was sent to discover the exact composition of the French force that was holding this sector. We met halfway. To be exact, I stumbled over wire in the dark and slid down the edge of the crater——"

"Crater No. 17," murmured Major Burns. "The hole is about twenty metres away."

The other nodded.

"I was on the Hun before he knew what had happened. We both pulled our guns, and by the most extraordinary coincidence we both missed fire. It looked as if it might be a real caveman's scrap, when the German chuckled and threw down his pistol.

" 'I think, my friend,' he said, 'we had better both go home again. It would be stupid for us to batter one another with our fists, for that would probably mean that we should both be killed in attempting to get back to our lines in a condition of exhaustion.'

"The logic of it struck me, and we just sat down and talked. We not only talked, but we exchanged confidences of a highly compromising character. He told me that the 18th Bavarian Division was on our front, and I responded politely with the information that the 43rd French Division was on *his* front. He didn't seem as interested as he might have been. He produced a packet of sandwiches, I had a flask of whisky, and we sat and talked, until——

" 'It will be daylight soon,' he said. 'I think we'd better go home.'

"SO we shook hands, and we were halfway up the crumbling slope of the crater when there broke out the most infernal fire that I had ever heard before or since. The air seemed to be so thick with traveling bullets and shells that you couldn't have put up a fishing line without getting it cut in three places simultaneously!

" 'I think we'd better wait!' shouted the German.

"So we retired again to the shell hole, and prayed fervently—at least I did—that 'shorts' on either side would be few, and in other directions than ours. Dawn broke, and the fury of the fire did not abate. And then I found myself talking about things I never thought I would discuss with a German. He didn't tell me a great deal about himself, except that he was an officer in a Bavarian regiment. His English was perfect. I could have sworn, when I first saw him, that he was an American.

"Well, to cut a long story short, there we sat throughout the day. Christmas Eve came and there was no slackening of the fire. Every gun, big and little, on both sides was in action, and we spent the night counting Very lights and speculating upon what was the cause of this unseemly disturbance. Christmas Day came, but still there was practically no reduction of the fire. I afterward discovered that this was the preliminary bombardment to an attack which the French commander had planned, and which he hoped would bring the forest into his hands. Poor soul! He never lived to know what a hell trap that forest was!

"Later in the morning the fire seemed to die down just a little, and I crawled to the edge of the shell hole to take observation. What happened I don't know. I woke up to find my head on the German's knee, and he was draining the last dregs of my whisky flask down my throat. My head was wet and aching; my eyes seemed to be filled with sand.

" 'Shell fragment,' he said. 'I don't think you're badly hurt. I have two sandwiches and half a bottle of water left. It looks as if we'd have a peach of a Christmas Day!' "

"What was his name—did you find that out?" asked Burns curiously.

"Karl—that was all he told me," replied Nigel. "That fellow was some prophet! I think both sides must have brought up all their reserves of artillery and trebled their stock of machine guns. It was when I realized that we had had no 'Quiff' message from G. H. Q. that I knew the initiative was on our side. It was toward evening that Karl said:

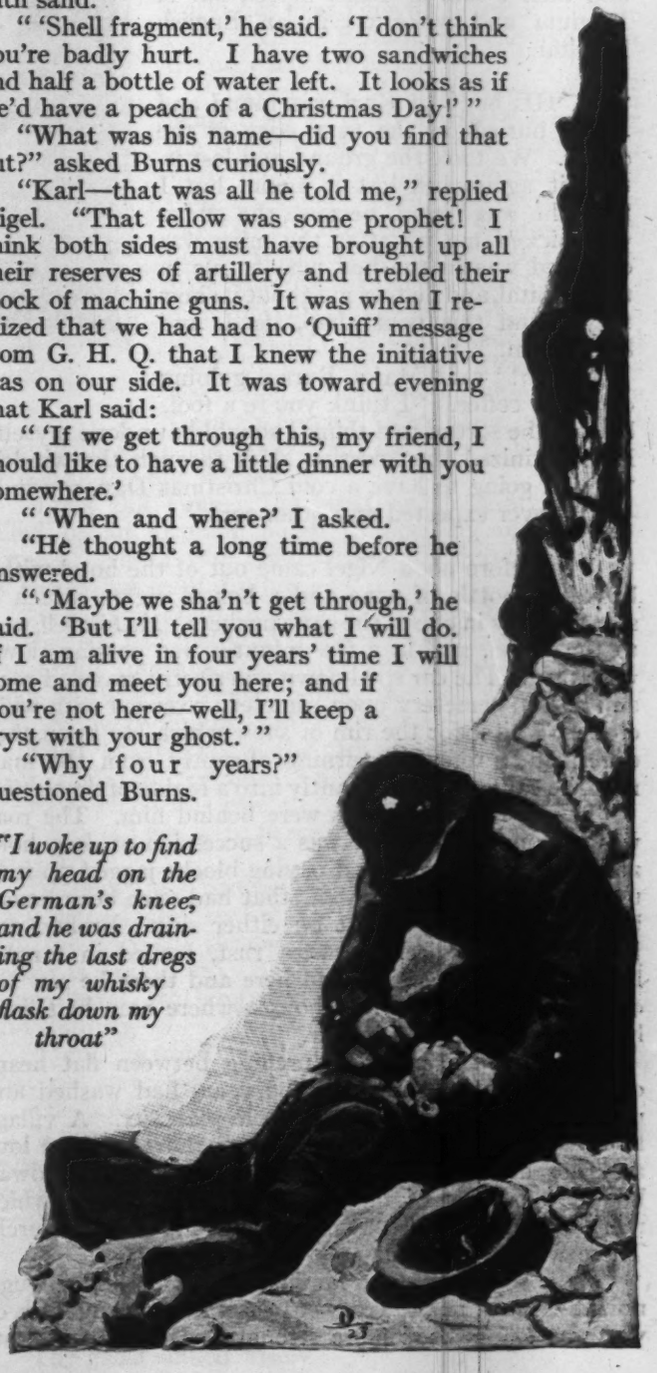
" 'If we get through this, my friend, I should like to have a little dinner with you somewhere.'

" 'When and where?' I asked.

"He thought a long time before he answered.

" 'Maybe we sha'n't get through,' he said. 'But I'll tell you what I will do. If I am alive in four years' time I will come and meet you here; and if you're not here—well, I'll keep a tryst with your ghost.' "

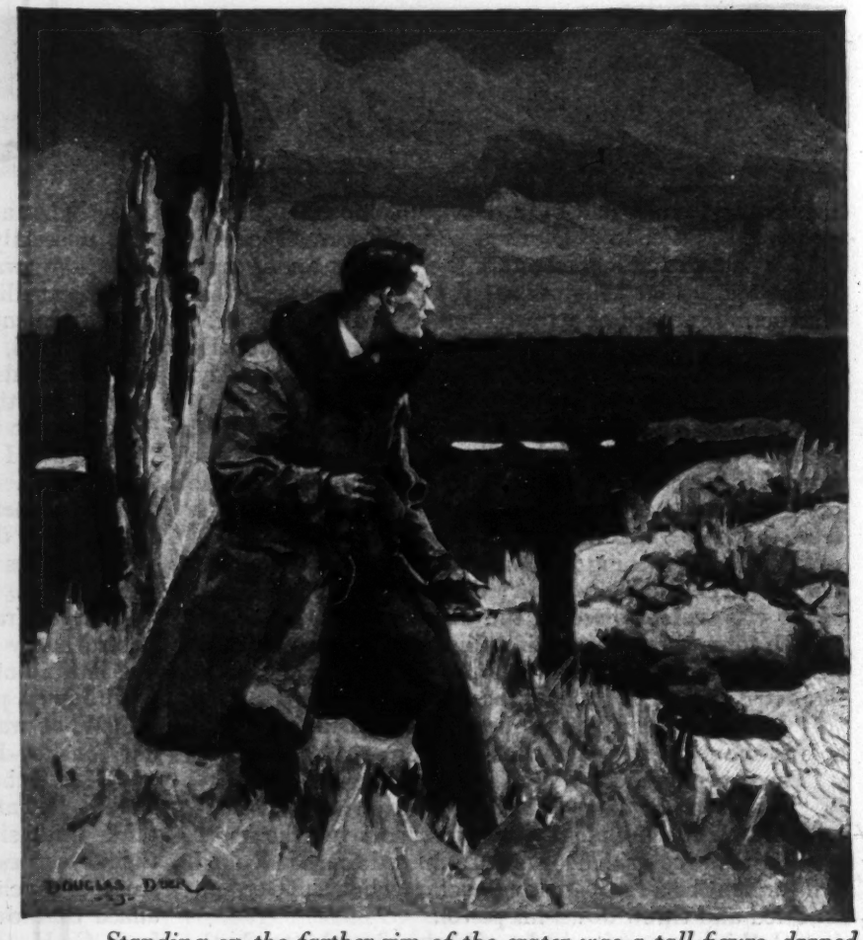
"Why four years?" questioned Burns.



"I woke up to find my head on the German's knee, and he was draining the last dregs of my whisky flask down my throat"

"He thought the war would last another three. He made it four to give us a chance of getting peace. Of course, it was lunatic, it was childish, it was anything you like to call it, but there and then we made our agreement. It was the sort of thing that schoolgirls do, and —anyway, there's something peculiarly simple and infantile about the full-grown soldier.

"It was eleven o'clock that night that the French fired the mine. My own impression was that it was just underneath where I was sitting, but my recollections of the circumstances are necessarily hazy. I just remember saying to Karl that I had a passion for marrons glacés when I felt somebody slapping my face, and looked up into the eyes of an English surgeon who was in his shirt sleeves. I heard him say 'He's all right,' and then I sort of dozed myself out of Belgium and woke up in an English hospital.



Standing on the farther rim of the crater was a tall figure, draped the wind had blown a lock of hair across

"THE body of Karl was found and buried on the very edge of the crater. We took the ground and lost it, took it again and lost it again, but I know he was found, because the officer who picked me up after the mine was exploded was in the bed next to me in the hospital, and he told me about it: how they found this poor chap, dead, and buried him."

"Hum!" said Major Burns, gulping down his coffee. "I think you're a fool, but it's the sort of fool thing I should have done myself." He scrutinized the lowering skies through the window. "You're going to have a cold Christmas Day, my lad."

"I never expected any other sort."

Just before noon Nigel came out of the hotel with a basket, a bottle of wine and a box of cigars, which he stowed away in one of the car's pockets. He himself went to the wheel, and in a few minutes was passing slowly westward. The car sped down a perfectly graveled road, and passed cemetery upon cemetery crowded with white crosses, whiter for the rim of snow which lay upon their edges, and presently, turning abruptly from the main road, he came almost instantly into a region of desolation.

The new red buildings were behind him. The road was no longer a road, it was a succession of deep holes and ruts. Sharp-cornered paving blocks jagged up from the sodden earth; stark walls that had once been houses loomed through the sleet on either side. Broken and jagged barbed wire, red with rust, trailed in tangled lengths by the roadside, and here and there he saw the drunken outlines of block-houses where men had lived horribly and had died in fear.

Presently the car was lurching between flat heaps of rubble that the rains of the years had washed and pounded into little unrecognizable plateaux. A village had been here once. Rotting weeds showed where love and life had been, and holes gaped in the roadway before a medley of black wrought-iron crosses which marked a graveyard that had been set around a church. There was no church.

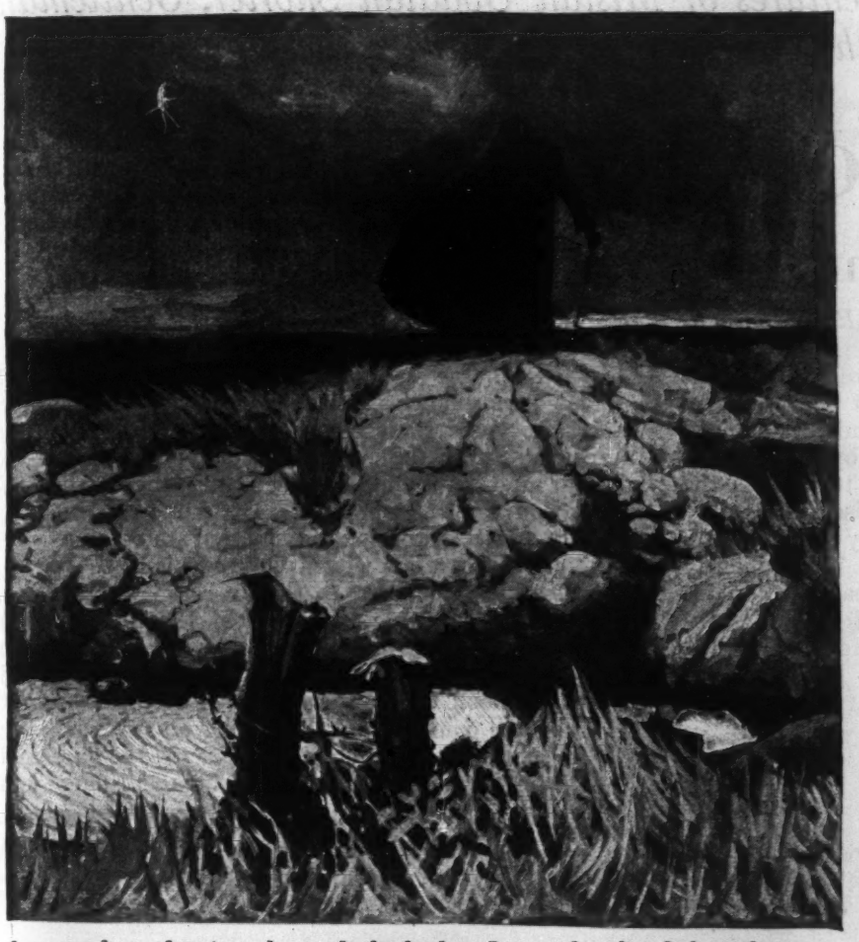
These sights were too familiar to sadden him, though now it seemed, in the years of peace, that the ugliness of war was emphasized more strongly. He came at last, by the aid of his map, after constant backings and changing of direction, and guided at the very last by a miserable-looking man who lived with his family in a deserted dugout, to the edge of what was once a forest, but was now nothing. For all that was left of the trees were blackened stumps and dead white stems that stood starkly against the cold sky.

He stopped his car, got out and took his bearings, and instinctively he went straight to the place he sought. The hole was deep; it was half filled with yellow water. To the right was a smaller hole, also water-logged, and he smiled faintly, contrasting the calm of that winter day, with no other sound in his ear but the sough and sigh of the wind that swept down from the dunes and the tawny sea beyond, with the deafening fury of the storm that had swept this spot four years before. There was the grave: he saw it at once—a small black cross above a slab of concrete that the Government had laid down to prevent farmers plowing ground hallowed by sacrifice.

Bending down, he read: "Allemand." Karl was "Allemand." In small letters was the word "*officier*." It was not usual to distinguish the rank of the dead. That was all: It stood for life and humor and courage, and God knows what hope. It stood also for an enemy, but that was incidental and meant nothing to Nigel Porter, sitting there on the edge of the crater, with his fur collar pulled up about his ears.

His eyes roved around the starved landscape. It was such a foul setting for the rare jewel of a soul.

"Well, my friend," he said—his tone was one of heavy jocularity; insensibly he had recalled, and was reproducing, the very tone of the man whom he apostrophized—"here am I, after four years! I owe you an apology, because I nearly forgot my promise. If I hadn't read in



from neck to feet in a long, dark cloak. It was bareheaded, and the forehead. Nigel stared at it, speechless

a Vancouver newspaper some highly flattering references to my services during the war, I should certainly have broken my promise."

There was such quiet dignity in that black cross, such serenity in the truncated pyramid of concrete that marked the abiding place of this "Allemand, *officier*," that his voice died down. The dead are so immensely superior to the living that he felt abashed.

He sat for a long time, his gloved hands crossed on his knees, his head bent forward in thought, and then he got up with a sigh and dusted his coat.

"Well——" he began, and his jaw dropped.

STANDING on the farther rim of the crater was a tall figure, draped from neck to feet in a long, dark cloak. It was bareheaded, and the wind had blown a lock of fair hair across the forehead of the man. Nigel stared open-mouthed, speechless, and then:

"Karl!" he croaked.

The voiceless figure stirred.

"Thank God! I thought you were a ghost."

In a dozen strides Nigel had flown around the edge of the crater and gripped the outstretched hand.

"What are you doing here?" he asked huskily. "Stupid question to ask, but you are——"

The other laughed.

"I'm keeping a tryst with a ghost," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You see, I thought you were—dead. When our people took the ground they found a grave here." Suddenly he gripped Nigel by the arm. "Let's get out of this beastliness," he said. "By Jove! How hideous war is!"

They had nearly reached the sunken road where the stranger's car was waiting, when Nigel remembered that he had some responsibility in the matter of transportation.

"You can go back for it. I want to introduce you to my sister. By the way, my name is Steyne."

And there Nigel found the girl.

It was after dinner in the barracks-like dining room of the Hotel d'Ypres that Nigel Porter heard and understood.

"No, I'm not a German," said Mr. Charles Steyne, pulling gently at his cigar. "I am an American. I was in the war from the very first month."

"On the German side?"

"Oh, yes, I was on the German side. That is to say, I wore the German uniform and served in the German Intelligence Department. There were five of us originally, and we were employed by the most effective secret service that the world has ever known. I speak respectfully of Great Britain. Of the five I am the only one left alive.

"Taylor was shot in Hanover after being tried by court-martial for running the secret wireless by which the British were informed of the movements of German ships. Jock Holtz suffered a like fate on the Russian frontier, when he was trying to get through to the Russian Headquarters the news of the German concentration—he owed his death to the treachery of the Russian General Staff, by the way. And Micky Thomas was killed by a night watchman at the German Foreign Office after he had got away with some very important documents which were necessary to your Whitehall.

"Long Bill Fenner," he went on, "was accidentally killed by an airplane bomb dropped by an American airman. And I was almost, but not quite destroyed by the explosion of a mine——

"Well, you know that story. If Elsie had only told me that she had met you on the ship, and had given me a hint about your keeping a tryst with ghosts—a phrase of mine, by the way, which, coming from you, so startled her that she nearly jumped out of her skin——"

Nigel was looking at the girl, and under his eyes the color came to her face, for she had anticipated the question which was coming.

"Why did you want to see my passport, Miss Steyne?" he asked.

"I think I can answer that," replied Charles Steyne. "My sister doesn't realize that war ever ends. She thinks that the price the Germans put on the head of their pet enemy is still offered. She pictured you a member of the Government, tracking down the shy and elusive Quiff, and claiming——"

"Quiff!" gasped Nigel. "You don't mean to say that you were——"

The other nodded.

"I was on my way to the French lines to tell the general not to attack. If I had told you I was Quiff you would not have believed me."

"Phew!" Nigel sat back in his chair and stared at the girl, but she averted her eyes.

"I'm glad—you're not exactly German," he said, a little gauchely. "I don't believe in mixed marriages—— I mean——"

The ghost smiled wisely.

The Further Strange Adventures of Mistah Obadiah Shorter, Gentleman of Misfortune, by the Author of "Obie Breaks the Drought"

Mistooken Identity

By John Randolph Hornady

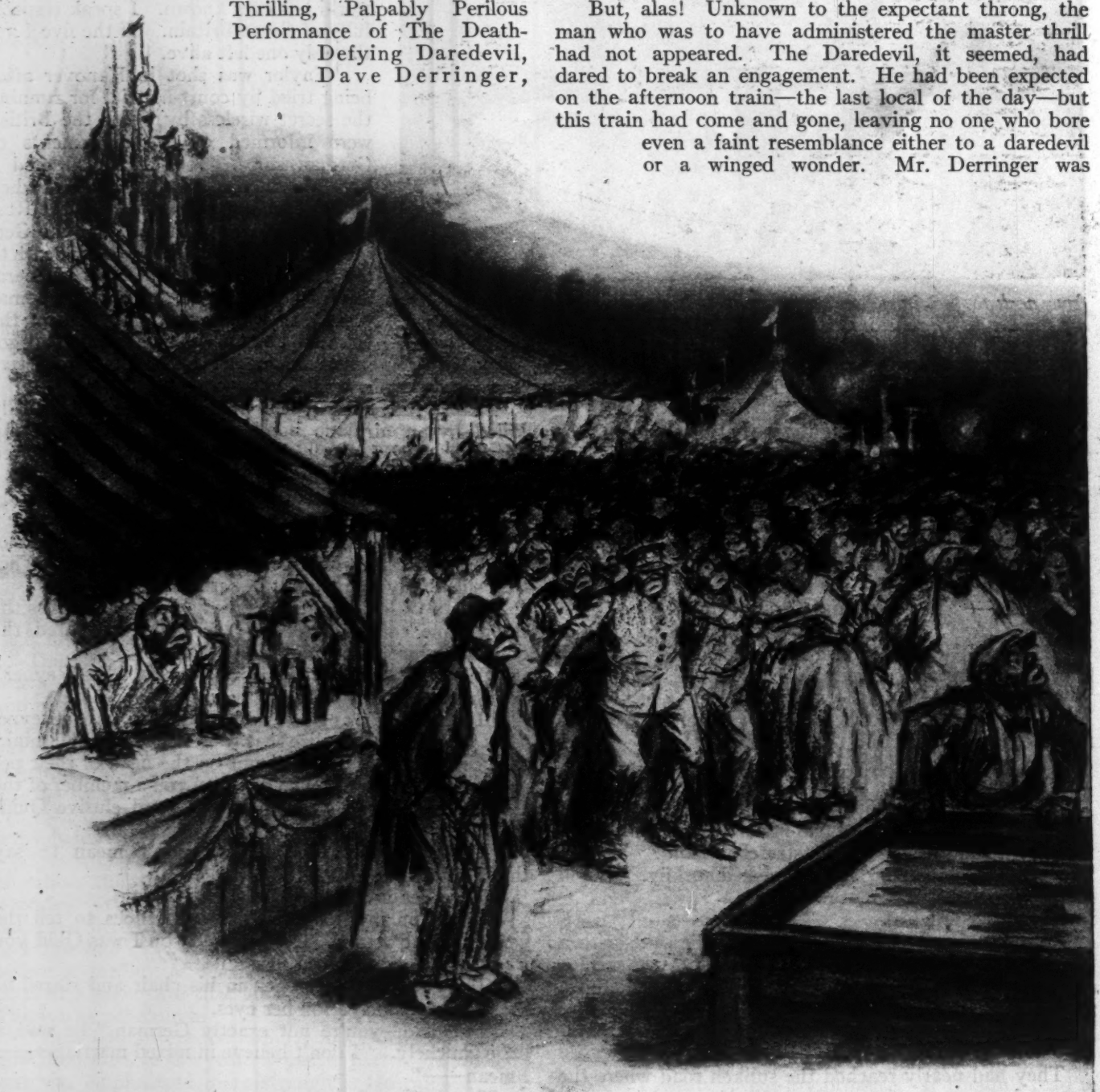
Illustrations by Walter de Maris

NEVER before had the little town of Hurricane so seethed with humanity. It was the final day of the great colored Fair, and dark-skinned men and women, accompanied by innumerable children, had come from far and near to witness the closing attraction, which had been advertised as:

The Stupendously Spectacular, Dauntlessly Daring, Triumphantly Thrilling, Palpably Perilous Performance of The Death-Defying Daredevil, Dave Derringer, Known to Fame as The World's Winged Wonder!

This performance was to give the final thrill to a week made memorable by numerous lesser attractions. In anticipation of the event, the colored population for miles around had emptied itself into the town, and expectation was at fever heat. The name of Daredevil Dave was upon every lip, and children stared wide-eyed at the gay lithographs which pictured his feat.

But, alas! Unknown to the expectant throng, the man who was to have administered the master thrill had not appeared. The Daredevil, it seemed, had dared to break an engagement. He had been expected on the afternoon train—the last local of the day—but this train had come and gone, leaving no one who bore even a faint resemblance either to a daredevil or a winged wonder. Mr. Derringer was



patently, perversely absent, and no word came to relieve the mounting apprehension of the gentlemen who composed the executive committee.

Gathered in a room at the rear of the O. K. Barber Emporium and Double-Quick Lunch Parlors of Elijah Palls were the members of the committee whose genius had made the great Fair possible and who, until now, had been wreathed in smiles, for congratulations had been numerous and sincere. But, as the efficient chairman, Moses Bright, had just observed:

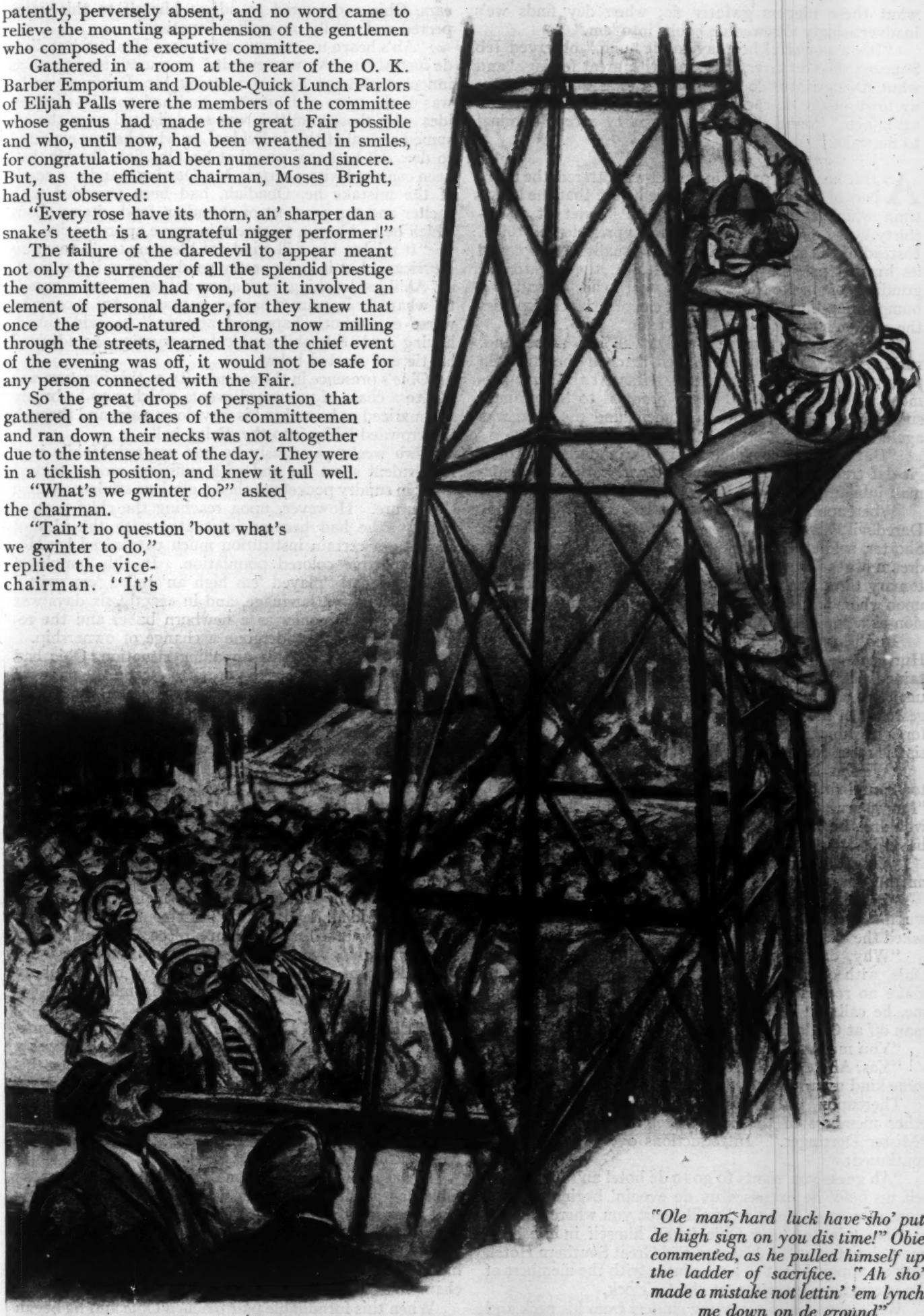
"Every rose have its thorn, an' sharper dan a snake's teeth is a ungrateful nigger performer!"

The failure of the daredevil to appear meant not only the surrender of all the splendid prestige the committeemen had won, but it involved an element of personal danger, for they knew that once the good-natured throng, now milling through the streets, learned that the chief event of the evening was off, it would not be safe for any person connected with the Fair.

So the great drops of perspiration that gathered on the faces of the committeemen and ran down their necks was not altogether due to the intense heat of the day. They were in a ticklish position, and knew it full well.

"What's we gwinter do?" asked the chairman.

"Tain't no question 'bout what's we gwinter to do," replied the vice-chairman. "It's



"Ole man, hard luck have sho' put de high sign on you dis time!" Obie commented, as he pulled himself up the ladder of sacrifice. "Ah sho' made a mistake not lettin' 'em lynch me down on de ground"

whut these niggers gwinter do, when dey finds we's inadvertisingly throwed de hooks into 'em."

"It's a powerful hot day to git hung," observed Jeb Squeers, the treasurer, speaking with great feeling, "and whut Ah's gwinter do is to git in my car an' beat it out uv town before de rucus begins. Ah ain't got no notion uv hangin' 'round here an' bein' party except criminal to no wake."

AS this heartfelt pronouncement was uttered, the members of the committee became aware that the heavy train which thundered through the hamlet at seven-thirty every evening was doing an unprecedented thing. Instead of the sustained roar which usually accompanied its hurried passage through the town, they heard the grinding of brake-shoes upon steel wheels, and the bump-bump-bump of car against car, which accompanies the sudden stoppage of a heavy train.

Outside a great shout of "Dar he is!" arose, and, rushing forth, the committeemen reached the street in time to see the train halt with a jerk. At the same moment a chocolate-colored negro dropped to the ground, suit case in hand. Another moment and the train was again under way.

"Dat's him, 'case nobody but a darin' daredevil could git dat train to stop in dis heah town!" cried the chairman jubilantly.

Whereupon the committeemen hastened to greet, not Daredevil Dave, the Winged Wonder, but Mr. Obadiah Shorter, soldier of fortune from Atlanta, Georgia, whose dream of reaching home without the payment of the customary tariff had been rudely shattered by a conductor upon whom hard-luck stories made about as much impression as a snowflake upon armor plate.

In all his travels, Obie had not so much as heard of Hurricane until the last five minutes, and he had entertained not the slightest idea of visiting the community until the conductor of the now-vanishing train had suggested it in the manner that brooked no refusal. Therefore, his amazement upon being greeted by an enthusiastic reception committee was complete.

"We sho' is powerful glad to see you," cooed the all-too-confident chairman, as he extended a clammy hand, "for we wuz thinkin' you had forgot us or sumpin, an' wouldn't be heah to fill your 'gagement, which would have dissap'inted a mighty heap uv people."

"Yassah," answered the dazed visitor, in noncommittal tones.

"Dat fas' train don't stop heah most usually, an' we wuzn't lookin' for you on it. How did you git it to stop?" asked the chairman.

"Why, dat warn't no trouble a-tall, a-tall," replied Obie, with obvious sincerity. "Ah didn't even have to make no request. When de conductor finds out 'bout me, he calls de brakeman an' says he to him, 'Put dis man off at Cyclone'—an' heah Ah is."

"You means Hurricane," corrected the chairman.

"Yas, Ah guess so," replied Obie. "Ah knowed it wuz some kind uv a storm."

Thereupon the chairman introduced Obie to the other members of the committee, referring to him as "Mister Derringer." Introductions over, the chairman continued:

"Ah guess you wants to go to de hotel an' 'fresh you'self up befo' de exercises uv de evenin' begins to commence, so come along an' we'll 'scort you where it's at."

Five minutes later Obie found himself in the chief guest chamber at the Alabama and Great Southern Hotel, with an appointment to have dinner with the members of the executive committee, at eight o'clock.

While engaged in removing cinders from his neck and ears, Obie endeavored to adjust himself to this unexpected and wholly unfamiliar situation.

"Ah's hearn uv cases uv mistooken identity, but dis is de fustest time Ah wuz ever it," he mused, for he was as innocent of knowledge concerning Mr. Derringer as he was of the town of Hurricane, and had not the slightest idea why the committee was so delighted over the assumed arrival of this individual, or what he was expected to do. All he knew was that he, Obadiah Shorter, had been confused with a certain Mr. Derringer and as a result of the mistake he, Obadiah, had been provided with shelter and the prospect of abundant food—items about which he had begun to entertain grave apprehension.

"It mighta bin a ill wind dat blew me to dis town uv Hurricane, but it looks pretty good so far as it has went, an' Ah'll jes' let things rock along an' eat an' enjoy myse'f till whatever is gwinter happen happens. An' it can't be worse dan whut's happened already," he said. And, having made this philosophical observation, he adjusted his tie and started below.

Obie's presence in the community at this juncture was due to a chain of untoward events which may be briefly summarized as he makes his way downstairs and through the crowded lobby into the dining hall.

Two weeks previously he had entered Mobile in a resplendent sport car and with sufficient money tucked away in sundry pockets to shed a glorious effulgence upon the future. However, upon reaching the chief port of Alabama he had become infatuated with the idea of breaking a certain institution much patronized by Mobile's sportive colored population. In this temple of chance he had "played 'em high an' rolled 'em swift," to adopt his own language, and in exactly six days was as innocent of money as a newborn babe, and the resplendent car had undergone a change of ownership.

Confronted with this appalling situation, Obie had been forced to go to work in order to escape the pangs of hunger, and for a week had labored upon the docks, lending questionable assistance in the task of unloading sundry cargoes of fish. At the expiration of this period he returned to the temple of chance with his meager earnings, and once more tempted Fate. But Fate proved as cold and unresponsive as it had a week before, and within an hour he was broke.

"Luck has sho' done gone and 'bandoned me like a orphan chile on a old maid's doorstep. She loves me like a burglar loves de sound of de cop's whistle, an' has turned me over to de wu'st hoodoo Ah's seen since dey drug me off to be shot at by dem Germanses. Here it am Saturday, wid all de places uv 'musement goin' full blast, an' if chips wuz sellin' fur a cent a piece, Ah couldn't buy a corner of de paper dey comes wrapped up in. Ah longs fur action, an' am so broke Ah couldn't roll a pair uv bones two inches, if de price wuz a dime a mile."

MEDITATING thus, Obie's thoughts turned homeward. Upon inquiry, he learned that there was a train for Atlanta due to leave at six-thirty, and when this train left Obie was among the passengers. Occupying a seat in the smoking compartment of the car reserved for colored people, he awaited the coming of the conductor, meanwhile formulating a hard-luck story by means of which he hoped to win free passage.

It was a long train and one that made few stops, so Obie had a full half hour in which to marshal his facts and near-facts before the door at the end of the car opened to admit a grim-looking conductor. Just behind him marched a flagman who bore all the earmarks of having made several strenuous, but unsuccessful bids for championship honors in the heavyweight arena.

When this formidable pair reached Obie and he began

to stammer his tale of woe, the conductor interrupted him only twice.

"Have you a ticket?"

"No, sah, but——"

"Have you any money to pay your fare?"

"No, sah, but——"

The conductor reached for the bell cord and gave it two vigorous pulls, at the same time saying to the husky at his heels: "Chuck him off at Hurricane." And the incident was closed, as far as the conductor was concerned.

So because of these events Obie was in Hurricane, and because a certain "winged wonder" had failed to materialize he was seated at a large round table bountifully laden with food. Meanwhile, he was being fawned upon by a committee of Hurricane's most representative colored citizens, while other less distinguished residents framed themselves in the doorways and windows in order to catch a glimpse of the man whose chief joy, they had been led to believe, was in playing hide and seek with death.

"Your things come in yestiddy," the chairman was saying, "an' we's got 'em all set up on the Fair Grounds ready for your 'formance. Your valises is in your room, whar Ah guess you seen 'em an' when we's finished eatin' Ah 'spec' you'd better git your uniform on an' git ready, 'case de crowd at de grounds is mighty anxious to see you."

Nothing about this affair seemed real to Obie except the food, which was as genuine as it was welcome, and he passed through the next half hour in a sort of daze. Then he went to his room. There he found two battered grips, only one of which responded to his efforts to release the catches. When he opened it Obie stared, for it contained a pair of bright-red tights, a belt of orange and a cap of the same color, together with a pair of soft-soled white shoes, and a flowing yellow robe.

These things threw considerable light upon the situation, but did not reveal all that was before the adventurous Obie. He sensed the fact that he was expected to perform some kind of acrobatic feat, but its nature was a complete mystery.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "Dey mus' 'spect me to skin de cat or somethin', and if dey does, den dey 'spects to pay for it, an' Ah better do my collectin' before de bell rings for de show to commence to begin."

With this thought in mind, and thinking also that he might easily get away with a few acrobatic stunts—he had learned some tricks in the colored gym at home—Obie proceeded to divest himself of his attire and to put on the trappings of the absent Mr. Derringer. Having done this and admired his reflection in the shining mirror, he threw the long cloak of yellow satin about his form and made his way down the stairs—a gorgeous figure, at whose appearance the throng in the lobby fairly gasped.

He joined the members of the executive committee, and was led toward a field where hundreds of lights were gleaming and whence came the sound of hurdy-gurdies, loop-the-loops and similar contrivances. As they moved toward this scene of hilarity Obie addressed the chairman of the committee.

"It is my customary rule to collect half uv de proceeds uv my fees *befo'* de performances, an' Ah'd be much 'bliged ef you would cite me to de pay man befo' Ah does my act."

"When de conductor finds out 'bout me," replied Obie, "he calls de brakeman an' says, 'Put dis man off at Cyclone'—an' heah Ah is"

This announcement was unexpected, but the chairman hesitated only momentarily before authorizing the treasurer to pay over the sum of seventy-five dollars—an amount that staggered the recipient.

"Dey mus' 'spect me to stick my head in de lion's mouth," mused Obie, and for the first time he began to have some qualms about the situation.

The transfer of the money took place in a shed-like structure which flanked the gate to the grounds, and Obie's eyes were instantly caught by a glaring poster that covered a large part of the farther wall. This poster depicted a daring athlete in the act of diving from a towering steel structure into a tiny pool of water that was contained in a steel tank—said tank being shaped suspiciously like a coffin.

As he passed over the money, the treasurer's attention was attracted by Obie's fascinated gaze.

"Ah don't see how you does it," he remarked in tones of humble admiration.

"Me, neither," said the chairman. "Ah wouldn't do it for a million dollars, not to mention a hundred an' fifty. You sho' is a bold and fearless man."

"Daredevil am right!" observed another member of the committee.

"Am dat whut you 'spects——" began Obie, but he broke off short. For suddenly he discovered that the figure poised at that giddy height, just ready to plunge into the tiny pool below, was attired in red tights; that about the tights was drawn a yellow sash, and that hanging by a hook at the bottom of the tower was a beautiful cloak of orange hue—and he knew the worst. He, Obadiah Shorter, was expected to do a seventy-foot dive from that skeleton-like tower and land safely in about a bucketful of water!

HIS brain buzzed dizzily and a score of impractical schemes for getting out of the difficulty shot through his mind, each offering a momentary ray of hope, then being instantly dismissed. Flight was impossible, and to back out, or to admit he was an impostor, probably would mean personal injuries quite as fatal as those likely to result from a fall off that lofty perch.

While his befuddled brain performed unprecedented evolutions in an attempt to find some reasonable and practicable method of escape, Obie's conductors led him out upon the grounds and then, for the first time, he caught sight of a slender structure of steel, climbing skyward from the center of what evidently was the "Midway." In a few minutes Obie found himself at the foot of this tower, and there his horrified eyes took in the details of the tank into which he was expected to plunge. It was, he judged, about twelve feet long, five feet wide and three feet deep.

"She's all ready," said the chairman, speaking with great satisfaction. "We 'rected it just as you wrote, an' everything is fixed for de grand blowout. At nine o'clock you does you' stunt."

"Yassah," said Obie, in tones such as a condemned prisoner might use in agreeing with the jailer that ham and eggs would make a satisfactory last breakfast.

Meanwhile the presence of the hero of the occasion, the world-famed daredevil Dave Derringer, had become known to the milling crowds and they began to rush forward, eager to be close at hand when the startling feat was performed.

Among those who elbowed their way to the front was a buxom maid who smiled at Obie, and exclaimed: "Oh, ain't he wonderful!"

THIS remark, gratifying to Obie even in his troubled state, together with the knowledge that failure would probably mean physical violence at the hands of the disappointed throng, determined his course.

"It's do it an' die, or don't do it an' die, whichever way Ah looks at it," he muttered, as he eased around to the ladder. "So good-by, 'Tlanta, you' chile Obie ain't gwinter be no mor'n a grease spot, 'less de good Lawd sen' His angel to guide his wanderin' footsteps as he tumbles down from de sky."

The crowd fell back as Obie removed his yellow robe preparatory to mounting the ladder, and just then he heard a hoarse voice remark, none too cheeringly: "If dat Winged Wonder is got any wings he sho' better spread 'em now and spread 'em wide, 'case if he don't, den he's gwinter lan' in de arms of de undertaker!" A sentiment that found immediate response in his breast, for, alas, he realized that he had no wings and that if a pair were thrust upon him as a result of this adventure, they would come too late to be of practical value in the emergency. As his form, encased in the blood-red tights, came into view above the heads of the spectators, a mighty cheer went up from the multitude.

"Ole man, hard luck have sho' put de high sign on you dis time—yas, sah, an' high is right!" he commented, as he pulled himself up the ladder of sacrifice. "Golly, Ah sho' made a mistake not lettin' 'em lynch me down on de ground," he went on, as the ascent continued, " 'case Ah wouldn't 'a' had to fall mor'n three feet 'fore de rope would 'a' cotch me, an' here Ah's got about a million miles to go widout nothin' to break de fall 'cept a cup of water."

Seated at his desk, the chief of detectives, at Mobile, concentrated upon a written report which contained all that diligent search had revealed concerning the disappearance of Chief Mate Tom Larson, who apparently had vanished into nothingness some twenty-four hours before. The report, signed by a trusted lieutenant, read:

First Mate Larson, of the *Bay Sprite*, left his boat at one-forty-five o'clock Friday afternoon, telephoning his wife he would get lunch downtown and reach home about three o'clock. He had lunch at the Snug Harbor Inn at two o'clock, leaving at two-thirty. In paying his check, he discovered that he had left his purse on board and remarked to the cashier that he was going back for it.

As he left the restaurant he collided with a negro man and the two had some words which led to Larson striking the negro. A crowd began to gather and Larson hurried away followed by the negro.

Larson reported to the boat, went to his cabin and left immediately. He did not reach home and has not been seen at any of his usual haunts. In fact, we have been unable to find the slightest trace of him, or of any one who saw him, after he left the boat.

The negro with whom he had the altercation, and who is suspected of having made away with him, has been identified as an acrobat known as Dave Derringer. He was stopping at a hotel for negroes on Water Street, but left there at three-thirty Friday. He is advertised to perform at a County Fair in Hurricane, Alabama, at nine o'clock tonight.

WHEN he had finished reading the report the chief rang for its author, Detective McCartney.

"What's your opinion of this case?" he asked.

"I think the negro croaked him and threw the body in the bay," was the laconic reply.

"Well, you had better get hold of Dykes, and you two beat it over to Hurricane and try to get a line on the negro. The chances are about a hundred to one, though, that he skipped in another direction. However, I'll get out a bunch of wires and we ought to have him rounded up within twenty-four hours."

Thus the net was spread for the Winged Wonder, who, it might be observed, was at this very moment engaged in sleeping off the effect of a quart of "bust-head" liquor in a cheap lodging house into which he had strayed when no longer able to pilot a straight course.

Ten minutes after leaving the office of the chief, Detectives McCartney and Dykes were en route for Hurricane. Each had a heavy revolver strapped to his side, and a shot gun reposed in the bottom of the car.

Reaching Hurricane a few minutes before nine o'clock, they entered the Fair Grounds just in time to see what they took to be their quarry in the act of ascending a ladder which was fixed to a lofty tower, and straightway they made their way through the dense throng to the bottom of the structure.

"Hey, you!" they shouted to the slowly ascending figure. "Come down from that perch before we shoot you off the limb!"

The substitute "Wonder," in the person of Obie, glanced down upon the upturned faces of the two detectives and upon the guns which they pointed heavenward.

"White folks, Ah don't know what you want wid me, but Ah sho' am glad to see you!" he cried joyously, and scampered down the ladder. Upon reaching the ground, he was seized by the two men.

Just then the chairman of the arrangements committee rushed up to the trio.

"Gentlemens, what's he done dat he can't go on wid de 'formance, after we done paid him seventy-five dollars?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing except murder a white man at Mobile," was the answer, and the crowd gasped at this unlooked-for thrill.

"What?" cried Obie. "Me killed a man in Mobile? Dat sho' is one mighty bad mistake. Ah ain' killed nobody in Mobile. Ah couldn't even shoot a pair uv sevens while Ah wuz in dat town, much less a white man."

At this point the treasurer rushed up.

"Don't we git back dat money what we paid?" he demanded of the two detectives, in anguished tones.

"That's up to him," answered McCartney, "but he might as well return it, as they don't have any use for money where he is going unless he can produce a mighty good alibi."

"What kinda alley is a alley-by?" asked the curious Obie. But his question was ignored by the detectives who shoved him toward the gate, followed by the treasurer, still clamoring for the return of the seventy-five dollars.

"It wasn't my fault Ah didn't jump into dat tub, but to show you my heart ain't made out'n rawhide, I'll go you fifty-fifty," said Obie, and, producing the roll, he made the division. He was then hustled to the hotel, where he exchanged the tights for his own apparel, and a few minutes later was whirling away in the night, occupying the rear seat with Detective McCartney, while Detective Dykes held the steering wheel.

"Boss," said Obie, as they got under way, "Ah sho' is

The throng in the lobby gasped at sight of Obie—a gorgeous figure in bright-red tights, cap of orange and a flowing robe

glad you come when you did, 'case Ah ain't no high-diver an' you jes' about saved my life."

"How come you advertised yourself as a high diver if you are not one?" asked the detective.

"Ah ain't," was the simple reply. "Ah jest hit dat town broke an' got mixed up wid dat divin' outfit before Ah knowed whut wuz whut. Ah didn't tell nobody Ah could do no such stunts as them."

"What do you call yourself when you don't want to be known as Dave Derringer?" asked the detective.

"Ah ain't never said Ah was name' Derringer. My name is Obadiah Shorter."

"Shorter, eh?" said the detective, with a laugh. "You will be an inch or two longer by the time they stretch your neck for bumping that man off in Mobile."

"Boss, you sho' got me wrong. Ah ain't never killed nothin' but time, an' if dey hung folks fur dat, Ah reckon us niggers would soon be dispopulated."

THE car was hurtling along through a dense forest, the narrow roadway being overhung by trees from which long streamers of moss swayed gently in the glare of the headlights. From the low-lying country on either side came the hoarse voices of bullfrogs and the occasional melancholy hoot of owls. Suddenly the car swerved around a sharp bend in the road, and was brought to a quick stop, for prone across the highway was a fallen tree.

As the car ground to a stop a dozen men stepped out from behind as many trees and a commanding voice cried:

"Hands up!"

Obie's hands went up instantly, while the startled detectives hesitated as though about to reach for their weapons. But one glance was sufficient to convince them that resistance was futile, as every one of the dozen men was armed and the arms were pointed full upon the occupants of the car.

"What do you want?" asked Detective McCartney.

"Nothing but the smoke," replied the leader, who stepped forward at this juncture, and, turning to Obie, said: "Bounce out of that car and follow me."

Detective McCartney followed the darky to the ground, assuring the men that the prisoner would be carried to Mobile immediately and that everything possible would be done to expedite the trial, but his words fell upon deaf ears.

"This negro made away with our neighbor, Tom Larson, and we are going to demonstrate to his kind that this sort of thing doesn't go on in our section," said the leader, seizing Obie by the arm, and pushing him toward two others of the group. "You fellows take him to my car," he added, and Obie was led out of sight.

The entire party then backed off, leaving the detectives to the task of removing the tree. Once beyond the bend, Obie was hustled into a waiting car, one of three parked beside the road, and any possibility of escape was cut off by the presence of five armed men who piled in after him.

A MOMENT later the little caravan was under way. None of his captors spoke, and Obie was too much confused by the developments of the last hour to do more than voice an occasional lament over the rude fashion in which fortune was treating him.

"Dis sho' is gwinter be a warnin' to me," he muttered, "an' de nex' time anybody says Hurricane where Ah'm at, Ah'll hunt de storm cellar."

Presently the cars turned into a narrow trail, which they followed for a short distance until a little clearing was reached. Here the party stopped, and Obie's conductors assisted him to the ground. The driver produced a rope, from beneath the front seat, and then the entire party gathered about the prisoner. One end of the rope was thrown over a limb, and Obie noticed with a start that this end had a noose tied in it.

"Say, white folks, wait a minit. You ain't 'spectin' to hang me heah, is you?" asked Obie, in surprised tones.

"You are a good guesser," said the leader. "In about two minutes you will be doing a dance out here in the woods with nothing to put your feet on."

"But, boss!" cried Obie. "Ah ain't murdered nobody no whar, at no time, not a-tall. You sho' has got a case of mistooken identity heah."

The leader laughed harshly. "If you didn't kill Tom Larson, what did you do with him? Answer quick, or up you go."

Faced by the prospect of immediate hanging unless he could contrive some ingenious fabrication, Obie did some lightning-like thinking, and finally said:

"If you takes me on to Mobile, Ah'll show you whar he's at."

"Ah, ha! I thought you knew nothing about it!" said the leader, and added menacingly: "You tell me where he is and what happened to him, right now, or you'll be wearing that rope for a necktie. Speak out!"

"Boss, Ah warn't in Mobile long enough to git 'quainted wid de streets, an' Ah can't name it to you, but Ah kin show you de place whar he is, if you gimme a chance."

After a brief consultation the members of the lynching party decided that it was better to take a chance on finding the missing man than to hang the negro and leave the mystery unexplained. So Obie was thrust back into the car and the party started toward Mobile.

During the silent journey Obie figured that he had two chances of escape. One was to give the alarm while going through the city and run the risk of being shot, while the other—much more subtle—was to lead the party to the storage plant, whereat he had spent many weary hours unloading fish, and there, if possible, create a situation that might result in his getting away.

RECALLING the scene upon the dock where he had worked, Obie remembered that the fish were first dumped upon a wide platform, where they were weighed, and then a lever was pulled, and this platform fell apart in the middle, allowing the fish to go slithering down a chute into the storage department. It was upon these scales that he placed his hope of escape, and when the party entered the silent and almost deserted streets at about midnight, he said:

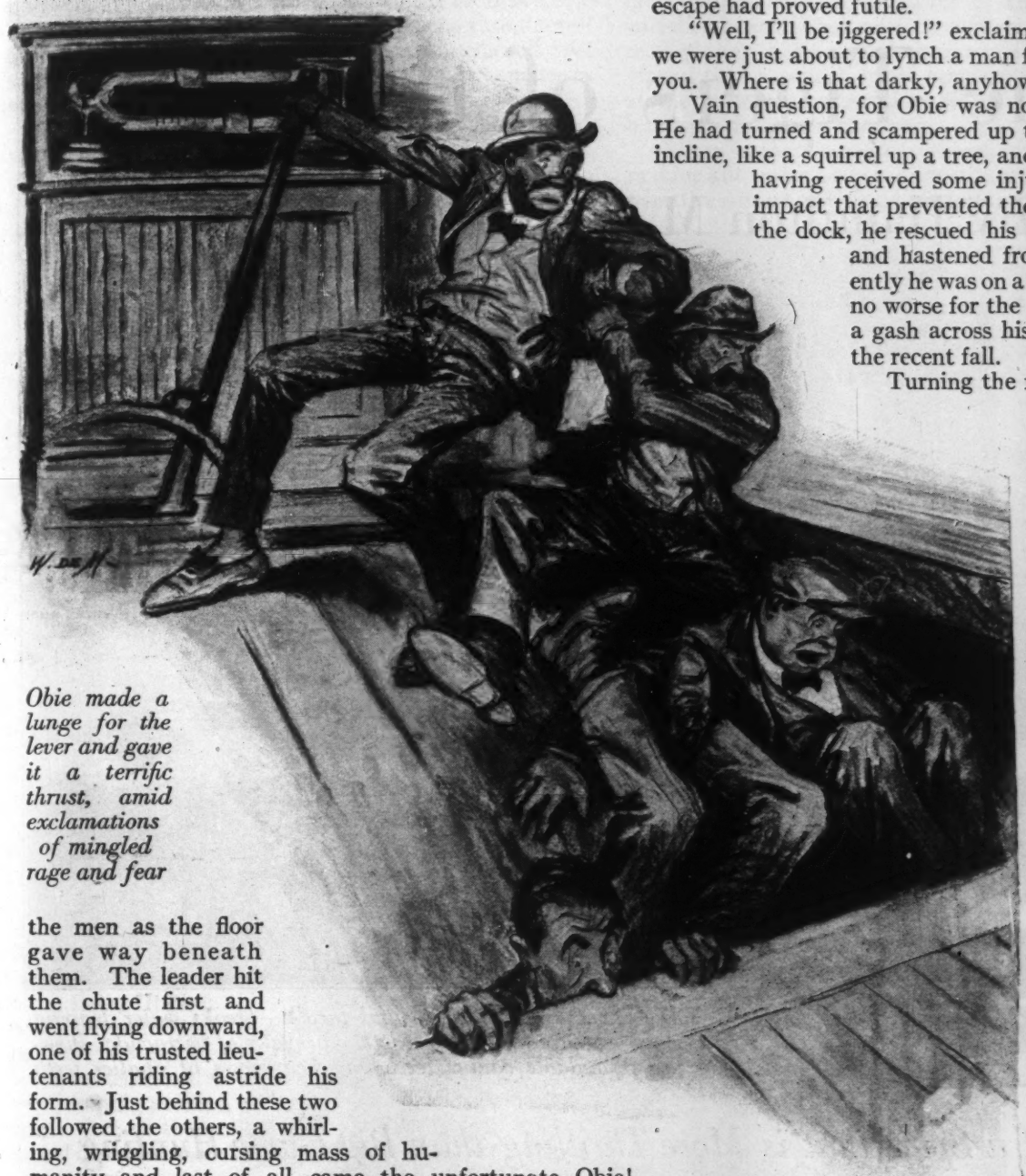
"De place am down on de bay front, near whar dem big steamers wid de three red stripes on de chimney parks demselves."

They followed the most unfrequented streets to the water front, and finally reached a point close to where Obie had spent long hours in a form of labor that was highly irksome at the time, but for which he now gave devout thanks. There they all dismounted and made their way along the docks. Presently they reached the storage warehouse sought by Obie.

"Dis am it," he informed them. "He's inside heah, but somebody will haf to break de door open."

The lock was forced with little difficulty, and then the party felt its way into the gloomy interior, two members holding Obie's arms.

"Dis way," said Obie, as he stepped upon the flooring which concealed the scales, and the entire crowd pushed on after him. A moment later Obie made a lunge for the lever and gave it a terrific thrust. As he did so, exclamations of mingled rage and fear burst from the throats of



Obie made a lunge for the lever and gave it a terrific thrust, amid exclamations of mingled rage and fear

the men as the floor gave way beneath them. The leader hit the chute first and went flying downward, one of his trusted lieutenants riding astride his form. Just behind these two followed the others, a whirling, wriggling, cursing mass of humanity, and last of all came the unfortunate Obie!

Obie had intended holding on to the lever and thus saving himself, but the frantic grip upon one of his arms held fast, and thus it came to pass that he went down with his captors, the heel of a heavy shoe resting upon his head in the flight.

When the storage room was reached after a thrilling ride of some thirty feet, the thirteen men were piled, shrieking, into a dark and indistinguishable mass. In the midst of the confusion, a voice was heard above the uproar.

"What in 'ell's all this about?" it asked. And when the leader struggled to his feet and brought his flashlight into play, its rays fell, not upon Obie or any member of the party of white avengers, but upon First Mate Larson, who was approaching from the other end of the room! Obie had planned better than he knew!

When questioned as to his presence there, the mate explained that while walking in front of the place nearly thirty-six hours before he had dropped a silver dollar, which rolled through the open door. He went in after it, and when he stepped upon the scales they gave way suddenly and he was precipitated to the room below, where every effort to attract attention or to make his escape had proved futile.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed the leader. "And we were just about to lynch a man for making away with you. Where is that darky, anyhow?"

Vain question, for Obie was not present to answer. He had turned and scampered up the almost impossible incline, like a squirrel up a tree, and was gone, the scales having received some injury under the recent impact that prevented their closing. Reaching the dock, he rescued his suitcase from the car and hastened from the scene. Presently he was on a lighted thoroughfare, no worse for the experience, except for a gash across his forehead received in the recent fall.

Turning the next corner, Obie was just in time to see two street cars collide. He ran out into the street and was standing contemplating the wreck when the conductor of one of the cars approached and asked for his name and address. He gave the desired information, naming a hotel where he had previously stopped as his abode, and went his way.

Ten minutes after reaching the hotel, he was asleep.

At ten o'clock the following morning he heard a rap on the door, and opened it to admit a gentleman, who inquired about his well-being.

"I am sorry you were hurt," he said solicitously. "And this is what I propose: We will give you fifty dollars to close the transaction, and everything will be handsome."

"You means real money?" asked Obie.

"Real money," said the smiling stranger, producing a wallet and a printed sheet of paper. "Just sign here."

Obie took the pen and scrawled his name at the bottom of the sheet, and received five crisp ten-dollar bills, after which the visitor withdrew with many expressions of good wishes for the injured man, for Mr. Stringer, of the Alabama Street Railway and Electric Power Company, held his position by reason of his ability to settle claims out of court, when passengers upon the street cars were injured. Of the fact that Obie had not been a passenger he was quite as ignorant as was Obie concerning the reasons for this most recent benefaction.

Scratching his woolly crown, Obie pondered.

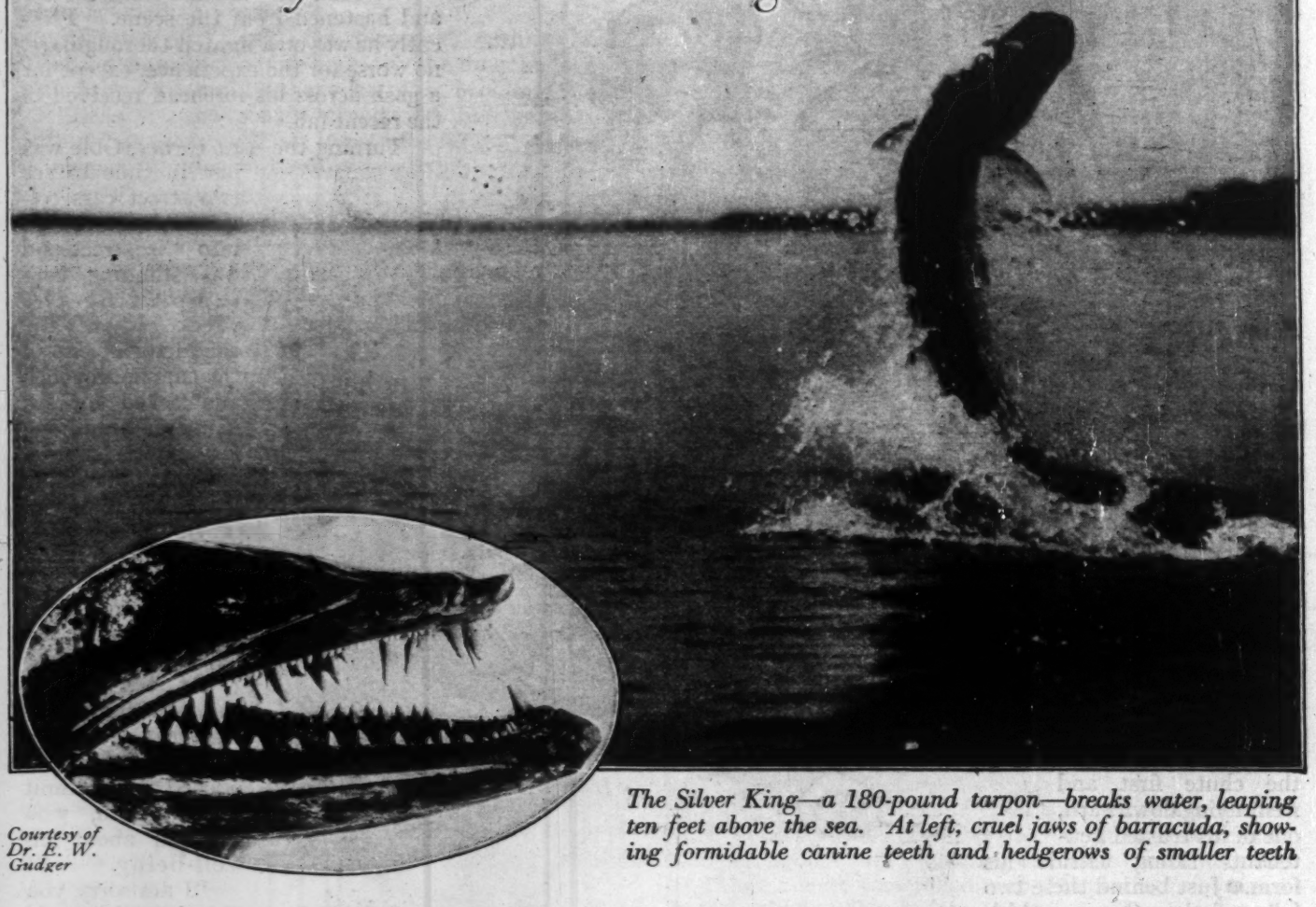
"He mus' be one uv dem 'Rabian Knights de white folks talks about," he muttered. "Ah's glad he come wid his bounty, but Ah's now ready to call it a day."

Whereupon, Obie threw himself across the bed and entered upon another period of blissful slumber.

Photo by Dimock from Wright

The Tigers of the Sea

By Hamilton M. Wright



Courtesy of Dr. E. W. Gudger

The Silver King—a 180-pound tarpon—breaks water, leaping ten feet above the sea. At left, cruel jaws of barracuda, showing formidable canine teeth and hedgerows of smaller teeth

The Story of a Sport that is More Thrilling than Big Game Hunting

THE finest big game fishing in the world, in my opinion, can be had along the Florida coast. Here are fish that can swim faster than sixty miles an hour, and can leap over forty feet of ocean. At least one species is voracious enough to bite in two an eight-pound fish trailing on the line as bait, and has been known to kill human beings. Practically all of the great game fish of these semi-tropical waters are free swimmers that seek their prey on or near the surface. Tremendously lithe and active, they put up a fight lasting from fifteen minutes to a whole day.

They constitute a game resource far more abundant than ever were the uncounted herds of buffalo that roamed the Western plains. Along the lonely Florida reefs and sun-dried beaches you can find all the thrills of an expedition in Africa without the dangers, expense and discomforts of hunting wild beasts. I have seen a wild buffalo flatten his ears to his head and come for me when he caught my white man's scent, but that adventure hadn't half the thrill of a day with the leaping, fighting giants of the reefs.

Only those fishermen who have spent a lifetime in studying the habits of the great game fish know much of their strange ways. This article is gleaned from professional fishermen with whom I have fished the Florida Keys. They know the fish, but are shy in committing their lore to paper. With the exception of one or two species, little has been published about these leaping monsters.

Here can be caught the great sailfish, speed demon of the Gulf Stream, a long rakish monster, with a pointed bill and huge back fin like that of some prehistoric saurian. He is the swiftest, strangest game fish in the ocean. Then there is the huge barracuda, the cruelest, most voracious, most savage fish in the tropical seas, feared by swimmers from Manila Bay to the Nigerian coast. The amber jack, a thick-bodied fighter reaching one hundred pounds; the bonefish, a lightning-fast swimmer of four to ten pounds, and the mackerel-like kingfish, a magnificent leaper, running up to fifty pounds, are three other gamy denizens of Florida waters little known except to local fishermen.

These five fish and the better-known, huge, thick-bodied tarpon, giant herring who has a score of tricks for

throwing the hook from his mouth, constitute the game fish for which awards are posted in the Florida Keys. There are scores of others, ranging from the rare "peto" and the canny snapper to the brilliantly-colored reef fishes and freakish wanderers of the deep whom tyros describe as sea monsters.

Of all the game fish along the east coast of Florida the shyest, most capricious, swiftest and strangest is the great sailfish. He can swim sixty or seventy miles an hour. He is built for speed and can easily overtake the mackerel or blue runner or other fish on which he feeds. He has been known to run out one hundred yards of line in less than three seconds, passing through the water like lightning—swifter, almost, than the eye can follow.

Although scientifically identified along the Southern coast in the early seventies, the sailfish seems not to have been known to Florida sportsmen before 1901, when the first of his species officially recorded in these waters was landed off Palm Beach. About that time Charley Thompson, famous fishing guide, took a tourist party on a fishing expedition from Palm Beach. It was a banner day for the new sport. Seven sailfishes were seen jumping at one time. One of them leaped close to where a woman of the party was sitting in the boat. She immediately crossed to the opposite side. And just in time! A few seconds later the fish jumped again, diving between the deck stanchions just where she had been sitting. It struck the heavy iron door of the engine casing, smashing it, and fell upon the bottom of the boat, where it was killed with monkey wrenches.

Sometimes a sailfish makes thirty leaps in the intervals of his wild rushes on the line. Fishermen who are enjoying their first experience with a fighter of this sort almost invariably believe they have seen two fish jump when in reality they have seen but one. They are only convinced that a sailfish could apparently be in two places at the same time when they realize that there has been but a single fish on the hook.

When hooked, a sailfish will often "walk on his tail," making the water boil as, almost erect, he propels himself over the surface with only his tail in the water. It is not an unusual occurrence to see a sailfish move himself in this extraordinary manner for twenty or thirty feet, and they have even been observed to walk the water for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet—a strange and marvelous sight.

Imagine this great fish, perhaps eight feet in length, with huge sail outspread, whipping his head from side to side in an effort to hurl the hook from his pointed, bony mouth. Insane with fear and anger, he lashes himself over the water ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet! And then sets the reel smoking as he sets out to sea at lightning speed.

This gleaming, jumping, fighting monster who leaps into the air as if he were made of steel springs uses his bill to disable his prey. Sometimes you will see him rushing among the small fish along the reefs, striking mercilessly with his long bony bill and disabling the little fellows so that he may swallow them whole at his leisure. When you feel a sailfish tapping your bait with his bill, let the bait drop back. Most sailfish are lost by striking too quickly. No doubt he thinks the cut bait a small fish, and he taps it with his bill to kill it, and he grows wary when the supposed fish

Photo by Landes from Wright

An exceptionally large specimen of sailfish. The world's record sailfish weighed ninety-three pounds and was eight feet four inches long

continues to swim around after he has tapped it.

But he is a peculiar chap, a creature of moods, of a whimsicality that lends an element of constant surprise to his capture. At times he will take everything in bait. He likes something he can mouth and taste. Again he will chase the bait ten or fifteen minutes, and then leave it. Sometimes his crested majesty will come right up in the white wake of the boat, look at the bait, and, sad to relate, turn away as if dissatisfied with his inspection. Some fishermen use live blue runners for bait, while others take a piece of cut mullet or of the white belly of the mackerel, which they troll on the surface of the water about a hundred feet behind the launch or sailboat.

Characteristics of the Sailfish

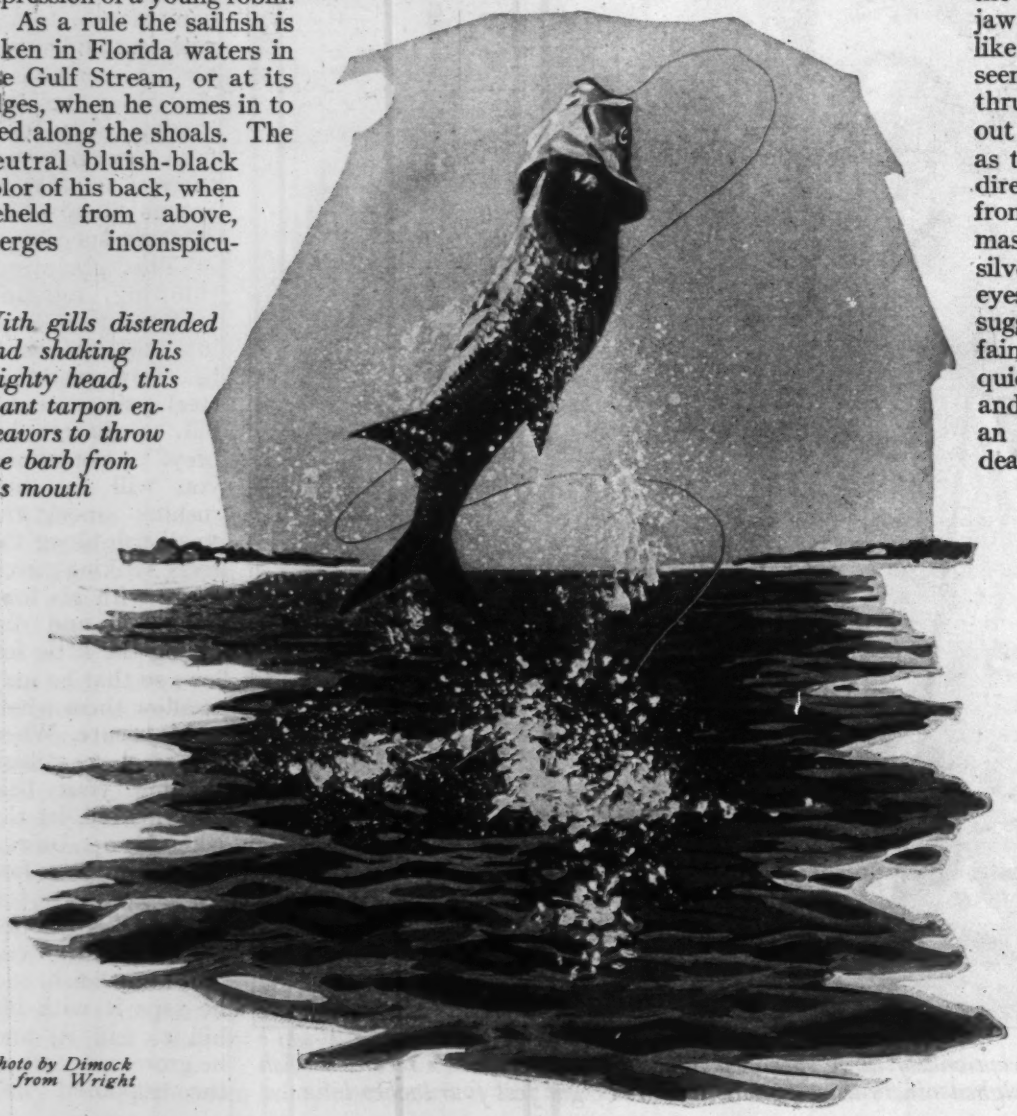
FORMERLY classified as a short-billed swordfish, the sailfish is now given a separate classification, in recognition of his trend toward the mackerel group. He is neither a mackerel nor a swordfish, but a sort of connecting link between the two groups. His long narrow beak, a deadly rapier, suggests his relationship to the swordfishes. His long, symmetrical, powerful body and strongly-forked tail fin are, however, like those of the swift-swimming mackerel group. There is something strangely birdlike in his beaked head, eyes set close to querulous mouth, flaunting, purple-spotted crest, and great swallow tail. His back, which rises high above his gills, almost suggests the hump of a porpoise. The down-turned corners of his mouth give him the hurt expression of a young robin.

As a rule the sailfish is taken in Florida waters in the Gulf Stream, or at its edges, when he comes in to feed along the shoals. The neutral bluish-black color of his back, when beheld from above, merges inconspicuously into the deep blue of the Gulf Stream. His pale-gray underparts correspond with the bright surface as it would appear to a fish beneath the sea. Ordinarily he would escape observation. That is, when his sail—a huge, spotted dorsal fin, directly connected with the spinal cord, that can be elevated or folded at will—is lowered into a groove along his back. But when he slashes along the surface, maiming his prey, cruising with great sail raised high, or when he leaps far above the sea, gleaming in metallic lustres, he can be seen for miles.

In contrast to the shy, elusive sailfish is the bold and savage barracuda, one of whose species killed a young woman swimmer near St. Petersburg, Florida, last year.

The barracuda is credited with human killings from the seventeenth century when the Spanish fished the reefs from Cape Sable to the Dry Tortugas. He has been known to gash the leg of a man wading in the shoals for shellfish. He is said to have attacked shipwrecked sailors swimming through the surf. Yet he is not a man hunter like the tiger shark.

No stranger fish hunts along the reefs than this silver tiger of the sea, which commonly weighs about fifty pounds and reaches six feet in length. Farther South and off the coast of Nigeria, he is said to reach ten feet. His great head ending in a broad pointed snout is one-fourth the length of his body. His enormous, gaping mouth is fitted with four wolflike fangs, sometimes an inch in length, two above and two below. They fit into sockets in the opposite jaws, while hedgerows of smaller inward-pointing teeth with rip-saw edges also fit into grooves in the opposing jaws. The lower jaw projects beyond the upper like that of a bulldog. I have seen him bite on a knife—thrust between his jaws to cut out the hook—with such force as to scatter his teeth in every direction. When first taken from the water he seems a mass of quivering, iridescent silver. His malignant, staring eyes, green-yellow and black, suggest those of a tiger. The faint vertical bars on his body quickly become more marked, and the dark splotches assume an inky blackness soon after death.



With gills distended and shaking his mighty head, this giant tarpon endeavors to throw the barb from his mouth

Photo by Dimock from Wright

The great "sea pike," as he is often called, hurls himself through the water after a moving object in a flash. He may not seem to stop. One may see no attack. But as he sweeps by in his savage onrush, the sea tiger can bite through a fish two-thirds his own length. Once, while pulling in a ten-pound kingfish, I saw a barracuda rushing toward it. The barracuda scarcely paused. But, when he had gone, I discovered that fully one-half of the hooked fish was missing. It had been chopped in half as clean as if a meat axe had been used.

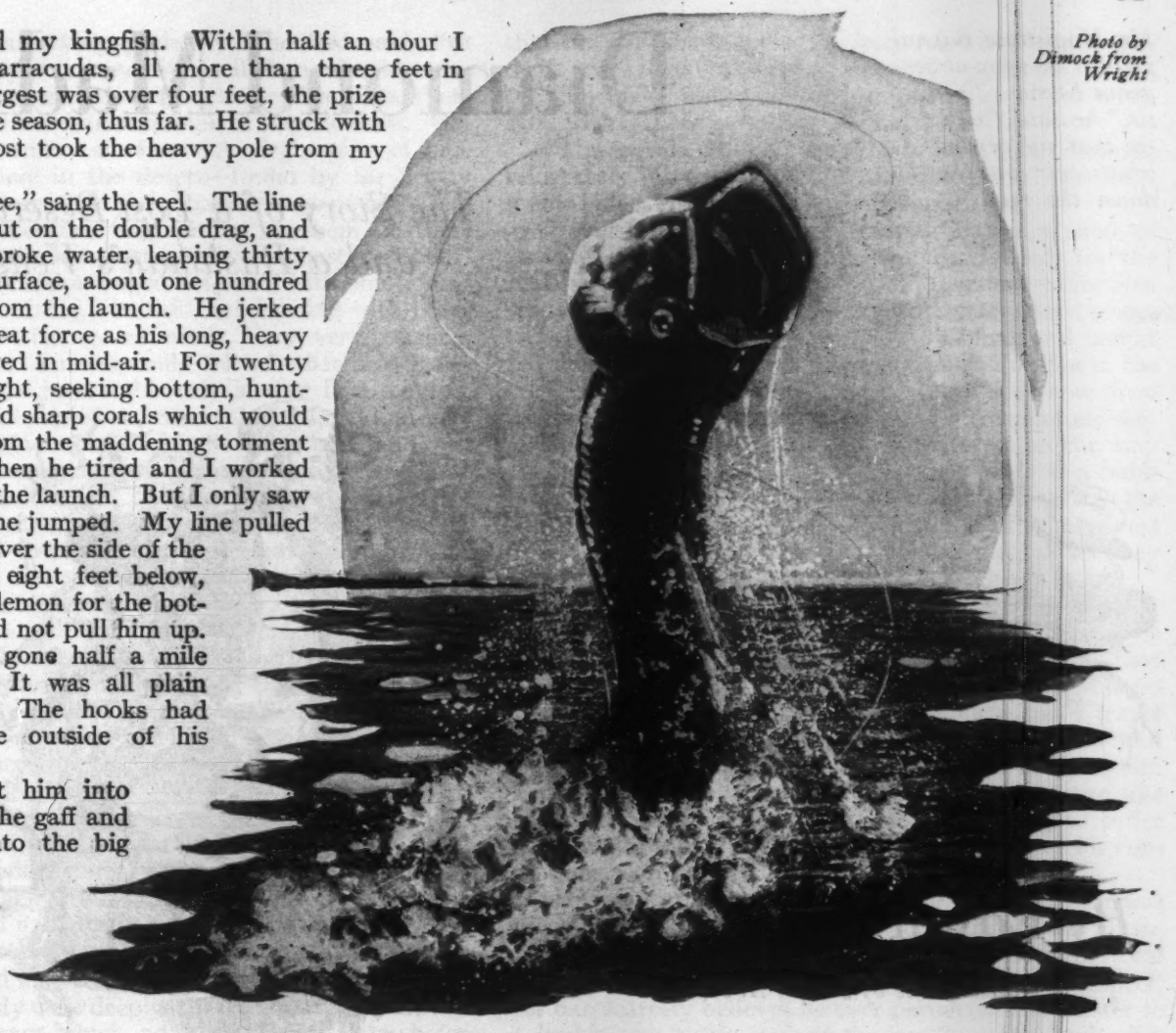
I was fishing along Alligator Reef when the bar-

racuda attacked my kingfish. Within half an hour I caught eight barracudas, all more than three feet in length. The largest was over four feet, the prize barracuda of the season, thus far. He struck with a jolt that almost took the heavy pole from my hands.

"Zip-zee-ee-ee," sang the reel. The line tautened as I put on the double drag, and the giant fish broke water, leaping thirty feet over the surface, about one hundred and fifty feet from the launch. He jerked the line with great force as his long, heavy body hung curved in mid-air. For twenty minutes he fought, seeking bottom, hunting the rocks and sharp corals which would cut him free from the maddening torment in his jaws. Then he tired and I worked him in close to the launch. But I only saw him once after he jumped. My line pulled straight down over the side of the boat. He was eight feet below, fighting like a demon for the bottom and I could not pull him up. When we had gone half a mile he weakened. It was all plain enough, then. The hooks had caught on the outside of his throat.

We brought him into the boat with the gaff and flopped him into the big fish box, with his huge head sticking over the edge. The long, thick, pliant body of this silver-striped cannibal of the sea, faintly barred and splotched, threshed furiously till the lid came into place. There were two men sitting on top of that lid while we cut out the double hooks.

Photo by Dimock from Wright



The tarpon has more tricks of releasing the hook than any other game fish

The barracuda has the curious habit of herding fish, much as a shepherd dog herds sheep, either until he has digested a previous meal or because, being thoroughly savage and bloodthirsty, he enjoys the game. Doctor Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History has seen a barracuda herding as many as one hundred and fifty small fish. There were gray snappers, twelve to sixteen inches long, parrot fishes, yellowtails, angel fishes, cockeye pilots and surgeon fishes. They paid little attention to Doctor Gudger, but seemed to be in abject terror of the great, glaring-eyed monster that lay in the shadow of the pier. Not one of them dared make a break for liberty. When a trolling spoon was thrown out to the big fish he slowly backed into deep water and the assembly broke up.

The Barracuda "Sport Royal" for Fishermen

THE barracuda is the most numerous game fish in the seas along southern Florida and is especially plentiful in spring. Though he goes like a flash, he is a medium speed fish in comparison with the sailfish. Because of his fearlessness and his inclination to strike at any moving object—he will not strike at anything at rest—the tiger of the sea is sport royal for the fisherman. A white rag attached to a hook and pulled rapidly through the water may lure the barracuda to its finish.

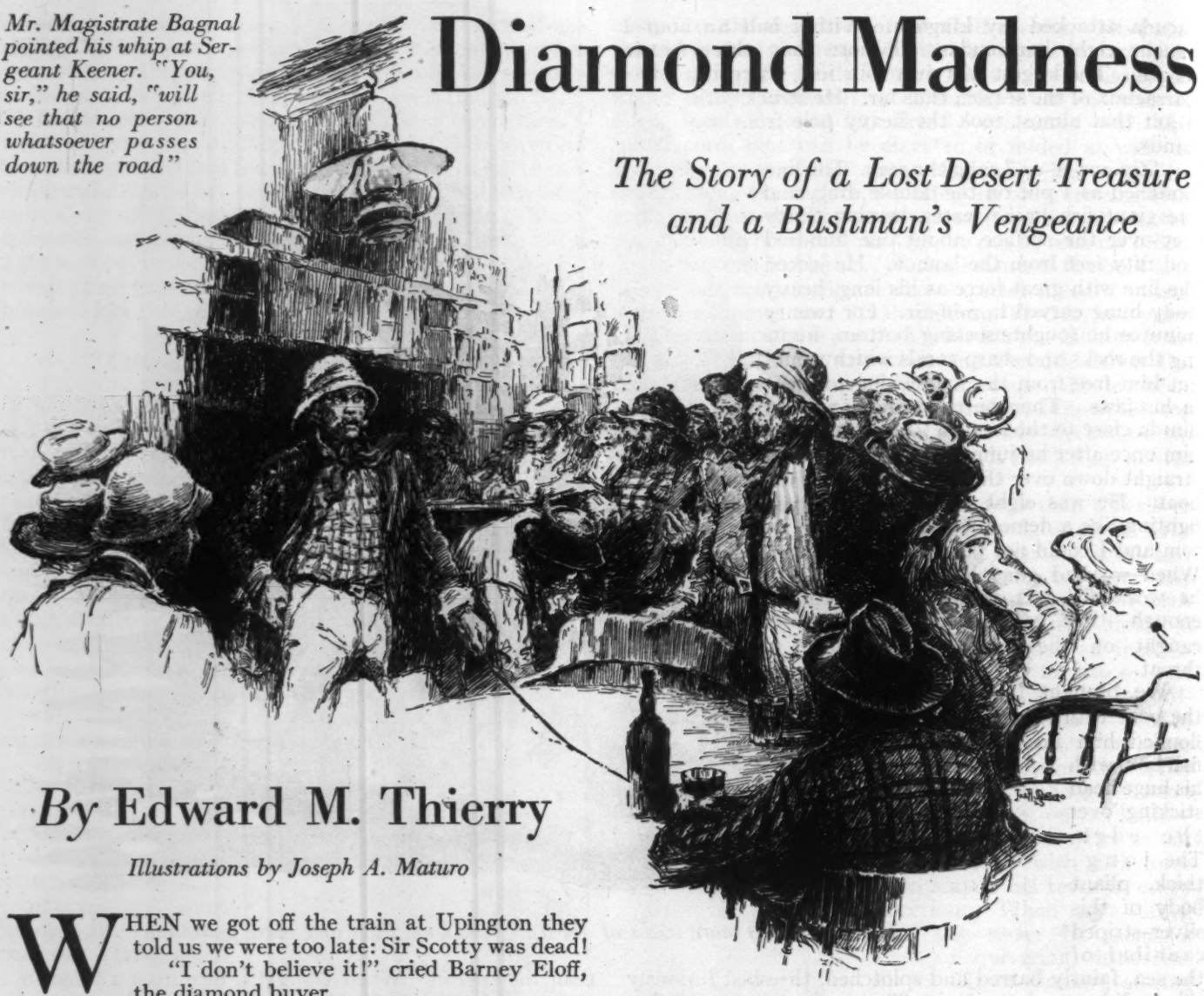
Strike hard when you get a bite from any other fish than the sailfish. When you get a bite from a kingfish, soak him! Jerk him for your life so he cannot throw it out. If he closes his jaws it is difficult to get the hook set, for he is a hard fighter, having a grip like a bulldog. The kingfish is one of the numerous mackerel group. Often he is a magnificent jumper, playing in wide arcs and circles. But even the barracuda will throw his great body six or eight feet from the water. The kingfish runs in great schools. Last winter no less than 34,000 pounds of kingfish were seined out of a school near Palm Beach.

The tarpon has more tricks of releasing the hook than any other of the great game fish. Even when a hook is well set, he will distend his gills as he leaps in frenzy from the water and, shaking his enormous head, will sometimes throw it fifty feet. He is really a big herring, spawning in fresh water, and is sometimes taken there. Again he is taken in brackish water in tidal currents and estuaries. The largest tarpon recorded in Florida weighed 208 pounds. The smallest weighed four and one-half ounces.

The trolling speed for tarpon depends altogether on the current. Two or three miles an hour is the average, but sometimes the tarpon will seize the bait from a launch going at full speed. As a general rule, fishermen plan to have their bait go at about the same speed a small fish would swim when not frightened. Tarpon are usually caught with heavier tackle than the lighter sailfish. The world's record sailfish was caught at Long Key. It weighed ninety-three pounds and was eight feet four inches long. The smallest recorded sailfish caught off Florida weighed eight pounds. The best speed at which to catch his crested majesty is five to seven miles an hour.

Diamond Madness

The Story of a Lost Desert Treasure and a Bushman's Vengeance



Mr. Magistrate Bagnal pointed his whip at Sergeant Keener. "You, sir," he said, "will see that no person whatsoever passes down the road"

By Edward M. Thierry

Illustrations by Joseph A. Maturo

WHEN we got off the train at Upington they told us we were too late: Sir Scotty was dead!

"I don't believe it!" cried Barney Eloff, the diamond buyer.

The news meant more to him than merely the time wasted in coming across South Africa to this forlorn fringe of civilization, where the straggling town of Upington hung baking on the very edge of the Kalahari desert.

"Where's Jantje, the Bushman? What does he say?" demanded Barney, as he wearily hoisted his small frame into the Cape cart.

"Just sits outside Sir Scotty's door—dumb as ever," said the driver. "Don't know when it happened—we only just heard of it. Queer, too, for Sir Scotty hadn't been sick." He added disgustedly: "That busts the old dream—that lost diamond mine of the Kalahari."

The reply seemed to enrage Barney Eloff. He frowned at the bit of the great desert that skirted the railroad track beyond the half-dry Orange river.

"There she is—the Kalahari!" he said bitterly. "Plague take her sands! Another mystery—another secret buried there. Sir Scotty's dead—and him reformed! I wonder what Mister Magistrate Bagnal thinks now, confound him! Why, he hounded the old chap into the grave!"

We had come to Upington for these very reasons: First, the Kalahari's secret; and second, this reformation of Sir Scotty, ex-bandit—strange mixture, indeed, of one-time gambler, bad man, illicit diamond buyer, revolutionist and killer, as well as prospector, diamond expert, and Boer War Scout with a D.S.O. A man of tremendous bulk was Sir Scotty, and he had the smile and the friendliness and the winning manner of a gigantic small boy. His name came from a legend that he really belonged to a noble family back in England, coupled with the fact that Scott was the name he gave the first time he fell afoul of the law against illicit diamond buying, in those early days in Kimberley, and was arrested as an I. D. B.

JANTJE, the Bushman, one of the few survivors of that vanishing race, was his shadow—a shriveled little person with a dog-like loyalty born of the day when Sir Scotty, picturesque leader of Kimberley diggers contesting the government's efforts to impose heavy taxation on diamonds, shot and killed Jantje's former master. The victim was an influential Boer who led the anti-English faction during the controversy between Cape Colony and Orange Free State over Kimberley's phenomenal riches.

This opened a remarkable feud between Sir Scotty and Peter Bagnal, nephew of the slain Boer, for years now a magistrate in Upington—a crusty old man who had sworn vengeance, the Mister Magistrate Bagnal who had earned many a public gibe for the stubborn vigil he kept over Sir Scotty's reform.

But this reform was not complete, Barney Eloff had explained to me. The grizzled little diamond buyer, a friend of Sir Scotty in the old days, came regularly once a year to plead with him. By luck, I was with him this trip.

"I have been trying patiently," he had said, "to induce Sir Scotty to become reconciled to mineral taxation and to reveal for the benefit of the legitimate markets of the world the lost diamond mine of the Kalahari. Oh, there is such a mine—no fear! A virgin pipe of blue ground somewhere in the desert—found by Sir Scotty during his wanderings in those bandit days of his. And never revealed because he'd rather let them lie there than submit to the heavy tax laws. A ghastly shame!"

Commercial candor tinged his voice with emotion.

"I've been waiting," he said, brightening with hope, "for Sir Scotty to change his mind. Very, very puzzling, the whole affair. I never could tell whether he'd really reformed, or was just stubbornly sitting in Upington, right on the doorstep of the desert, being good and holy under Mister Magistrate Bagnal's fishy eyes and just waiting for the mad old man to get tired and die and leave him alone. Oh, it hasn't been the law so much, or the government that cared, but this one man's vow of vengeance, and there's many of us that think personal avarice really lies under Mister Magistrate Bagnal's virtuous cloak of government duty."

BARNEY ELOFF told me about Jantje, the Bushman. A wild shriek of joy echoed the shot that killed the Boer that day in Kimberley—the diamond buyer said. It drowned the moaning noise the Boer made as his bulk slid into the dust of the street, where it lay in wrinkled disorder like a punctured balloon. The cry did not come from the crowd of miners, diamond buyers, gamblers and Kafirs that instantly jammed the street, but from a black dwarf who was executing a frenzied dance around the body. Only a rag of one-time breeches saved him from nakedness. He had the small, flat, skin-puckered face and the extremely low forehead of a Bushman. He could not have been more than sixteen, yet his face and his body were deeply scarred and he had the look of suffering years which no man should have before middle life. Here was Jantje.

Leaping lithely, and stooping, he scooped up two handfuls of dust which he threw with a gesture of contempt into the face of the Boer. And then, with a final cry of thanksgiving, he flung himself full length at the feet of Sir Scotty and rubbed his forehead on the killer's boots.

"*Baas!*" he breathed. "Master!"

A flow of strange words came pouring out, smothered, unintelligible, and punctuated by the clicking sounds of the Bushman's abbreviated language.

Thus Sir Scotty acquired Jantje, tortured boy of the Boer, cuffed, kicked and beaten in public times without number. Only Sir Scotty, remarkable man, knowing strange dialects no common digger knew, was aware that the Bushman was sending up a pæan of thanks, a pledge of everlasting loyalty to a new master, whose slave and servant and property he proclaimed himself to be. With a characteristic smile and nod that coolly and calmly accepted with superior dignity what is the due of the superior man, Sir Scotty spoke to the native. And Jantje, grinning, jumped up nimbly and stood proudly behind his master, whose shadow he was henceforth.

One of Kimberley's sporadic rebellions grew out of this. Peter Bagnal, studying law at Grahamstown University, fired to hatred and vindictiveness, rode on the power of his dead uncle's name into his vacant seat on the Town Council, and into appointment as special crown prosecutor. Sir Scotty was branded as murderer, rebel and diamond thief—and jailed.

Jantje would have been imprisoned, too, but he was slippery. Where he vanished nobody knew, but when Sir Scotty escaped jail shortly afterward it was established that the Bushman, appearing from nowhere, helped him do it. And they both slipped away into the Kalahari.

"Suicide!" said many, giving up Sir Scotty for dead. Not with Jantje as guide, Bagnal knew.

"Madness to follow," everybody said. And Bagnal, reluctantly forced to agree to the wisdom of this judgment, bided his time with devilish patience.

Devilish patience was necessary. It was a game of patient waiting, with pursuit madness indeed, for the Kalahari had taken heavy toll of venturesome white men who tried to explore it. Yet Sir Scotty remained somewhere in there, guided by the little Bushman and taught by him the secret of how his race managed to live in the trackless waste. That was years ago, yet even now there are countless unexplored miles of this tremendous segment of South Africa that lies in that spot on the map marked Bechuanaland, but is not really of it as a habitable fact. It is an arid blot on Africa second only to the Sahara, a thousand miles long and half as wide; rivers dent the map, but not the sands of the Kalahari, for they are waterless rivers.

Hints came out, though none dared investigate, that Sir Scotty and Jantje, shadowy guide, were in the mysterious reaches west of Kuruman, along the banks of that dry ditch full of grass and tall reeds called the Molopo River. No human beings, save Bushmen, could travel in the triangle of death formed by the Molopo and Orange Rivers, which meet at a point west of Upington. Only surmise can picture the life in there of a man like Sir Scotty, remarkably adaptable and willing to suffer anything in a fight he believed was as honest as his convictions were.

He was thrice armed by possessing Jantje. There was plenty of game, if one knew where to find it; and Bushmen knew, for they were hunters and not a pastoral people. Jantje doubtless extended himself in this respect, for one scarcely believes he ever permitted the master to take his own native way of the lazy hunter's food—digging ants out of gigantic ant heaps. So the white man must have eaten, and while the vengeful Bagnal waited patiently at the desert edge he had safety in the water which no white man could find, but which a Bushman got unerringly because he knew instinctively where a little digging would uncover the saving fluid; and he knew as well where to find patches of *Tsama* melons which were filled with water.

That was Barney Eloff's description of the early days together of Sir Scotty and Jantje, and of Mister Magistrate Bagnal's unappeased vigil.

AND now the diamond buyer told me how Bagnal had become a magistrate when Upington was only an outpost and the railroad undreamed. He did it to be near his quarry, but he did not reckon on the brilliant cunning of this lovable villain. South Africa watched the game and laughed in amusement. There was the time Sir Scotty suddenly appeared in Vryburg, posing as a farmer, gambled all night with two government tax collectors in a Vryburg bar, and won all the tax money they had been a month collecting. And again, he turned up at the Vaal River diggings and made a fiery speech to the alluvial diggers, condemning the government system of diamond taxation. And next, he actually slipped down to Kimberley, hatched a plot with three Kafirs, used their blind obedience to nip a fortune in diamonds out of a mine sorting room, boldly sold the loot to young diamond buyers who didn't know him, and escaped back to the Kalahari.

Sour Bagnal, fuming in his impotence, just sat there in Upington, waiting: sat there with his hate-shot eyes staring redly at the tiny bit of the Kalahari he could see,

keeping watch like a foolish fisherman sitting on a remote shore of the vast ocean waiting for a certain fish to be cast up to this particular spot from all the seven seas. And then at last, in wretched anticlimax for Mister Magistrate Bagnal, the quarry unexpectedly came straight to Upington.

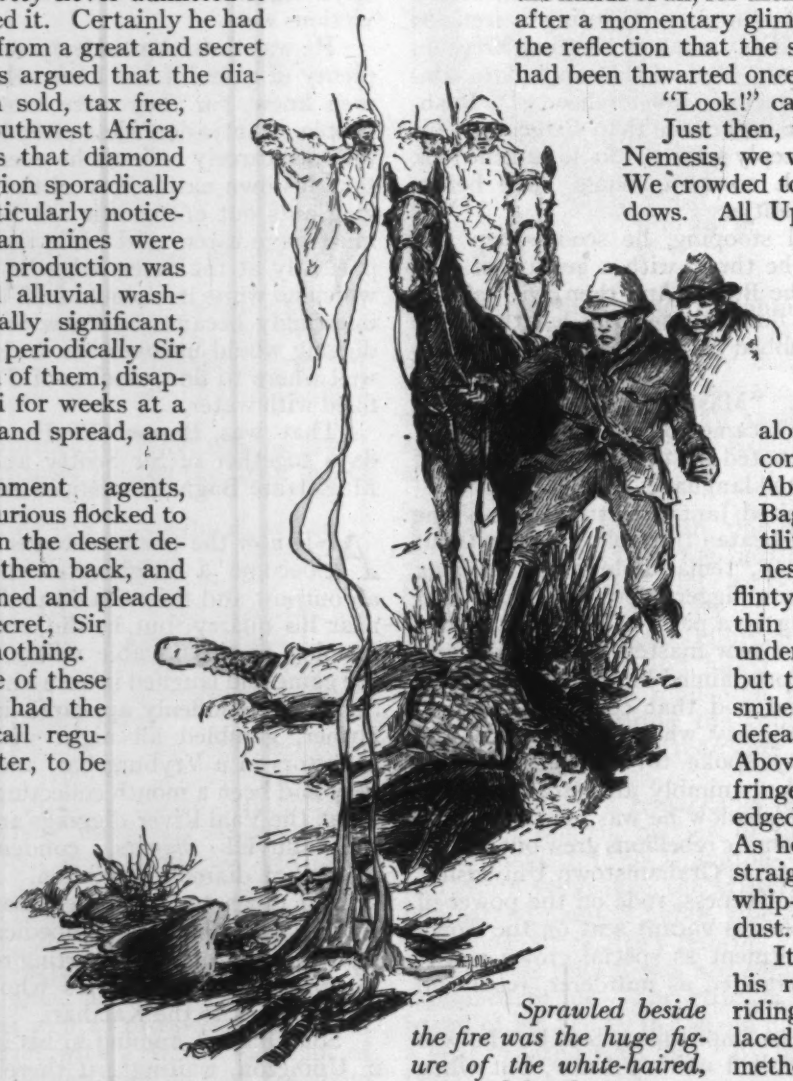
Sir Scotty returned to civilization at the end of the Boer War, in which he had taken a part as secret agent quite unknown to Bagnal, rendering the British army notable service through his unmatched knowledge of the country and his marvelous power over natives, whom he handled with a smile where other men failed with gun and *sjambok*. He bargained his volunteer services in wartime for a full pardon for the technical violations of the law standing against him, reserving however his personal antagonism against the statutes that took for the government sixty per cent of every natural find of diamonds and decreed a crime the possession of an uncut stone by any one except licensed prospectors, diggers and buyers.

Bitterly and unceasingly, Mister Magistrate Bagnal raged and moved power and politics to have his revenge. Nothing happened, except the very unexpected: Sir Scotty, growing gray now, bought some land on the edge of Upington, settled down to a quiet life, and astonished agriculturalists by cultivating among other things the wild desert melons Jantje had showed him. Jantje, the Bushman, was there too, his shadow and factotum.

Out of this sprang the legend of the lost diamond mine of the Kalahari. Sir Scotty never admitted it was true, and never denied it. Certainly he had wealth; and if this came from a great and secret find in the desert, it was argued that the diamonds might have been sold, tax free, through old German Southwest Africa. The significant fact was that diamond production from that region sporadically jumped, which was particularly noticeable because no German mines were developed and the scant production was entirely from individual alluvial washings. And it was equally significant, Upington thought, that periodically Sir Scotty or Jantje, or both of them, disappeared into the Kalahari for weeks at a time. The legend grew and spread, and the rush was on.

Prospectors, government agents, buyers, and the merely curious flocked to the Kalahari. And when the desert defeated them and turned them back, and they cajoled and threatened and pleaded and nagged for the secret, Sir Scotty smiled and said nothing.

Barney Eloff was one of these eager visitors. But he had the wit to be patient, to call regularly once a year thereafter, to be sympathetic, to appreciate Sir Scotty's viewpoint, and to cultivate friendship first and talk business afterward. So he had in Sir Scotty a faith which a man such as Mister Magistrate Bagnal, viewing all things sourly, never could have.



Sprawled beside the fire was the huge figure of the white-haired, red-faced giant

And now it appeared that Sir Scotty was dead! That was the report which electrified Upington. In the hotel bar the town was in convention, excitedly discussing the sensational news brought only an hour ago by a scared-faced Kafir who said Jantje, the Bushman, had sent him. The abrupt suddenness shifted talk and thought swiftly.

"Only yesterday he was here—standing there at the end of the bar," said a man, who was boasting how well he had known Sir Scotty.

"Bought Sergeant Keener a drink," spoke up the barman, "Keener of the B. S. A. P. There—ask him. I served him. Took his whisky and soda as usual. Nothing wrong with him then."

"Right," said Keener. Eyes on him, he added thoughtfully: "Seemed to have something on his mind. Very silent, and with a queer, sly smile. I asked him about it, and he just smiled and nodded."

"Yes, nodded," said the barman. "Stranger than usual. I marked it."

There was a sudden silence in the room.

"Stroke, perhaps," some one hazarded at length.

Barney Eloff, standing there with me, listened to the talk and said very little. He didn't seem to want to believe that Sir Scotty was dead.

"Wonder what Mister Magistrate Bagnal thinks?" he said, suddenly. "Beat him living, and now he's done it in dying. And the secret of the Kalahari goes with him to the grave."

That last was the tragic note that evidently was in the minds of all, for their eyes were solemn again after a momentary glimmer of amusement over the reflection that the stubborn old magistrate had been thwarted once more.

"Look!" came a voice, tensely.

Just then, thinking of Sir Scotty's Nemesis, we were called to see him. We crowded to the doorway and windows. All Upington was doing the same, I found, getting a glimpse down the town's principal street. Hot whispers carried the news fast. Out in the dusty road a tall old man was striding along as if disdainfully unconscious of his audience. About Mister Magistrate Bagnal was an air of hostility, superiority, officiousness, and his eyes were flinty and unfriendly. His thin lips were set tightly under a long white mustache, but they plainly wore a cold smile in which triumph and defeat seemed oddly mixed. Above his heavy red face a fringe of straggling white hair edged the brim of his helmet. As he came along he stared straight ahead, flicking the whip-end of a *sjambok* in the dust.

It occurred to me that in his rough flannel shirt and riding breeches and high-laced boots he looked to be methodically dressed for desert travel. And he wore a

holster, with a heavy revolver dangling at his side.

Barney Eloff said in a low tone: "Look at their faces. They all hate him."

Some one laughed sourly and said: "Well, confound him, his vigil's over!"

"Going down to make sure with his own eyes that Sir Scotty's dead," said a scornful voice. "And he'd take the shell of the man out and hang it if he dared! The rotten faker! Not all revenge, this feud of his, or the sanctity of the law, either. Sir Scotty's secret was what galled him—made his pockets itch. Diamonds are what he's been after all these years."

"Well, he'll not get them now," said Sergeant Keener, crisply. "I'm still betting on Sir Scotty, dead or alive."

"And on Jantje," said the barman, sagely.

A warning sounded in an amazed whisper: "Look! He's coming in!"

THE stern old man had halted abruptly in the road, as if discovering suddenly the crowd at the door of the bar. The crowd melted away, back into the room, and the tall figure was framed in the doorway, the sun at his back.

"Gentlemen!" he said in a voice that was icy in its austere and patronizing tone, yet hot in the sting that it carried. "Gentlemen, I wish to announce officially that the government, represented in my person by virtue of a telegraphic order, is about to take action to recover the wealth held unlawfully by the bandit known as Sir Scotty. I have stopped to tell you this, and to warn you"—here his knotty hand lingered for a moment on the butt of his revolver—"to warn you that any attempt to interfere by those of you who are known to have sympathized with the outlaw's rebellious views regarding diamonds and diamond taxation will be dealt with sternly and severely." He pointed his *sjambok* at Sergeant Keener. "You, sir," he said, "will see that these instructions are obeyed—and that no person whatsoever passes down this road to the bandit's house."

A flashing look around the place, and he wheeled in the doorway. In silence, we watched him march stiffly down the road.

You may find it difficult to believe that one person could overawe a roomful of grown men like these, men who had planted their roots in a young country by strength and daring and fighting courage. But the Colonials of South Africa own an inborn respect for law and the symbols of law, and although Bagnal had long been a joke to them and his tireless feud with Sir Scotty an amusing legend, the old man retained a sort of dignity that they found hard to erase. No matter what had gone before, what changes time had worked in his status, he remained a symbol of law, however grotesque.

SO these men of Upington slowly moved back to the bar. In the silence some one laughed. This infectious germ completely wiped out the mournful note in the conversation centering on Sir Scotty's name; and it rendered the magistrate's extraordinary pronouncement so comic that the suddenly flaring hostility against him vanished.

"You, sir——" began the veteran barman in a sepulchral voice, puffing out his cheeks, and pointing a spoon at Sergeant Keener as Bagnal had done with his whip of rhino hide.

The sergeant made a droll face and snapped to a burlesqued salute. Everybody roared with laughter, and fell to the round of drinks which Barney Eloff, with a covert and mirthless wink to me, had quietly ordered.

"Why, the old scarecrow——" began Sergeant Keener, as if suddenly doubtful whether to laugh or be angry. But this only added to the noisy crowd's hilarity.

Barney Eloff was saying nothing, but he contrived to have another drink speedily in front of each one at the bar, and with exaggerated gusto he steered the joke further along its course by bawling out a toast:

"Here's to the new-blooming Governor General, Mister Magistrate Bagnal!"

That gave the party momentum. My friend, the diamond buyer, motioned me to a table a little removed from the crowd eddying about the bar. As I strolled over and sat waiting, I saw him edge around beside Sergeant Keener and under cover of the loud talk and laughter unobtrusively maneuver him to my table.

"Don't drink that, sergeant. Listen," said Barney Eloff in an undertone, and Keener put down his glass untouched and looked at him wonderingly. "Slip out, both of you—one at a time, after I go," the diamond buyer said in a cautious whisper. "Don't let this crowd know, or there'll be trouble. Something's happening that we've got to stop. Hurry—but be careful. Meet me behind the hotel."

The sergeant covered the amazement in his eyes with a hand to his face. All trace of the liquor he had taken was vanished, and he was fully alert. His eyes put a question.

"I mean," answered Barney Eloff, pretending to drink, "that I don't believe Sir Scotty's dead!"

SIR SCOTTY'S house had a simplicity befitting the man. It was a mere shack, almost hidden in a group of trees on the desert side of a little hill reached by the road that petered out into cart tracks after passing the hotel. These were the last trees to be seen, only sparse and burnt-out vegetation appearing in the stretches beyond, where valleys of sand and *kopjes* of rock marked the Kalahari.

There had been a crowd of curious townspeople about the place in spite of old Bagnal's stern order, and apparently some of them had been there before his arrival. We three—Barney Eloff, Sergeant Keener and myself—met some of the stragglers as we reached the road by a detour. Interest seemingly had flagged with them. They had come, they said, to see Sir Scotty's body and had found the house locked, with stony-faced Jantje guarding the door and muttering convincingly that none should disturb his master's slumber. This had not seemed strange to them, and they respected the wizened Bushman's attitude. And then, scarcely an hour ago, had come Mister Magistrate Bagnal.

"Jantje wouldn't let His Nibs in, either," said one of the stragglers, as if still enjoying the joke.

"Didn't want to go in very much," amplified another. "No good peeking at Sir Scotty's shell, thinks Mister Magistrate Bagnal, no doubt. What *he* wanted was the diamonds. Wanted to pinch the diamonds—and the lost mine, as well. Gone to do it, too."

"What?" said Barney Eloff. He didn't say it as if surprised, but he had a worried look.

"Why, Mister Magistrate Bagnal's gone, that's what. Cursed Jantje, the Bushman. Ordered us back to town, and said we were not to interfere with the law! The law! That's a comic one! Shoved his revolver in the Bushman's face and marched him around and took the only two horses Sir Scotty had. Then they rode away. The old idiot's cracked, I think—balmy!"

"Rode away?" exclaimed Sergeant Keener. "Where to?"

"Where else? Straight out into the Kalahari!"

Somebody snickered. "Gone after Sir Scotty's lost diamond mine—but he'll be looking for *Tsama* melons instead!"

"That desert! He's welcome!" said another, meaningly.

Barney Eloff gave a nervous laugh. The stragglers passed on, gossiping, and when they were out of hearing he spoke excitedly to Sergeant Keener.

"They're absolutely right!" he exclaimed. "Just as I thought—the old devil has collared Jantje at the point of a gun to make him lead the way to the lost mine. Government be hanged! It's his own private scheme. He's waited these years—and now he'll pinch everything for himself. We've got to go after them."

"Right!" said Keener, promptly. "Or somebody'll follow Sir Scotty to the grave. But it won't be Jantje!"

We lost no time after that. The sergeant led the way and we took a short cut that kept us clear of the town and brought us in surprisingly quick time to the headquarters of the B. S. A. P. troop. A brief report was made to the lieutenant in command, and at Barney Eloff's suggestion two troopers were dispatched to guard Sir Scotty's house. A mounted squad of half a dozen men was detailed under Sergeant Keener's command for the chase into the desert. Horses were provided for the diamond buyer and myself and the pursuit was quickly under way, all of us equipped for a desert march.

Sergeant Keener came rushing in, excitedly waving a scrap of paper. "Look at this!" he cried

Striking back for the road we had left, we paused at Sir Scotty's house only long enough to pick up the trail and to look through the window at the sheeted form that could be dimly seen on the bed inside. The two troopers were on guard at the locked house of death, patrolling front and rear in expectation of the crowd that was sure to pour out there from Upington the moment the news spread of Bagnal's venture into the Kalahari with his Bushman prisoner.

"We can't go far, even with the water we've got," said Sergeant Keener pessimistically, as we got under way again. "We've got to catch them quickly, or find a *Tsama* patch. Otherwise we must turn back. There is no waterhole trail into the desert from Upington, you know."

"That fool magistrate's no better off than we are," growled Barney Eloff. "The Bushman can find water fast enough, but I'll bet five quid to a *tikkie* he'll never show the magistrate." Gloom and a shadow of the old doubt crept into his voice as he added: "And that diamond mine! Poor old Sir Scotty took his secret with him—if he's really dead. Except for what Jantje knows, and I'll stake my life that the wrinkled little chap won't tell—even at the point of a gun!"

Quickly we left behind every trace and memory of habitation. We went over a rise that dropped us into a flat and dreary expanse of sand and rock and stunted growths. It was a dull-brown picture of a world stripped of life. Here and there was a small dead-looking bush, or some dried and blistered grass, and occasionally a boulder with lizards flashing under it, the only living things visible to the eye. The sun beat down and its burning rays were thrown back at us by the gleaming sand.

I nodded in the saddle. Envy grew in me for the stamina displayed by the troopers, no doubt accustomed to a certain amount of desert travel. But I wondered how Barney Eloff, who was unused to this sort of life, kept alert; whether after all he might be spurred by loyal friendship for Sir Scotty, by a real hope that the reformed bandit was not dead, or whether he was stimulated purely by commercial diamond madness.

Hour after hour we went on, and I revived to the point where I could take interest in what was going on only when the sun dropped behind a distant rocky pile and sudden atmospheric relief was given us. When darkness came we stopped and made camp near a clump of withered bush astride another rise.

"We've got to stop," said Sergeant Keener. "It's too dark to see their tracks. They must stop, too—and they can't be more than an hour or two ahead of us, at best."

I welcomed the respite. But it was to be interrupted. We had made a fire, eaten some of the food brought along, and were lying on the sand resting when one of the troopers reported a far-away light. Barney Eloff's dejection, which had deepened with our enforced halt, vanished in a cry of relief, and Sergeant Keener leaped up in excitement.

"White man, surely!" he exclaimed. "Either old Bagnal or a stray explorer. No Bushman ever made a fire at night in the desert."

Instantly we were ordered into the saddle. Our horses were spent, as we were. But Sergeant Keener estimated the distant fire as only a couple of hours' ride. To me the journey seemed much longer. We made slow progress over the sand in the darkness, and often an intervening rise obscured the objective beacon. Finally we could see it plainly, and once we distinctly heard a distant cry.

We spurred our horses on. I had an uncanny feeling of trouble. Shortly the fire threw ghostly shadows before us. Sergeant Keener, who was in the lead, was the first off his horse. His figure stood out blackly against the firelight. Then he uttered a shout.

When we rushed up we [*Continued on page 116*]

The Man Who Knew How

Nemesis Lurks in the Snows to Upset His Theory of "Perfect" Crime

By Allanson Shaw

Illustrations by John A. Haelen

GRANTHAM took the evening paper from the waiter, spread it upon the table, and ran his finger down the list of theatrical advertisements.

Meanwhile his companions, Stenhouse and Sarthe, commented briefly and usually with disfavor upon the various items he read. Finally they agreed that Montreal, this night, had no show attractive enough to take them from the cheery restaurant into the snow of the January night.

They were Eastern Township men, in town on business in which they were jointly interested—three distinct types: Grantham, weather-tanned and blunt of speech; Stenhouse, a keen-faced lawyer; Sarthe, youngest of the three, and still in the early thirties, good-looking, with quick, nervous gestures and restless eyes. The two elder men had long been financially established; Sarthe was a newcomer who had leaped in a very few years from timekeeper in one of the Township mines to wealth.

There were naturally those who disparaged him, the gist of the criticism being that he had grown rich by exploiting the labor of other men. In the feverish war days, when the asbestos and chrome belt was being combed over for the minerals the Allies sorely needed, Sarthe had brought his alert ability to the aid of prospecting miners who were better with pick than pen. Sarthe fixed things for them, and detractors said that when the miner had time to survey results he found that while he had the shells, Sarthe had the oyster. The criticism Sarthe took smilingly, as tribute to his ability; the assassin shoots at kings, presidents and millionaires, not at the rank and file, he argued.

Abandoning the entertainment quest, Grantham's eyes scanned the other pages of the last edition until something arrested them.

"So that New York murderer went to the chair this morning," he said. "By the looks of it, that was about the most cleancut job I ever read of. Woman killed in a hotel bedroom with lead piping; nobody got a look at the man—he just nipped in, killed, and nipped out again, dropping into New York's millions with a ten-hour start. If that dentist up in Harlem had wrapped the tooth powder, three months before the murder, in plain paper, instead of using a sheet from a prescription pad with his name on it, likely enough there would have been no scene in the Sing Sing death chamber this morning. It looked the perfect crime."

"There is no such thing as the perfect crime," said Stenhouse, lazily crushing cigarette stump into ash tray. "There never can be one because of the fundamental law of things. A bad thing is always flawed—*always*," he added emphatically.

"Then why are so many murders never cleared up?" asked Sarthe.

"Genius of the criminal in covering up—lack of vision in those who should run him down," replied Stenhouse. "The flaw has escaped the investigator's vision. There's always the loose thread in crime's design."

"I don't believe it," declared Sarthe bluntly. "Crime can be planned and executed as perfectly as any other project; it all depends on knowing how and being attentive to detail."

"You can't know how," objected Stenhouse.

"Of course, if the chap's a bungler——"

"He is always a bungler," said Stenhouse. "The criminal is up against an unknown spiritual factor that he can't figure on. Opposite him at the chessboard is an invisible, infinitely cleverer player—keen, ironic, humorous. He touches forward a pawn in the crisis and—checkmate! A button drops from the criminal's coat; the cobbler patched the shoe oddly; the dentist, in the case Grantham was just discussing, wrapped the powder in the slip months before the crime was probably ever thought of, and he paid the price this morning."

"There need be no mistake if the man keeps his wits," said Sarthe.

"No use arguing with

"Infernally queer!" pronounced Pete, when he found the cigar box empty

him," interposed Grantham. "Sarthe's put over so many tricks that he knows what he's talking about."

Sarthe threw back his head and laughed noisily—it was a tribute to him.

"Anyway, I put my tricks, as you call them, across," he rejoined.

THE topic dropped and the men gave themselves to enjoyment of the music and the gaiety of the scene.

"I see the Setons are here," said Stenhouse, surveying the room.

"Ellen Seton?" queried Sarthe eagerly. "Where?" His eyes followed the glance of the lawyer. "I wonder if I could get a dance."

Impulsively he rose and crossed the room to the Setons' table.

"Invincible nerve!" commented Grantham. "He'd shoulder his way through the pearly gates if Peter didn't look out keenly."

It was clear, however, that Sarthe was not successful.

"Sharp frost! Nothing doing!" observed Grantham drily.

Sarthe returned to the table, smiling and in no way abashed.

"Delightful girl—Ellen Seton," he declared.

"But she wouldn't dance!" said Grantham.

"Stop kidding," grinned Sarthe. "Now there's a girl with what I call style. If she has the luck to pick the right man—a man with money enough to dress her right and put her where she belongs in the social show, she'll be hard to beat."

"The Setons have been pretty much in that show for a few generations back," mused Stenhouse drily.

"Trouble is they're broke now," said Sarthe. "Pedigree's all right when there's stuff back of it. You've got to bring together the old stock, with their traditions, and the new blood—the comers."

"They say Miss Seton's arranged for already," observed Grantham. "Jack Cochrane's the man, so I've heard."

"Cochrane! Who's Cochrane?" scoffed Sarthe. "What's he got to offer a woman? He's poor as Seton himself."

"He's got a fine name, first-grade mining engineer's ability, four and a half years' record over seas," was Grantham's answer.

A frown crossed Sarthe's face. He hated war talk; for during the war he had been at home doing "indispensable" work.

"Why, there's Cochrane just coming in," said Stenhouse.

THE newcomer saw the Setons in a rapid survey of the room and made his way to their table. A few minutes later the orchestra struck up a particularly vivacious tune; Cochrane spoke smilingly to Ellen, and they rose and joined the dancers. Grantham glanced at Sarthe, whose eyes were on the pair, and he noted the man's angry flush.

"Dancing, like kissing, goes by favor!" Grantham twisted the barb.

"Oh, quit your funniments!" snapped Sarthe savagely.

Shortly after the dance the Setons left, Cochrane accompanying them to the door. Returning, he caught sight of the three men and crossed to them.

Sarthe seemed to have recovered poise, for he was cordial. Naturally, conversation turned on the inevitable mining. Cochrane told them that he had just returned from England.

"Where next, Jack? Coming into the Townships?" asked Grantham.

"Yes, but off the beaten track a bit," the other replied. "I'm going in on my own. You know that Dorgan tract, up in the hills?"

"Thirty miles from everywhere!" nodded Grantham.

"Not when the surveyed spur track is built," replied Cochrane.

"Optioned the land?" asked Stenhouse.

"Not yet."

"I would, if I were going to put in work on it."

"I probably shall."

"Dorgan's all right when he's tied down," the lawyer laughed.

"So I've heard; we have an understanding."

"Best understandings are on paper with signatures to them."

After more or less desultory chat Cochrane presently left.

"Queer he should have hit on that Dorgan land," commented Grantham. "I've always had a hunch there might be something in it. Dorgan's always been spinning yarns about it, but all the farmers in that country do the same. Wouldn't be surprised if Cochrane ran into luck. Fortune's a woman and if she thinks a man isn't breaking his neck about her, she'll come near breaking hers to get him. I'd like to see him make a killing for his own sake, as well as for the sake of that nice girl who'll be Mrs. Cochrane one of these days."

The effect of the last remark upon Sarthe was astonishing, but it was characteristic of his impulsive fieriness. He pushed back his chair angrily and rose, muttering something about taking in a show, after all.

"That last shot got him where it hurt," observed Stenhouse. "He has his mind fixed on Ellen Seton, and he's a hard fighter and an unscrupulous one."

"I meant it should get him," said Grantham impenitently. "Fancy a man of his stripe thinking he can get Ellen Seton. That's one thing he doesn't know how to manage."

AUTUMN had been unusually prolonged. Cochrane had spent a hard seven months since he took to the hills in the spring. The result of his toil had satisfied him; when Ellen, with her father, had come up in the late summer for a few brief hours, he had been happy to tell her that his expectations of finding a rich deposit seemed likely to be fulfilled. It was now the first week in December; the week before he had paid off the two men who had worked with him, and sent them back to their farms. He himself had lingered to put things shipshape for winter, rest up and consider plans at uninterrupted leisure. He was planning to go down to close matters with Dorgan in a day or two. As the visible result of his toil there was a deep gash in the hillside, over which swung cable and dumping box from a small steam derrick.

Standing now on the ridge, he filled his pipe reflectively, his gaze on the sweep of country beneath him. The brilliance of autumn foliage had vanished, and over the world about him had come that stillness which presages the lapse of Nature into her deep five-months' sleep.

The little stream that ran down the hillside was fringed deeply with ice; the half-dozen small lakes dotting the country below were flat white patches, their waters already imprisoned; the trees, except the evergreens, were stripped and gauntly bare, prepared for overdue storm and bitter weather. Not a house was in sight; no living creature moved perceptibly over the broad expanse. The sun was setting in heavy clouds over the fringe of the western hills. The air was keen, but less sharp than it had been.

"Snow's not far off," mused Cochrane aloud, moving toward the shack he had built at the edge of the clearing.

He entered the two-room shack, made a fire and put the kettle over it, then returned to the open to bring in firewood for the evening. With arms filled, he suddenly paused to listen, then dropped the wood and walked to a spot whence he could see the end of the trail that ran through the small belt of trees. He had heard the trampling of a horse in the thickly-strewn leaves. Presently horse and rider emerged, and Cochrane saw Sarthe.

"I was over in Armagh, so I thought I'd look you up," Sarthe

When Ellen came up for a few brief hours, he was happy to tell her that his prospects were good

greeted, at sight of the other man.

"That was mighty good of you," Cochrane welcomed his visitor. "Let me take your horse; I've a warm stable back of the shack and lots of hay and oats; the men I had with me kept a horse here, and they've gone, so we can make the old boy comfortable." He patted the horse, which nuzzled his arm in friendly fashion.

"And how are you making out?" Sarthe asked, as they came from the stable.

"Not half bad," replied Cochrane. "Come and have a look." They walked to the edge of the pit.

"Not half bad should mean wholly good," smiled Sarthe, eying keenly the excavation and the dump on the edge of the pit. "I'm glad of it." He picked up pieces of asbestos-bearing rock from the ground, and picked at the vein. Then they entered the shack.

"I hope you're hungry," said the host. "The kettle's boiling, and the rest won't take much time preparing."

"Hungry as a bear!" laughed Sarthe.

"Fine—that is, if you're up to the fare I have. I'm closing up for winter in a day or two, so supplies are not very varied, but if bacon, beans and a few eggs will do you, the establishment can rise to these."

"What more could a hungry man want?" replied Sarthe cordially.

Soon the hot food and coffee were on the table, and both men eating with the zest of hungry outdoor folks. By the time dishes had been put away darkness had fallen.

"I'd better be getting along," said Sarthe, looking toward the sliver of moon over the tree fringe.

"Surely not!" replied Cochrane hospitably. "I've a decent bed to offer you, so there's no use riding home tonight. Remember, it's seven months since I had any one but my two Frenchmen to talk to, and their range of topic is not wide."

"Suits me if I'm not inconveniencing you."

"You're a veritable Good Samaritan!" responded Cochrane.

Sarthe took half a dozen cigars from his pocket and threw them on the table.

"May be a change after that native stuff you're smoking."

"Wonderful!" said Cochrane, lighting one.

BEFORE the stove in the dim light of the oil lamp they smoked and talked, Cochrane telling of his work. The shack was a roughly-built place of bare boards, with little about it in the way of ornamentation, but on a small table near the window stood a silver portrait frame, with the photograph of Ellen Seton in it. Now and again Sarthe noted the absorbed gaze with which Cochrane regarded the picture, especially when he narrated something that indicated success. Sarthe knew that the prospector valued victory as it related to Ellen Seton, and a great envy tinged with hate swept over him. Once, when Cochrane stepped out to see that the horse was snug for the night, Sarthe picked up the portrait and regarded it long and intensely, replacing it and mastering his emotion as he heard his host approach.

"It is snowing, but I don't think it will amount to much," said Cochrane, entering the shack.

Presently they went to their beds on opposite sides of the room. Cochrane fell asleep at once, but Sarthe was restless, his mind revolving what his host had told him about his prospects and thoughts of the connection between the other man's success and Ellen Seton. If luck had come his way, then it would not be long before Grantham's prophecy regarding the marriage of Ellen and Cochrane would be fulfilled.

The room was not quite dark, for flickering rays of light came through chinks in the top of the old stove, and across the room Sarthe could dimly see the picture of Ellen Seton. When at last he did lose consciousness his sleep was deep and long. Cochrane was busy about the place when his guest waked.

"Slept like a log," said Sarthe, as he dressed.

"Breakfast's ready when you're fixed up. There are water, soap and towel on the box there that serves as washstand. What you want and don't see, just ask for!" laughed Cochrane. "It's snowing heavily—been at it might and main, all night. I was out in my guess," he added.

"Think I'd better be moving along," said Sarthe.

"Better wait till it stops," replied Cochrane. "I think I'll go along with you; there's an old, but quite usable sleigh at the back of the stable, and I've a set of harness. Perhaps your horse will not mind the indignity of being put into the shafts in the emergency."

He did not notice the black frown that swept over Sarthe's face, but the man's reply struck him unpleasantly.

"He's never been in shafts that I know of," said Sarthe, quite untruthfully. Then, as he saw something of surprise on Cochrane's face, he added: "But we'll make the best of it, and if he busts the rig we'll have to scramble along some way."

"If you don't think it advisable——" began Cochrane.

"My dear fellow! Of course it's advisable. We'll move down together as soon as the snow stops," Sarthe answered.

Instead of stopping, the storm increased in vigor as the day wore on. The world without was a white, whirling wilderness; the wind had risen and was blowing in great gusts about the house; the cold had intensified and sharpened perceptibly as the hours went by. The men planned to make a start early in the afternoon, whether the storm abated or not, and Cochrane hastened his closing-up arrangements, preparatory to their departure.

At noon he went to the pit, descended the ladder to bring up some tools that had been left on the floor of the excavation. He was ascending when, some distance from the bottom, his foot slipped on an icy rung of the ladder, and before he could get a firm grip on the sides he fell, his leg twisting under him, causing excruciating pain. Leaving the tools, he began the painful climb and managed to scramble out of the pit and make his way to the shack.

"What's the matter, Cochrane?" asked Sarthe, as his host crawled into the room.

"Had a fall—twisted or broke my leg, I don't know which." Sarthe helped him to remove his clothes and made an examination.

"I don't think it's broken," he said. "Seems more like a bad sprain. I'll bandage it for you."

He fetched water, bathed the leg, then bandaged it tightly. When the task was done Cochrane tried to walk, but dropped in sheer pain.

"I think we ought to make a start," he said. "Things look as if they would be worse rather than better."

Sarthe made no immediate reply to the suggestion, but opened the door, admitting a great flurry of snow, and looked out upon the storm-swept world. For minutes he stood there, deep in thought, heedless of bitter wind and white, driving gale, as if calculating chances and debating decisions. Then he turned again and closed the door.

"We can't go in this," he said. "It would be foolish to make the attempt. Why, you can't see half a dozen yards ahead, and the darkness will be down in an hour or so. Perhaps the leg will be better in the morning. Anyway, we're better off here than in that white, howling wilderness outside. I don't believe my horse would face it, as a matter of fact," he added.

The opinion seemed sound, so Cochrane acceded.

"Luckily we've plenty of provisions, such as they are," he said. "There's only one thing we are really short of—that's matches. I've just one small box left—up there on the shelf. Better take it down and put the matches in that cigar box on the wall, then we'll know just how they're going. There's a strip of the stuff to strike the safeties on tacked on the cigar-box side."

SARTHE took down the box and put the contents aside, as directed. They looked astonishingly few.

"Yes, we must surely go easy," he said, tossing the empty box back on the shelf. "I don't think I've a match left on me. Riding over, I had quite a task to get my cigar going, and must have wasted nearly a boxful." He took out a silver match case, to find it empty; searched every pocket with the same result.

All the afternoon the storm raged with unabated fury, the snow veiling the landscape in vast, whirling, thick clouds; the wind increased rather than decreased in violence, the trees at the back of the shack creaking and groaning under its onslaughts; now and again a crash told of the victorious rage of the tempest. Night brought no alleviation of the storm's fury.

Sarthe did not sleep after the light was extinguished, but lay in deep thought, his eyes turned toward the portrait of the girl on the table. When the fire died down he thought of replenishing it, then changed his mind. Cochrane was restless, tossing about in his sleep uneasily, occasionally uttering a groan as some twist hurt the injured limb.

Intently Sarthe listened to him; the darkness in the room grew more intense, the cold sharper. Would Cochrane never fall asleep?

Then the wind ceased and the beating of the snow on

the window stopped, the stillness after the turbulence being eerie. It seemed that half the night had gone when the regular breathing of Cochrane told Sarthe that the sleep was deep. And still the listener waited—how long he could not have told.

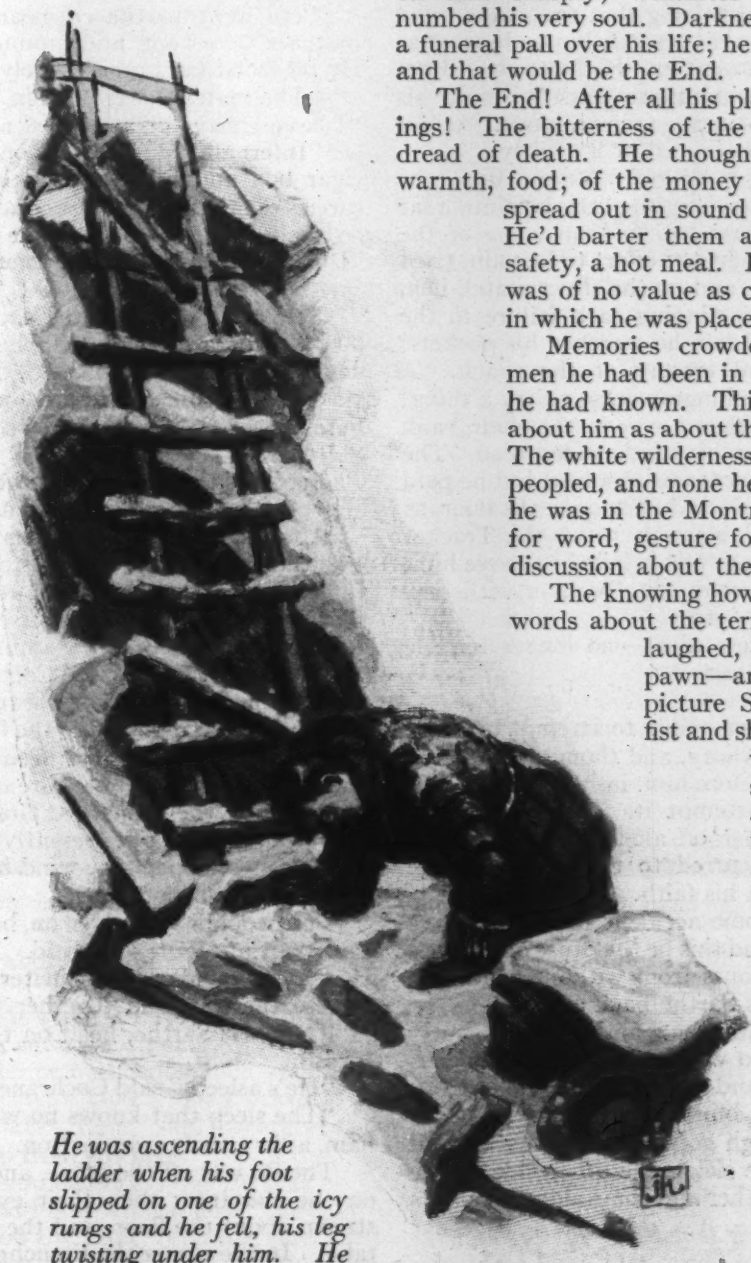
Finally he crept quietly from the bed, put on the upper clothes he had discarded, and dressed completely. Even now the cold within the room was sharp, and the man shivered. Softly he stole to Cochrane's side, and, bending over, assured himself that the other man was in deep sleep. Then he returned to his own bedside, and for several minutes stood there, in deep thought. His eyes turned in the darkness toward the unseen, but visible portrait; then, slowly, he veered away from it, no longer desiring to visualize it—for the moment he desired to forget it.

At length he made his way to the cigar box, took out the matches and stowed them away carefully in his match case, which was large; carefully he felt the inside of the box in order to make sure that he had not left one match. Stealthily he groped about the shelf, seeking the box he had thrown upon it; presently his fingers found the small, square thing, and he put that, too, in a dry inside pocket.

He put on his sheep-lined riding coat, drew his fur cap snugly down over his ears, pulled on heavy seal riding gloves, and, opening the door stealthily, went out, closing it behind him. Outside the door he waited, wondering if Cochrane had been roused. If the man within called he would tell him that he was going to see if the horse was comfortable—but there was no sound. The whole world was wrapped in stillness.

Saddling the horse speedily, he led it out of the barn and clearing, mounting when he reached the trail and going his way. Through the wood the going was easy, but when he emerged on the farther side difficulties began. It was a night of Egyptian darkness, the snow had begun to fall again and the wind whimpered like a roused child.

Sarthe had a general idea of the direction he should take, and headed thither. The task was one of infinite toil, the horse picking his slow way where the snow seemed to be lightest. When at last faint light mitigated the darkness, the way was no less difficult. No recognizable landmark could be seen; the world was but a whirling eddy of white particles that seemed bent on baffling with fiendish purpose this man who sought safety.



He was ascending the ladder when his foot slipped on one of the icy rungs and he fell, his leg twisting under him. He scrambled up painfully

On and on man and beast struggled, slowly and still more slowly—the hidden sun, the shrouded world, the furious elements, all in one deadly league against them, bent on destroying and obliterating. Whether Sarthe was traveling east or west, south or north, or swinging always in a circle, he did not know.

His watch told him it was noon, and shortly after that he knew that his horse could go no farther; its head drooped, its sides sobbed convulsively. Finally the poor beast stopped, absolutely exhausted, and neither coaxing nor cursing nor blow could make it stir another step.

With a furious oath Sarthe dismounted; with clenched fist he struck the spent animal on the ice-fringed nose, then stepped back and kicked the heaving sides. In utmost weariness the horse that had fought to bring the man to safety sank in the snow and lay there, motionless.

Maddened by a sense of impotence, Sarthe turned away, and plowed through the deep snow. The short day was ending and with the fall of darkness the snow stopped and the cold became more bitter. Hunger was on him sharply; weariness and blank hopelessness numbed his very soul. Darkness would fall presently like a funeral pall over his life; he would sink into the snow and that would be the End.

The End! After all his pleadings, successes, schemings! The bitterness of the thought was worse than dread of death. He thought of his home—its light, warmth, food; of the money he had in the bank, and spread out in sound investments. His riches! He'd barter them all in an instant for fire, safety, a hot meal. He realized that all he had was of no value as currency in the emergency in which he was placed.

Memories crowded thick upon him: the men he had been in business with; the women he had known. Things long forgotten surged about him as about the mind of a drowning man. The white wilderness was no longer lonely, but peopled, and none he saw were friends. Again he was in the Montreal restaurant, and, word for word, gesture for gesture, he recalled the discussion about the perfect crime.

The knowing how! He recalled Stenhouse's words about the terrible, invisible player who laughed, pushed forward the little pawn—and ended the game. At the picture Sarthe raised an impotent fist and shook it toward the heavens, where it seemed an Inscrutable Face looked down and silently mocked. Furiously he cursed Stenhouse and his preachings, Grantham and his blunt gibes—Cochrane, the loved of Ellen Seton. He thought he could see the face of the girl, but the smile had left her face, and accusation, reproach, condemnation, were there in its place. She looked—he thought—as God would look, if there were a God.

The way he plowed was up a slight incline;

he had no hope that when he reached the top he would find anything to raise his dead hopes to life again; just as well sink down and die here! But something urged him on, and so he struggled forward.

At last he reached the top and gazed down the other side, dimly seen in the dusk, his eyes staring unbelievingly. Then hope leaped up with an exultant bound and he uttered a hoarse cry of triumph, as he plunged onward to the shelter of the hut that stood a little way off.

He toiled up to the hut as if it were heaven. Evidently it had not been occupied for some time, for the hinges were rusted and the door hard to open, though it was but latched and ice-locked. There was a window in the place, he noticed, and that was whole.

In the room were an old table, a rusty stove and a chair. Then his eyes gleamed with delight—in the corner was a great pile of firewood, big sticks of maple, dry, and cut to stove length. If he were warm, he could put up with hunger for some time.

With numb, frost-bitten fingers, he managed to open his pocket knife and cut some shavings from one of the sticks for kindling. These he put in the grate and laid on them the wood very craftily, then fumbled in his pocket for the precious matches he had brought. He placed them on the table, rejoicing that they were quite dry, then felt for the box in his pocket, but as his fingers touched it a look of alarm swept into his face. It did not feel now like a matchbox, and minutes passed, despite his eagerness, before he found courage to draw it out. At last he did so, desperately, and glanced at it swiftly.

"Wilks' Patented Cough Drops. Sample Box," he read. With a wolf's howl he flung the little box into a far corner of the room. Then he picked up some of the matches, and, though he knew the effort to be vain, tried to strike them on the stove and on the silver match box. One after another he tried, flinging each failure to the floor in impotent agony. Again he searched his pockets; ransacked every nook and cranny of the shack. A single match! Death or life hinging on so paltry a thing!

His search vain, he staggered over to the chair, sank into it, his head on the table, his hands widespread. The darkness deepened, the stillness was absolute, but he paid no heed to either. A gust of wind blew open the door, as if to admit an imperious conqueror, to let the Tracker come up at last with his man, but it failed to move him; more icily bitter grew the cold, but the man with outstretched arms regarded it not.

Thus through the pitiless night—no longer terrible to him—Sarthe lay motionless.

BY noontime Cochrane was ready to attempt to break through. He knew his way, and though he guessed the kind of fight that lay before him, in his crippled condition, he was going to attempt it. He had tried to believe that Sarthe had gone off alone to bring aid, or that some mishap had occurred to the man, but the empty cigar box laughed at his faith.

Then he wondered if some accident might not have happened to the matches, and this be the cause of Sarthe's disappearance. Hailing shouts from without confirmed his suppositions—there was Sarthe back again.

It was not Sarthe, but Grantham and one of the burly Frenchmen who had worked with Cochrane all summer.

"Rousseau was in town and seemed worried about you being up here alone in the blizzard, so we hiked up to see how things were. Tough going, but we made it all right. There's a pair-horse sleigh the other side of the bush, so get your traps together and come along. What's the matter with your leg?"

Cochrane explained.

"That made it awkward," commented Grantham. "Pete here has been worrying over you like a wife."

"Good old Pete!" smiled Jack. "Seen Sarthe?"

"Sarthe? Why, no. What about him?"

"He left here last night," said Cochrane.

"That so? Why did he leave you like this?" Grantham pointed to the lame leg.

"Probably to fetch help."

"Did he say he was going to fetch help?"

"Not exactly, but I figured he would," answered Cochrane.

Grantham eyed him comprehendingly.

"Did you know he was leaving?" he asked.

"I was asleep—dead to the world."

"Did he know you were making good here?"

"Not exactly, but he saw some of the stuff."

"Blast his soul, he's gone to beat you to Dorgan! You never got that option on paper, I'll bet," exploded the fiery Grantham.

"No. I suppose I should, but give the man a chance," said Jack. Grantham stared.

"What do you keep this place like an icebox for?" he asked irritably, finding no words to express his thoughts.

"Give me a match," said Cochrane quietly.

"What, no matches? Fine prospector you are!"

Pete went to the cupboard in which he knew the matches were kept, and produced the empty safety box. He regarded Cochrane gravely.

"The matches were put in the cigar box," said Jack. "I have always been careless about matches."

"Infernally queer!" pronounced Pete, examining the cigar box and finding it empty. "You were never so careless as that, M'sieu Cochrane."

Grantham eyed Cochrane in his keen, direct way. "I believe the skunk took them," he said.

"Nonsense!" replied Jack.

Pete put a match to the paper and wood in the stove.

"A hot drink and we'll be going; darkness will be down soon," said Grantham, dropping the subject.

They had the drink and a swift mouthful to eat, then Pete doused the fire and they set out.

Pete had the handling of the stout horses, and, knowing the route, he picked his way cleverly.

After several hours of hard, slow toiling, he announced: "One little mile more, over the hill and we are at the farm in ten—five minutes. Ai! What is that?" He reined in sharply. "A horse, dead in the snow!" He got down and made an examination.

"Sarthe's horse!" cried Cochrane. "Where's Sarthe?"

For some minutes they searched vainly.

"We'll run you down to the farm first, then come back and look for Sarthe. No need to worry about him; he always knew how to take care of himself, and the devil's good to his own," remarked Grantham grimly.

They went on and presently came to the shack. The door was wide open; the wind had drifted snow over the tracks the man had made.

Pete would have driven on, but Cochrane stopped him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I want to look in there. He may have gone in for shelter." The two men helped him to the hut, and together they entered.

There sat Sarthe, head on the table, arms wide outspread.

"He's asleep," said Cochrane gently.

"The sleep that knows no waking," answered Grantham, after a swift examination. "He's near frozen solid."

The lid was off the stove, and they saw the wood laid on the shavings; then their eyes took in the matches strewn about the floor, and the silver match case on the table. In the corner the Frenchman picked up the cough-drop box.

On and on through the whirling eddy of white particles man and beast struggled against the furious elements

"Look, M'sieu Cochrane! The box that was on the shelf near the matches!"

"He took the wrong box when he swiped your matches and left you," Grantham summed up acutely. "And he died of the death to which he had condemned you. It's true what the Old Book says: 'God is not mocked'!"

"Let me see those matches, Pete," said Cochrane, and Rousseau picked them up from the floor.

Cochrane regarded them carefully, one by one.

"Poor Sarthe—if he had only known how!" he said.

He laid the matches on the table, retaining one, then limped over to the window. With a quick, sharp sweep he drew the head of the safety match across the glass, and it ignited. He limped with it to the stove, touched the shavings, and the flames leaped up gloriously.

"He did not know that a safety match may be ignited on glass," said Cochrane. "Poor Sarthe!"

Grantham seemed to have been transported to the Montreal restaurant, and he heard again the argument between Sarthe and Stenhouse. He thought of the invisible player on the other side of the chessboard, the touching forward of the little pawn. And for him the crackling of the burning wood in the stove was the laughter of the Master of the Game, invisible but inescapable. With him every man and every woman must play a Game, and win—or lose.

Men Who Have

© *International*

F. G. Binney, who at the age of 22 is probably the youngest leader of an exploring party ever to penetrate the Arctic wastes. Mr. Binney led the Merton College expedition of Oxford University men into unexplored regions northeast of Spitzbergen, where geographical and zoological discoveries were made

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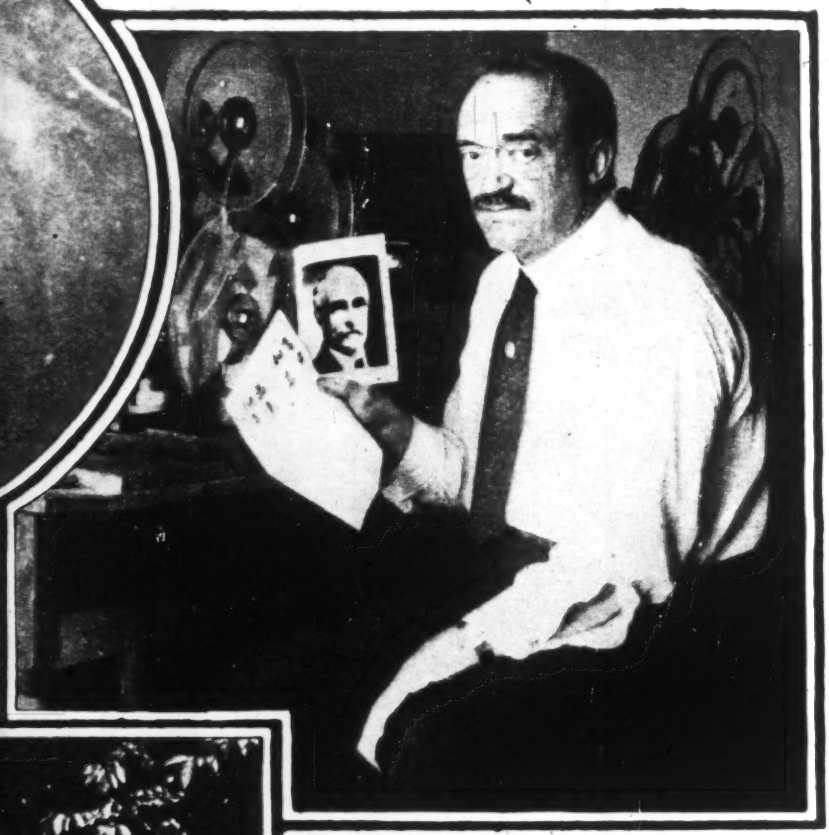
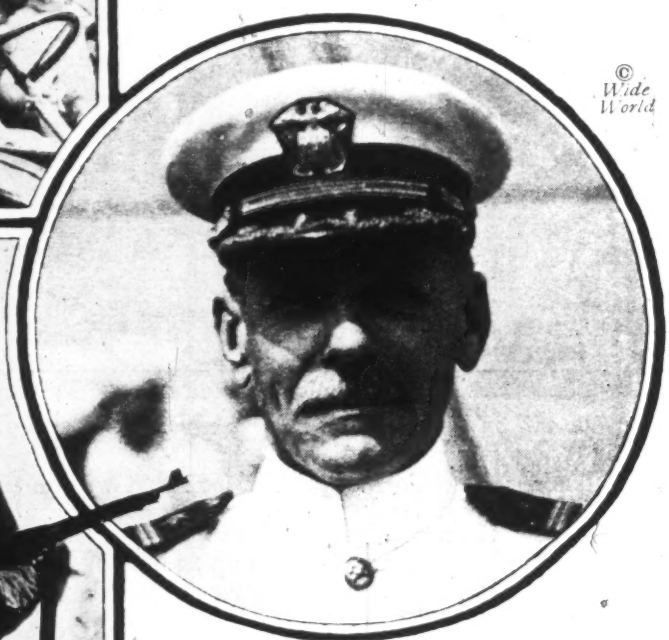


C. Francis Jenkins, noted inventor of Washington, D. C., in his laboratory where he is developing an intricate mechanism which he believes will ultimately enable him to transmit motion pictures by radio, so that in our own homes we will be able to witness news films of events in distant places almost at the very instant of their occurrence

© *Underwood & Underwood*

Frank B. Gilbreth, consulting engineer and noted apostle of "The One Best Way to do Work," caught with a Saturday afternoon motoring party of his eleven children. Major Gilbreth is inventor of a method for analyzing workers' efficiency in industrial processes with the aid of a motion picture camera, teaching the slower workers how to speed up their production by following the motion sequence used by the fastest workers. He has aided in the reorganization of production methods in many great American factories and industries



© *Wide World*

Captain Reginald Bowan Belknap, U. S. Navy, who has just received the prize command of our naval service, the monster new battleship *Colorado*. During the war Captain Belknap won fame for his work with the Yankee Mining Squadron that laid the famous North Sea Mine Barrage between Sweden and Scotland —one of the outstanding feats of the war at sea

© *Wide World*

At right, Sergeant E. J. Doyle, of the U. S. Marine Corps Rifle Squad, who recently set a new world's record at Sea Girt, N. J., by making a phenomenal run of 200 consecutive bull's-eyes at 500 yards on a target with a 16-inch bull's-eye

Made the News

© *Underwood & Underwood*

CAPTAIN ALAIN GERBAULT, only man who has ever crossed the Atlantic alone to the shores of America in a small boat. Captain Gerbault survived 100 days of thrilling adventure, weathering terrific storms in his 30-foot craft, sleeping with tiller lashed and drinking only half a cup of water a day

© *International*

HENRY SULLIVAN, of Lowell, Mass., first American to swim the English Channel, snapped with his daughter on his return home after accomplishing one of the greatest endurance feats of the decade. Sullivan was in the water during twenty-eight hours of ceaseless toil and duplicated a feat only twice performed before

© *International*

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, Norwegian explorer, author and scientist, with his wife and daughter on their arrival in America for a lecture tour on behalf of international good will. Dr. Nansen first leaped into fame when he captained the famous Arctic exploration party of the "Fram" in 1896, and reached a latitude farther north than any ever attained before. An earlier and no less adventurous exploit was his feat, at the age of 28, of crossing Greenland on skis. Dr. Nansen is equally famous as a scientist, and since the war he has come into his own as a statesman as well, winning the Nobel Peace Prize in 1922, and standing out today as one of the great leaders of international humanitarian work

© *Keystone*

WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON, millionaire banker who has announced his intention of endowing a great Plant Research institution in New York State for the purpose of discovering secrets of plant growth and methods of increasing agricultural productivity in order to ward off the world-wide food shortage with which scientists declare future generations are menaced

© *Kadel & Herbert*

AT LEFT, Ezra Meeker, who at the age of 93 is supposed to be the only living survivor of the pioneers who followed the Oregon Trail and founded the State of Washington. This venerable pioneer has attracted interest recently for his share in the filming of a motion picture recalling perils of the Oregon Trail

An Illuminating Sidelight on the Political Situation in the Southern States

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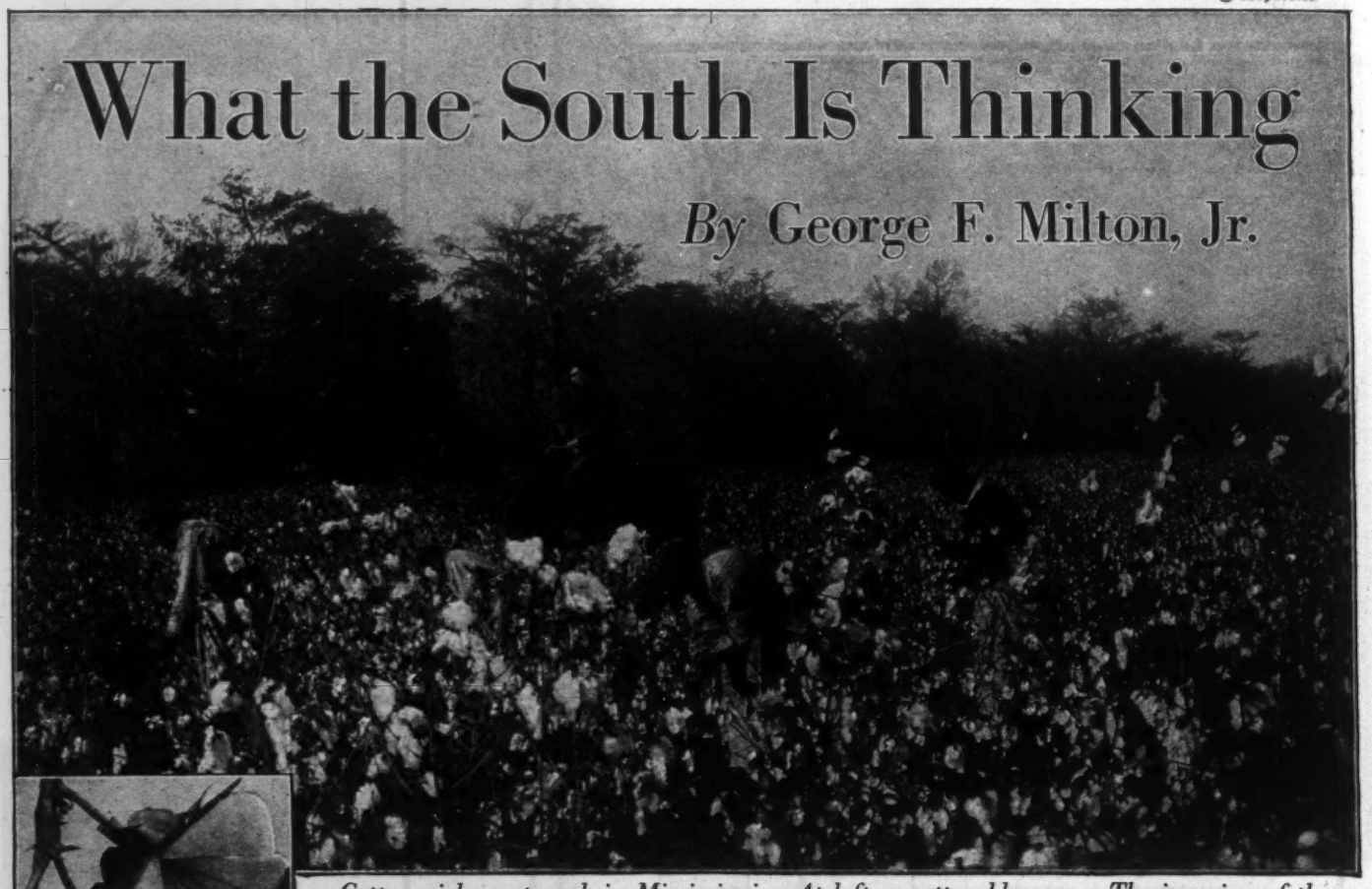
What the South Is Thinking

By George F. Milton, Jr.



Cotton pickers at work in Mississippi. At left, a cotton blossom. The invasion of the boll weevil has cut the South's cotton crop several million bales annually

SOME of the things which are attracting general attention among people of the Southern States are likely to astonish readers of other sections. I shall attempt roughly to indicate some of the matters deeply impressed upon the minds of most Southerners, admitting that there is a vast amount of difference of opinion and occasionally warm debate on these issues. The endeavor has been not to present the views of the writer, but to reflect as nearly as one can contrive that vague, but ever-present thing, Public Opinion.

The issues are difficult to place in order of relative rank. Late in 1923 they seem about as follows:

1. Prohibition, and a determination that it shall be enforced.

2. Henry Ford, more in connection with Muscle Shoals than with the Presidency.

3. Politics in general: a feeling of the illiberality of the present administration; a dissatisfaction with tariff, ship subsidy, high taxes; a less keen feeling of resentment at the veto of the bonus bill; and, in general, a reaction against a believed insufficiency of the government.

4. An unrest among the farmers, and a dislike of present methods of marketing, credit, railroad rates, and economic conditions of agriculture in general. Concurrently, the beginning of coöperative marketing of cotton is looking up as a possible mode of escape from the quagmire of mortgage, debt, speculatively-set prices and despair which has so long been the average farmer's portion.

There is no phase of political thought in which the "wets" of the Eastern States have so erred as in assuming that, no matter how humid the Democratic candidate for President in 1924, the "Solid South" will cast its electoral vote for him.

These speculators on the public pulse have quite misread Southern sentiment. If a "wet" be the Democratic nominee, it seems inevitable that the "Solid South" will crumble. There is no other issue upon which the Democratic party can be so quickly wrecked in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Kentucky, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma.

Texas might be another danger-spot for a "wet" Democratic candidate. Tom Love, Democratic national committeeman from that state, recently prophesied that the Lone Star State would go Republican if Al Smith ran as the Democratic candidate with or without a "wet" platform. Florida, with its thousands of independent voters from North and West, already has a strong nucleus of Republicans; the "natives" are strongly dry, and despite the rum-smuggling from Cuba and the Bahamas, with incidental profit to certain classes, are insistent on dry-law enforcement.

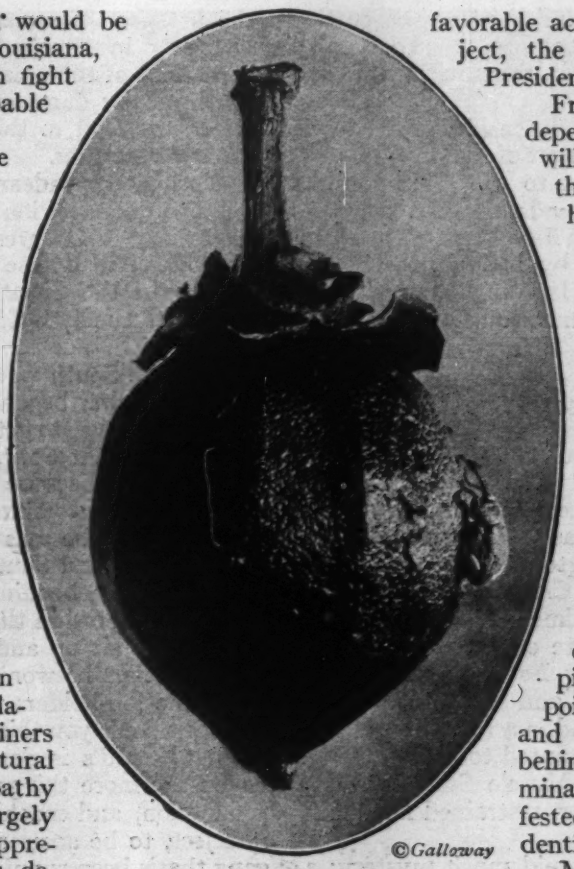
The "Ford-for-President" Boom

IN Georgia, there is extreme doubt if a pro-prohibition breakaway from a "wet" Democratic party would be enough to vitiate the bred-in-the-bone Democratic majority; the election laws also militate against such a possibility. Yet the protest vote would be considerable, and with a third party in the field it might be the decisive factor. Alabama would give a "wet" Democratic candi-

date a harder blow. Mississippi would be regular. The sugar-tariff vote of Louisiana, plus the Klan and the anti-Klan fight there, would make that State's probable course hard to predict.

But what has been shown above is sufficient to indicate that it would be a monumental *faux pas* for the Democrats to nominate a candidate on the assumption that "Of course, the South——" Certain States, already debatable or almost debatable, would certainly be lost to the Democratic column. These are Tennessee, Texas, Kentucky, Florida and North Carolina, 76 electoral votes in all, or 31 more than would be gained by the addition of New York to the Democratic column.

Politically, the South wants Prohibition to be kept. Practically, it wants it enforced. Moonshining has always been hitherto indigenous to the Appalachian mountains; for decades 'shiners engaged in it as a matter of natural right, with a good deal of sympathy from "city-folk." But this has largely passed. The 'shiners are being apprehended on all sides; their stills destroyed, their persons sent to workhouse or penitentiary. Many are finding it more profitable to engage in legitimate business. A recent survey of the two most notorious distilling counties of upper East Tennessee revealed to the astonished dry agents dozens of former habitual offenders who were doing honest farming; they were making more money, and enjoying life.



©Galloway

Boll weevil on a cotton boll. This Mexican pest has in one year cut the cotton production of one State from 2,000,000 to 500,000 bales

Does the South want Henry Ford in the White House? That is a question which political observers in the South asked themselves for several months until the Ford bubble burst. The polls of various organizations and publications late in the spring stimulated the interest in it, and caused a rather extensive investigation into the trend of Southern thought.

In final analysis, the estimate which many political observers have reached is that the South wants Henry Ford at Muscle Shoals, rather than in the Executive Mansion; that the Ford-for-President boom in the South was given its main stimulation by the failure of the Republican leaders to allow the Ford offer to come before the House and Senate for a record vote; and that, with a favorable action on the Muscle Shoals project, the Southern desire for Ford for President would wither away.

From the standpoint of actual solid, dependable, political strength which will stick by the candidate through thick and thin, William G. McAdoo has a far more substantial backing in the Southern States than Henry Ford. He has the same general attributes which appeal to the mass of the Southern voters: he is a dry; he is economically a liberal; he appreciates the farmer's unhappy rôle, and is earnestly endeavoring to ameliorate it by rehabilitating the world markets. In addition, Mr. McAdoo has what Mr. Ford has not, the strength of the Wilson following. The many advocates of the League feel that McAdoo is the man to carry their banner, and are suspicious of Ford's international viewpoint and position; the thousands and thousands of railroad men are behind McAdoo with a vim and determination that has never been manifested by any source for Ford's Presidential success.

Mr. Ford himself put the quietus to his boom in an interview in a magazine in the summer of 1923 in which he equivocated as to his Presidential aspirations and, in the view of many, exhibited an unfortunate mental attitude toward the Federal scheme. Since the appearance of this statement, leaders of thought in many circles have been convinced that more is needed for occupancy of the Executive Mansion than what is now known of Mr. Ford's abilities as a statesman. The Ford Presidential boom in the South deflated almost immediately upon the publication of that interview. The insistent demand for acceptance of his Muscle Shoals proposal, however, was not affected.

The South's feeling toward Henry Ford is non-political, rather than political. No man in the twentieth century has so kindled our economic imagination. The nearest comparable with it was Bryan in 1896, with his fiery, soul-stirring talk of a nation crucified on a cross of gold. The best-advertised man of his generation, Ford cars have brought buyers and sellers, picture shows and county fairs, hours nearer to the farmer. They have annihilated space—decreased the physical difficulties of

© Galloway

Trucking cotton, which has been compressed for exportation, in an electric locomotive at a Southern compressing plant

rural life. The "scab millionaire's" policy of cutting prices when others increased, first amazed, then delighted, and finally gripped the common man with a feeling akin to reverence.

Here, this feeling has been intensified by Muscle Shoals. This huge, unfinished finger of masonry stretching across the Tennessee meant to the South only a crumbled air castle—until Ford made his offer. On July 1, 1920, work had ceased on the Wilson Dam. The structure began disintegrating little by little; those Southerners who happened to be in the Harding administration made valiant efforts to secure some means of completion of the dam.

Ford's Visit to Muscle Shoals

IT was hawked around. The Du Ponts had the refusal of it, and turned it down. The fertilizer people turned a cold shoulder. The water-power interests were lukewarm. Discouragement was met on all sides. Finally Colonel J. W. Worthington, of the Tennessee River Navigation Company, and Claudius H. Huston, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, at that time Assistant Secretary of Commerce, as a last desperate effort conceived the idea of trying to interest Henry Ford in the project. Worthington gathered his data and went to Detroit. Ford received him one Friday, and in a few minutes was "sold" on the proposition. He wanted to leave Detroit that very afternoon to inspect Muscle Shoals. With difficulty Mayo, his chief engineer, restrained him until the following Monday.

Ford visited Muscle Shoals, amid much mystery; a few weeks later his offer for it was announced, sweeping Southern people off their feet. They were delighted at the prospect of securing the energy and ability of the Detroiter in developing latent resources. Ford's explanations of the uses to which he would put the current generated by dams captivated the people. Cheap fertilizer appealed to the farmer. Cheap power intrigued the manufacturer.

Ford's offer endeared itself to the South still more by the type of opposition it met and because of the unparalleled delay in Congress. Secretary of War Weeks took his time. An adverse chairman in the House and a doctrinaire in the Senate kept things mulling back and forth until the 67th Congress adjourned without a record vote.

But the South wanted Ford to have Muscle Shoals; quite a number began saying, "If he has to go through the White House to get it, well and good. Let him do it." A suspicion that Ford, the farmer and the South all had been cheated, because the large interests feared for Ford to secure such a volume of cheap power, was riveted in the minds of the mass—and a wave of Ford sentiment swept the central Southern States.

The barber, bending over his customer would say, "I want to see Ford in the White House. He certainly will make them sit up and take notice. You can bet your bottom dollar he won't allow any subsidies. He'll sure make the job-holders work."

"But don't you think a man whose education is so one-sided as Ford's is dangerous? He isn't a real liberal. There are more things in the United States than mass production, and machine efficiency," one would mildly interject, to be answered, "We've got to get rid of this gang that's been running the country; we've had enough of politicians and politics. They don't tote fair with us. I just want to see Ford in, to see what he will do. If he

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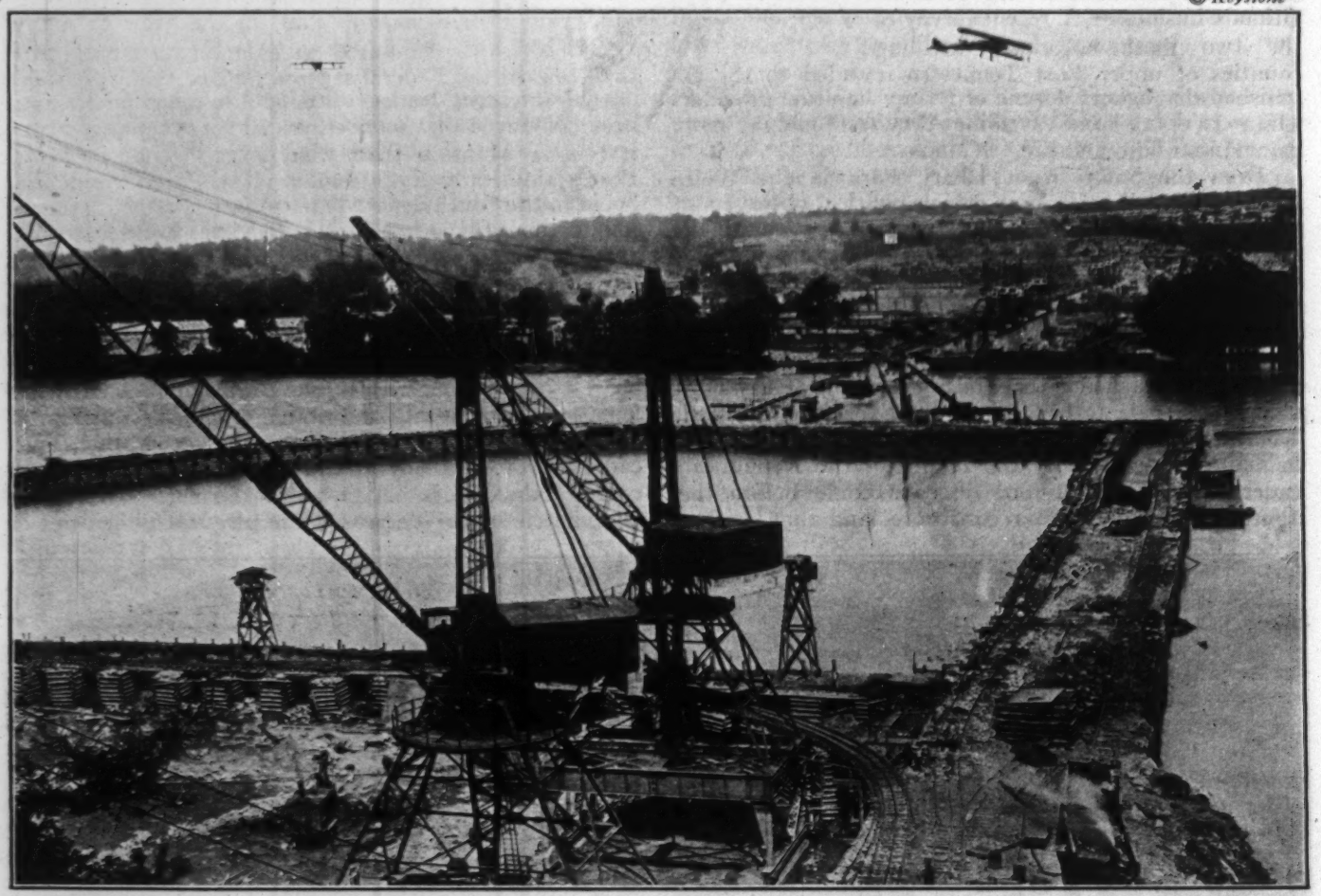

Unusual view of the $160,000,000 Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, where, Mr. Milton writes, the South believes Henry Ford's energies would be better applied than in the Presidency

© Keystone

Moonshining as a fine art is gradually dying out! It was discovered in a recent survey of famous moonshining districts that many habitual offenders had now turned to honest farming

doesn't do it like we want, we can change back to the old gang next time. But, say, Ford sure would show 'em something."

This was, in part, the nebulous stuff of which the Ford sentiment was built. But that sentiment is now swerving to William G. McAdoo, as a liberal leader for the Democratic party.

Political Disturbance Due to Economic Conditions

BY and large, the South is considerably disturbed politically, but economic causes are at the bottom of the situation; and they rise in the main from the farmer. He has not been hit to the same degree as the farmer of the grain States, but the prosperity from high cotton prices is more apparent than real. High prices are the result of the restricted yield; the boll weevil has taken heavy toll of the South. Several million bales have been cut from the region's annual production of the fleecy staple; huge sections have felt the heavy hand of want; in Georgia, a 2,000,000-bale crop has been cut to little over 500,000. Though to the farmer who is able to get some yield from his fields, things are more promising, in the main the incursion of the Mexican pest has hit the pocketbook of nearly every Southern agriculturist.

Calcium arsenate has been found to be an effective remedy against the weevil, but thus far the supply has been utterly inadequate. An engineer of the Alabama Power Company has invented a method of manufacturing it by electrolytic process, which bids fair in the future to give profitable employment to Southern water power; and within a few years there should be enough of the arsenate to poison every Southern cotton field at a reasonable cost. But commercial application of the invention is as yet in its infancy and the cotton farmer is faced with a period of several years of certain failure in combating the weevil.

The methods of early planting, and of using a quick-growing plant, are dependent on favorable weather for their success. Heavy and continued rains such as inundate the section from the middle of April to the first of June block them. The experimental work which has been undertaken by the Federal and State governments has not yet brought forth the remedy hoped for by the farmers, and they are dissatisfied with the accomplishments.

This weevil invasion has had a direful corollary; it has disturbed the tenant farming system in general operation through the cotton States, and is no doubt one of the chief causes of the exodus of masses of negroes from the section. In the main, cotton has been raised by thousands of tenants, who rent their few acres from the owner on a share basis; that is to say, the owner of the land, who likewise makes advances of food, clothing, etc., to the negro tenant, receives his pay in the yield of the farm, and gets a fourth to a half of the total yield therefrom. The tenant gets the rest. The system is crude, and unscientific in many ways, but yet was the best that had been worked out.

The boll weevil came along; ten acres of land, which

had in the past raised a half bale to the acre, didn't bear but half a bale altogether. The tenant then had, as return from his year's labor, a fourth of a bale of cotton, or about $35! The owner of the land, of course, suffered likewise; he gained from his land far less than the taxes, cost of banking and carrying charges, etc. But there was this vital difference between the owner and the tenant: the former usually had accumulations from previous years, and could obtain banking accommodations to tide him over until the next crop. The tenant, with only a few worthless chattels as possessions, was a poor banking risk. Unless his burdened landlord could borrow still more, and get the food and clothing to keep the negro going through another year, stark want and sometimes actual starvation faced the tenant.

Exodus of Negroes From South

THE result was the emigration. From farms throughout the boll-weevil belt the tenants left; they went by stealth, leaving their chattel-mortgaged possessions, and debts, behind them. They made for the Southern cities, there looking for work; in these cities another stream of emigration was in progress; the skilled workers had been attracted to the North and East by reports of the wages being paid there; molders, mechanics, carpenters, masons and colored men, who had craft knowledge, were lured in the direction of the fat pay envelope. The Southern cities did not lose so much in net population, as the unskilled negroes from the fields took the place of the skilled ones who had gone North.

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The Henry Ford of today, whose Presidential boom is collapsing in the South

A little later on another phase, when the North's demand for common labor became more pressing, and trainloads of common laborers—negro—began to move North. In one train from Memphis over five hundred were carried. This had a repercussion on the cotton crop, as those growers who were working their own land found it difficult to secure men to work the fields.

The resultant has been distress all around; the planter, because he could not get his chopping and picking done; the colored worker because he has been in new endeavors, with which he is unfamiliar; in a new habitat, with his new neighbors and acquaintances less friendly and less prone to make allowances. The manufacturer, merchant, contractor, has been held up, hampered, hindered.

Out of all this is coming a new consideration of the problem of the negro. Some of the South's leaders are convinced that the method of approach of the past has been wrong; that instead of letting the negro do as he pleases, he must be instructed, and taught. The negro farm tenants have been allowed to follow the most unscientific ways of growing cotton, with primitive machinery. This has been largely because the negro is a difficult man to teach; he prefers the old, and is distrustful of the new. So the planters have in the past, unfortunately, followed the line of least resistance.

There is a general belief that the wage paid to the negro workers is basically too low; that it will have to be raised considerably before the South can keep them here; and that collateral increases in education, economic position and political treatment must be accorded.

Agriculturally, the most interesting positive and constructive movement is coöperative marketing. First tried on the Pacific coast in citrus fruits, about 1920, news of its remarkable success there began to interest Southern farm leaders. Minor crops, such as peaches, pecans, apples and melons in Georgia, oranges, grapefruit and lemons in Florida, poultry and dairy products in Tennessee, lent themselves to the experiment, and were successfully handled. The Kentucky tobacco growers, after a tremendous loss in 1920, sought to secure an adequate return on their burly, without night riding or lawlessness. Judge Robert Bingham, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, consulted with Barney Baruch, who suggested to him that Aaron Sapiro, the California farm lawyer and coöperative expert, could devise a plan which could be successfully applied to tobacco. The result was the Kentucky Burly Tobacco Growers' Association which, it is figured, has brought to the growers about $140,000,000 more than they otherwise would have received.

These coöperatives, however, had all been essays in sale of products grown over a limited area by a comparatively small number of farmers; in other words, "specialty crops." Major crops of wide area and enormous yield, such as cotton, corn, hay, etc., hitherto had not lent themselves to successful exploitation along this line.

Nevertheless, leading Southern cotton planters determined to test by experiment if its sale could not be handled by the growers themselves to their own advantage in an orderly marketing movement.

Thus was born the cotton coöperative. It marked the most ambitious plan, over the largest area, with the greatest number of individual farmers, ever undertaken in the United States. And it seems to be showing signs of success and stability. The American Cotton Growers' Exchange is the general overhead organization, combining and correlating the activities of the State associations, of which flourishing and active ones exist in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and the two Carolinas, to say nothing of far-off Arizona. The associations had their first real trial in 1921; and the results in Oklahoma and Texas so impressed Southeastern leaders that units in Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas were organized the next year.

Growth of the Cotton Cooperative

BY the fall of 1923, State units had been formed in twelve States, and the leaders of the exchange waged a vigorous "sign-up" campaign in all of these, to get double the acreage and farmers of the year before. Statistics collated by the exchange showed that over 150,000 farmers had signed the standard five-year marketing agreement by the first of 1923; and 200,000 by planting time of this year. The exchange's subsidiaries controlled from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 bales of the 1923

crop, and was a decidedly important factor in the sale.

The basic theory is of pooling all cotton received, and advancing the grower a few cents a pound against it—enough to tide him over; the cotton is not dumped on the market in the fall, when gathered and ginned, but is held and fed to the market only as it absorbs it and needs it. Thus distress sales are eliminated, and the market stabilized. As a result, the grower who belongs to a coöperative can expect to receive a slightly better price than the non-member. In addition to this, the association's own expert grades and pools the cotton, and the farmer gets paid for the exact grade he has raised. In the past he has often been at the mercy of the "street buyer," whose profit too often depended on paying the grower for a little lower grade of cotton than he had actually raised; the unfortunate part of it was that the grower had a pile of debts over him, creditors clamoring for payment, and he was in most instances forced to take what he was offered, and did not dare wait for a better price.

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William G. McAdoo and his family, pleased by the South's growing approval

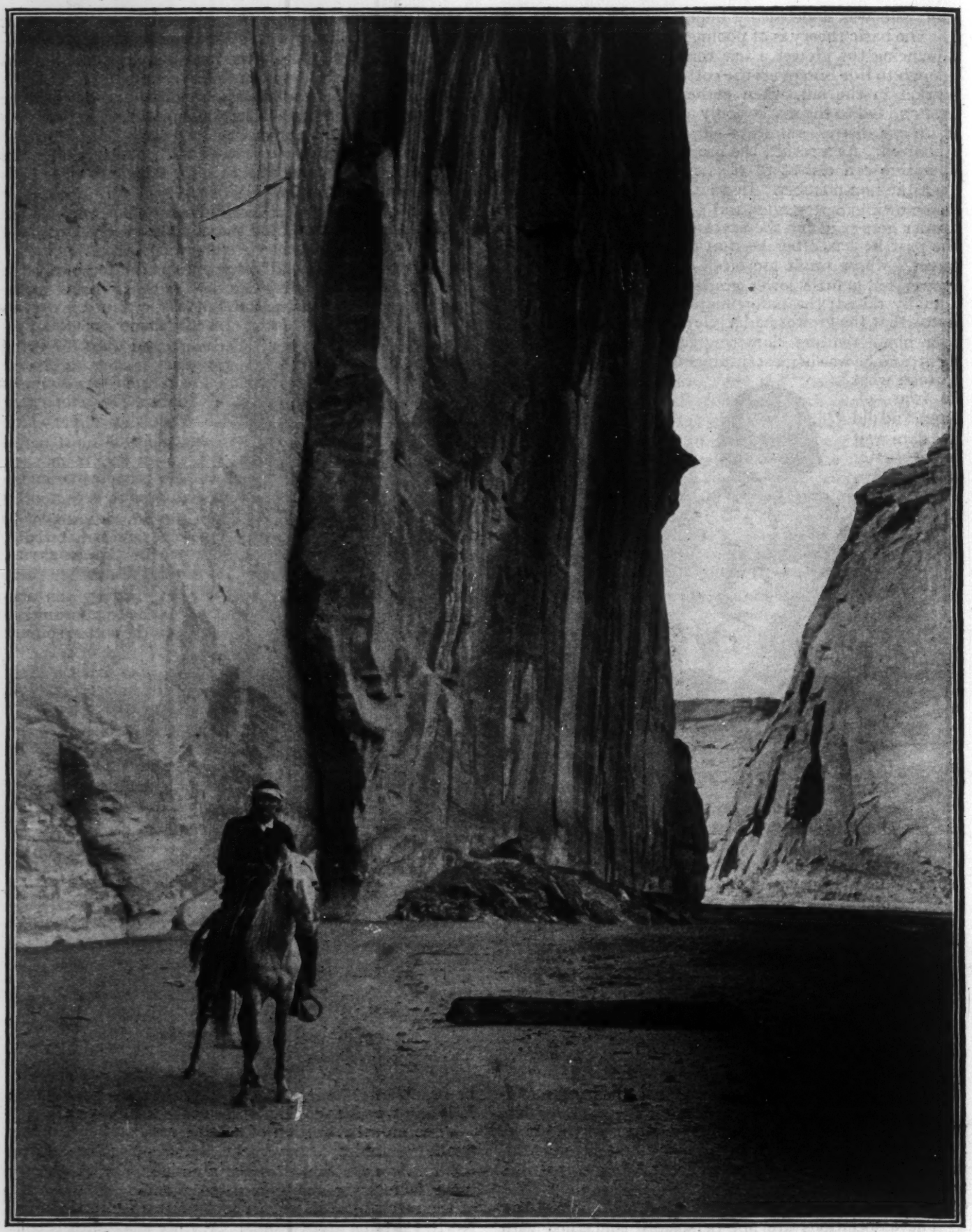
The essential features of the great experiment in coöperative marketing of a major crop are: legal contracts, pooling, service by experts, banking assistance, and sales spread over the year. Under the enforceable contract, which has been upheld by the courts, the member is legally bound to sell and deliver his commodities to the association for a term of years, generally five, and the association is equally bound to receive, grade, store, ship and sell the cotton to the best possible advantage, and to pay the member for his cotton the average price received for that grade, less the actual cost of operation.

The associations are not personally concerned with profits, their sole object being to make profits for their members. But suitable liquidating damages are provided, since a contract without teeth would have no value. The aim is to handle as large a volume as possible, since the overhead on 10,000 bales is no less than on 100,000. The pooling system automatically puts a premium on the production of a superior grade of cotton, and penalizes inferior stuff. Under the individualistic system the producer was generally unable to get a premium for higher grade cotton because his production was too small to command attention.

The selling is handled on a scientific and businesslike basis, with dumping entirely eliminated. It sells to secure the best prices, feeding the cotton to the market in such a way that gluts will be avoided. Under the old plan, the producer rushed his cotton into the hands of private distributors without regard for demand or price, and they in turn distributed the cotton over the period of the demand, and thereby absorbed a large part of the price paid by the consumer.

The cotton coöperatives are an effort to supply the mechanism for spreading this distribution over the entire period of consumption through a distributing system in the hands of the producer; and thus to bring to the farmer a larger share of the consumer's dollar. By shortening the distance over which the cotton must travel on its way to market, the coöperative method is expected by its advocates to reduce materially, in the long run, the average price paid by the ultimate consumer—the cotton spinner in Manchester or Charlotte, Chemnitz or Fall River. Is it any wonder the Southern farmer is talking it?

The industrialization of a large area of the South is another significant movement; water power, coal, iron ore, limestone, marble, copper, aluminum ore, and many other factors are combining to the rapid advancement of the mechanical industries in Tennessee and Alabama, North Carolina and Georgia. Already the South is consuming more cotton than the mills of the rest of the nation. Southern people are talking of these things and hoping them—and doing them. It's an interesting section. Were Horace Greely alive today, it is likely he would thus change his famous aphorism to young men seeking advice as to the best opportunity: "Go South, young man, go South; there is land and opportunity."



The Gateway to Prehistoric America

Navajo horseman in Canyon del Muerto, Arizona, famous for its picturesque walls which, in places, rise perpendicularly to a height of fourteen hundred feet. Along the face of the cliffs are the ruins of ancient dwellings, many of which have already yielded rare treasures, while others still guard their hidden troves

Greene felt Mrs. Carrol's body stiffen at the sight of her husband and the girl so close together, and he wondered if she had heard what they were saying

The Counterfeiters

In Which the Secret Service is Checkmated by a Woman's Wit

By Major C. E. Russell

Illustrations by Lejaren Hiller

CAMP GENDICOURT, perched high upon the plateau overlooking the Gironde River Valley, was dozing in the peaceful laziness of a midsummer Sunday afternoon. Work of every description, except that necessary to the life of a training camp in war times, had been dispensed with on this day. It was the last Sunday for many a weary week that the majority of these men who had been in training would have the opportunity to rest and attend church. The chaplain of the ammunition train had determined that on this day he would make his final and, if possible, his strongest appeal to the boys.

"Boys, this war is a mighty serious proposition. I want to urge you all to put yourself right with God and man before it is too late," he entreated. "We shall soon be at the Front now, and in the thick of it. Don't go into battle until you have made your peace with your Creator. If you want help, come to me at any time at my quarters."

When the chaplain finished, his hearers separated into small groups; some in a spirit of bravado laughing at the words of the chaplain; others, with tears in their eyes, went back to camp to write home the long-neglected letter.

Among the men who made up the train was a poor white boy, gathered in by the draft from some mountain home in Tennessee. Months of hard training had done much for him in making him physically fit, but all the training in the world could never change that tall, ungainly figure into a trench fighter; and so John had been assigned to the ammunition train.

Bringing up ammunition to our combat units at the Front was a man-sized job. Working nearly all of the time in Stygian darkness, on a wagon loaded with high explosives, jouncing and bumping around on shell-torn roads near the Front, in constant danger of a quick flight heavenward, either from his own load, or from a shell lobbed over by the Boche, or even from a bomb descend-

This is one of a series of articles by Major Russell on actual A. E. F. Secret Service Exploits in France

ing from an enemy airplane, the men in our ammunition trains must of necessity have nerves of steel.

The real dangers of ammunition running, exaggerated as they were by the wild tales of his bunkies, while not in the least affecting the courage of this boy from the mountains of Tennessee, did, nevertheless, make him believe that his chance of ever again seeing his beloved mountains was very remote. For a day or two after the talk by the chaplain, John wandered around as if in a daze. Finally one evening he presented himself at the chaplain's quarters and asked for an interview.

I had hardly finished with my mail the next morning before the chaplain was at my office.

"Major," said the chaplain, seating himself in response to my invitation, "I have in my care a young fellow from Tennessee. He has lived quite a wild life, I reckon, but that is past and done with now. He has just told me a most remarkable story, which I believe you should hear. I have explained to him that duty demands that he repeat it to you. He is outside now, but before I bring him in I would request that, if possible, his name never be mentioned in connection with the story."

A provost marshal in war time is confronted with many strange situations, and here, indeed, was another novel one—a chaplain asking a man to repeat what had been told in the sacredness of the confessional.

The Soldier's Amazing Story

"I AM willing to give you my word, chaplain, that the confidence will be kept, providing your soldier has not himself committed some act that makes him liable to punishment," I promised, wondering what all the mystery was.

"You need have no fears about that, major," reassured the chaplain, "I'll vouch for him." Then he went to the door and called the soldier. "John," commenced the chaplain, "this is the provost marshal. You may freely tell him all that you have told me."

I motioned for John to be seated.

Then in a slow, Southern drawl and in his mountain dialect John told me his story.

"Yer see I live up in the Tennessee mountains with my clan," he began. "Pop an' I had a still whar we made our own corn into moonshine. I was a-working at the still one day when them revenooers come and ketched me. Afore I could give the alarm, they'd hustled me off down the mountainside and had me locked up in the jail down thar in the valley. When my trial come off pop and others of the clan come, but I swore the still was mine, so's they wouldn't ketch pop, and the jedge sent me to Atlanta fer a year. Wuz yer ever locked up in jail?" the boy suddenly demanded, turning to me and fixing his big black eyes upon my face.

As I slowly shook my head, he continued:

"Wal, ef you'd ever hadda been you'd knowed jest how I felt when those big iron doors shut together ahind me. I thought I'd die at furst, penned up behind those thar stone walls. I declare I tried ter behave myself, and after a right smart time the warden made me a trusty. I wuz given charge uv the hawgs on the farm. This give me a chanct ter git out in the sun, an' I wuz happy as could be. 'Fore long I see ef I worked fast I'd have some time outa doors ter myself. I uster go out ter the road after finishin', and thar in a shady place set and dream o' pop an' the mountains.

"One day jest afore I wuz goin' in I looked up the road and seen a woman walkin' toward me frum the town. Women-folk wuz seldom seen round them parts an' I wuz sure curus ter know who this here un wuz, so I stayed right whar I wuz.

"As the woman come 'long, I see she was right smart purty, far more'n our girls ter home. Her dress and her sunshade looked like ter me she wuz a reel lady. When she come 'long most opposite me she sees me, fer she smiled ter me and spoke. This here woman axed me ef I wuz a prisoner. 'Yes,' I tol' her. 'I'm in fer a year fer making moonshine.' She come and set down on the bank aside me and axed me to tell 'er all about it.

" 'What a shame fer this great big guv'ment ter put you in jail jes' fer a little thin' like moonshine,' she says ter me when I'd finished. I reckoned as how she wuz right, but tol' her I wuz now a trusty an' so could git out inter the fresh air and sun. She wanted ter know what a trusty wuz, an' I tol' her.

" 'Oh, I see!' she went on. 'You have more 'r less liberty. Do you ever see any uv the other prisoners?'

" 'Yes, ma'am,' I tol' her. 'I can go all over the prison.'

" 'My brother's in this cruel prison, too,' she says, of a sudden. 'He's been here fer some time, becuz he wouldn't give up a frien'. You wouldn't squeal on a frien', would yer?' she axed me, an' looked me straight in the eye.

" 'Of course not.' I allowed as how we mountaineers never squeals.

"She axed me ef I come ter this spot every day, and when I tol' her that I did, she promised ter see me in a couple o' days and bring me sompin' good ter eat. Then she smiled an' left, walkin' back toward the city.

"I hustled through my work the next day so's I'd be sure ter be thar ef she come. I waited til' the last minit, but no angel woman, as I called her ter myself, come. It wuz three days 'fore she come agin. I wuz sure glad ter see her, fer I wuz afeerd she wuz never comin' agin.

"This here second meetin' wuz the beginnin' uv a right smart lot. Fer weeks she worked on me ter make me her slave. Afore long I wuz willin' ter do mos' anythin' jest to see her smile. I know now I wuz jest a poor fool; she was jest a-usin' me fer her own ends, but when all this here happened I thought she wuz the fines' and sweetes' woman that ever lived.

"The meetin's kep' up; and when she know'd I wuz under the spell she put over me, this here woman tol' me how I could win her love an' undyin' gratitude.

John is Fascinated by the Woman

" 'MY brother's been in the prison fer a long time fer counterfeitin',' she tol' me. 'He's innercent. Whenever I go ter see him the wardens comes up close ter us, so's they can overhear ev'ry word we say. Do yer suppose you could smuggle a message in ter him?' An' she tol' me his number.

"Bein's I agreed ter try an' succeeded, them two begun ter swap notes, with me as their messenger. This here kep' up fer some time; then one day the prisoner tol' me ter tell his Sis that she should buy the cottage in Michigan. I tol' her, and wuz tol' ter tell her brother that she'd do hit at once.

"Days passed; an', though I went ter the meetin' place ev'ry day, the woman didn't come. I wuz afeerd that she'd gone ter that thar cottage ter live, when one day I seen her a-comin' down the road agin. I wuz sure glad ter see her, an' in my joy I went up the road ter meet her. How she smiled when she seen me a-comin'! Then, I thought hit wuz becuz' she wuz glad ter see me. But now, thanks ter the chaplain, I know'd she smiled jest becuz' she seen how right smart I wuz in her power.

"When we'd both said, 'Howdy,' she tol' me ter tell her brother she'd bought the place he'd wanted her ter, an' that Jim was thar a'ready. Jim, she tol' me, wuz

another brother who was helpin' her to fix up the cottage.

"I wuz mighty glad ter carry the message inter the prison. The brother tol' me ter tell his Sis that he wanted Jim to go ter Chicago an' hire a loft an' then ter buy a machine. The machine wuz ter be sent ter the loft, an' then Jim could take hit apart and carry hit up ter the Michigan cottage in his auto.

"This here message I delivered the next day. Again fer days I didn't see my angel woman, for she wuz away attendin' ter the last orders of her brother. Then sudden as she'd gone, back she come. 'Tell my brother,' she ordered, 'that Jim is doin' jest as he wanted he should and that he'll have the machine in the cottage in a few more days.'

"All this time I wuz enjoyin' the part uv messenger. It give me a chanct ter see the woman, an' many a purty castle I built in the air while I carried message after message inter the prison and out agin.

"The next message from this here prisoner give me the answer ter what hit wuz all about. 'Tell Sis,' he said, 'that the plates are buried back uv the barn in the yard. Jim's ter dig in the right-han' corner next ter th' gate an' he'll find the plates in a box. Jim's ter git 'em and take 'em ter the cottage in Michigan an' hol' 'em until I git out'n prison.'

"Bein's I wuz so fascinated by this here woman, I kep' her secret. Fool that I wuz, I thought that now, anyway, she'll love me since I know'd what they're up ter.

"At las' my time wuz up, an' the warden give me a few words uv advice an' let me go. I went right ter the address she'd give me in Atlanta. Fer the fust time I tol' her uv my love.

"'Not until my brother's out uv prison, John,' she tol' me. 'Then—well, we'll wait an' see.' That meant a year's wait, but I wuz young an' hopeful.

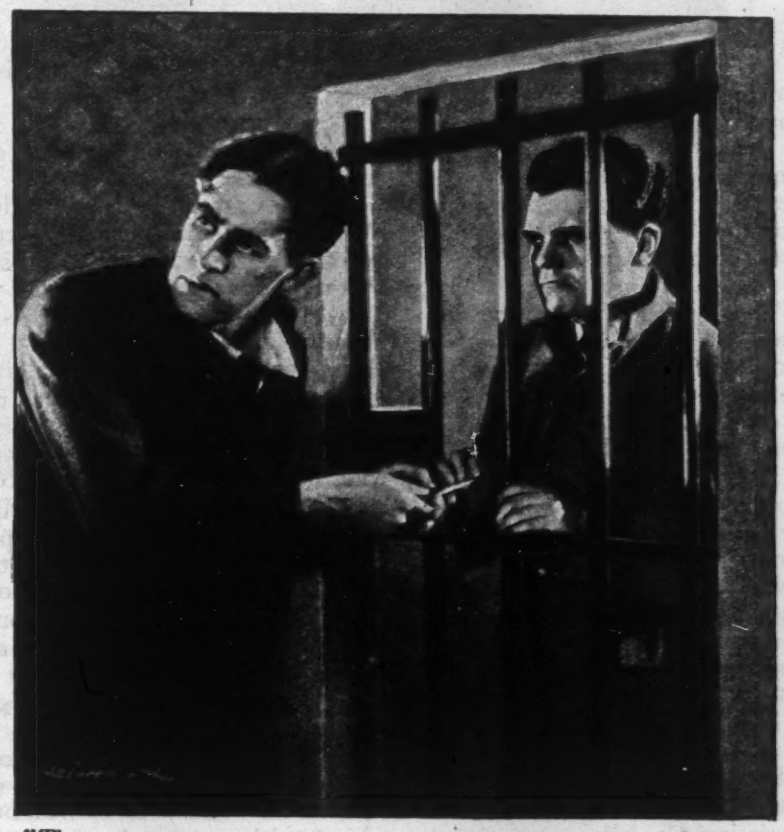
"Their secret was locked safe in my heart an' I returned ter the mountains, only ter be grabbed an' placed in the draft an' sent over here. I've written ter her sev'ral times, an' the las' answer she sent tol' me her brother expected ter git out the furst uv July."

Instinctively I glanced at the calendar. Only one more month and the game would be on.

How simple it all was to me, as I sat there listening to John drawl out his story. The man confined at Atlanta for passing bogus money, but the secret service men unable to find the plates; the plan to hire the cottage in the wilds of Michigan, where they could work unmolested; brother Jim's hiring the loft and installing a printing press; the digging up of the plates back of the barn and sneaking them into the cottage in the night. By now everything must be in readiness to flood the country with the bogus money, and then a quick getaway while the members of our secret service in the States were engaged on war work.

It certainly was a mighty clever scheme, and by its very boldness and carefully thought out details had in it every element of success. And if it had not been for John and the discrimination of the chaplain, the criminals would have had no more trouble. But we still had plenty of time, as it seemed, to block them. That was why the train for Tours, that night, carried a complete report of the case safely locked in the government mail bag. I knew that the chief, at Tours, would hurry the report along to G. H. Q., and without a doubt from there it would be speedily sent on to Washington.

In the days which followed, I often wondered how the soldier from Tennessee was faring. I wondered, too, if he had ever regretted telling us about his secret. I little dreamed that later on he was once more to startle me with a statement that seemed almost as incredible as the first.



"They swapped notes, with me as their messenger And fer days I enjoyed it 'cause it give me a chanct to see the woman"

It was weeks afterward when he was in town on leave one day that he came to me with his amazing tale. He had passed in the streets of this French town the "angel woman" with the man he had last seen in the prison in Atlanta. Surely, he thought, his eyes must have deceived him; but after another and closer scrutiny he knew he could not be mistaken.

"Impossible!" I assured him. "The Department of Justice seized them long ago, and unquestionably they are both in Atlanta by now. They couldn't possibly be here."

"I know'd 'em both too well ter be fooled!" he persisted. "I got too good a look at 'em!"

This seemed too wild a tale, yet John's very earnestness convinced me that at least the hotels should be checked up. It would require only a few hours to cover them and learn whether there were any American civilians registered.

"John must have been wrong in his identification," I confided to my men, when they returned with the report that there were no American tourists registered.

But, no; the very next day John appeared at my office. There was no mistaking the note of triumph in his voice.

"I know now fer sure they're the same!" he ejaculated. "I got a good look at 'em this time." The boy seemed so confident that in spite of my firm belief in the infal-

libility of the Department of Justice, I had to admit that somehow and in some way the counterfeiters had made a clean get-away.

I was not quite sure in my own mind just what my status in the case might be, even if I did find that they were the two from Atlanta. I determined, however, to go after them and let the future take care of itself.

The red tape was quickly cut, and before nightfall I had added a new member to my force. John was transferred to our department, and he was all eagerness to begin his work. It wouldn't do, however, to send him against such clever persons as these two undoubtedly were until he was trained. For this reason he was placed under intensive instruction. He was drilled for hours in how to act and what to say when he was finally sent out on the trail of the suspects.

Luck was with us, for John, haunting the streets, met the woman face to face on the second day he was out. The recognition was mutual. With a gasp of surprise the woman burst out:

"Why, it's John!"

John Calls on the Carrols

RIGHT well did John remember his instructions. Adroit questions soon brought forth the information that he was seeking: the name of the hotel where they were staying, and the name they had assumed.

"You must come to see us, John," urged the woman, in parting. "I know my brother will be glad to see you."

John promised to come the next day, and with face aglow with excitement he rushed into my office.

"I wuz right, major!" he shouted. "I've not only met the woman, but she's tol' me all about herself. They're at the Hotel Bordeaux, registered under the name uv Carrol. They're registered as Canadians."

I had located the two counterfeiters in my bailiwick, but, like the man who won the elephant at a raffle, now I had them I didn't know just what to do with them.

"Anyway," I mused to myself, "the chief will tell me what to do." So another long report went to the chief at Tours and brought back a telegram the next day.

"Keep them under surveillance. Get them to tell you their story. Keep me posted," it read.

John was again called in for instructions. This time he was to make the promised call. If possible, he was to pump them and find out if the scheme had gone through as originally planned and in just what manner they had escaped into France.

The only information that John could glean from this clever pair was that they were both Canadians and were traveling under the protection of Canadian passports—another complication. This information, although of value in warning us that we would have to proceed very cautiously, did not give us the details we wanted. We must study the man to determine just where his weakness lay and then play upon that until his confidence was won. This accomplished, the rest would be easy.

Captain Rogers was selected for this work. For years Rogers had studied and taught psychology in one of our colleges in the States; and if a man could be read, Rogers was the one to do it.

"Major," Rogers reported, after a while, "I think in reality this man Carrol is an Italian. He is about medium height, weighs between 165 and 175, is dark-skinned with black, fishy eyes, heavy eyebrows and black hair. He is careless in his dress and has every indication of being a man who is weak morally. The woman is without a doubt the master mind now, irrespective of what happened in the States, and she is the one to watch. If we can get this man away from her and stage some parties, we can get him—of that I am sure. We must, however, provide some one to take care of the woman while this is going on or she will surely spoil the game."

"All right, then," I suggested. "You are to pose as a man from the States sent over here to look after the welfare of the men from Tennessee. John can arrange for you to be introduced. If you find it necessary to have a woman's aid, let me know, and either Marie or Yvonne will come in to help you out."

John proved to be of real value. He entered into the work with a zest that spoke well for the ultimate success of our plans.

"It's jest like play-actin'," he confided to me, when he had been told how he was to prepare the way for Rogers.

The stage was set. As if by chance, Rogers entered the café of the hotel, after making sure that the party of three—the woman, Carrol and John—was there. Introductions were quickly given; the natural sequence was that Rogers was invited to a seat at their table.

"I'm certain now of my first analysis," reiterated Rogers the next morning, at my office. "We must watch the woman if we want to write 'success' at the end of this case. She's the wise one and on the alert every minute."

"What does this wonderfully clever woman look like?" I interrogated, interested in getting a clear mental picture of her.

"Like Carrol, she is of medium height, and slender. What she lacks in size, she makes up in spirit. Her big black eyes seem always to be studying you and sizing you up and wondering just what you are. Her eyes alone show that she is not one to be fooled easily. Maybe they are set a little too far apart and that is what gives them their sinister look, especially as she has the habit of looking out through half-closed lids. Her dark skin, set off by a crown of heavy jet-black hair, gives her a wild type of beauty, which is more pronounced when she opens wide her eyes. Altogether, a cool, calculating type of woman—and suspicious, but trying not to show it. As I studied her I gathered the impression that she has a temper which it is better not to arouse. I think that Carrol is a bit afraid of her, although to watch them you would think they were honeymooners, irrespective of their claim that they are just brother and sister."

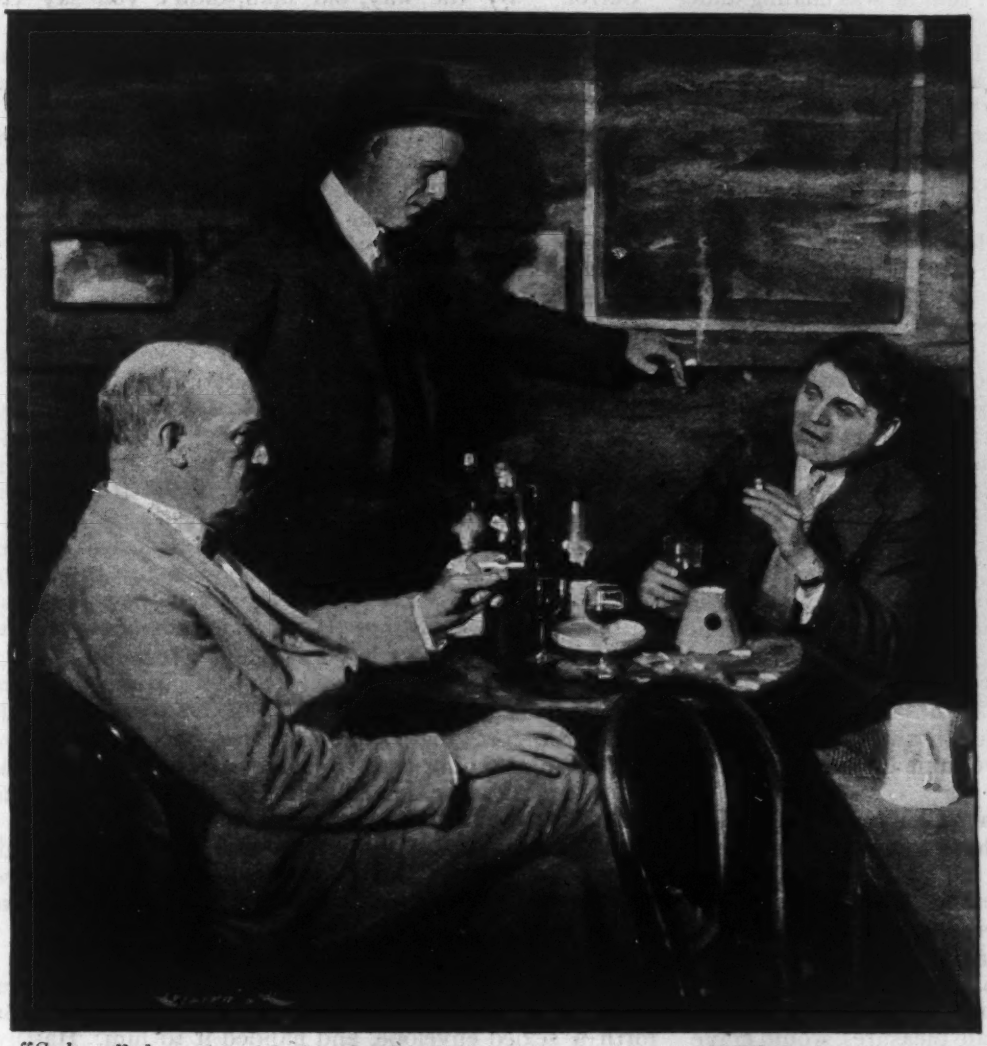
The Stage is Set in Bordeaux

IT was necessary for Rogers to work very carefully—when one is on a case where one person is involved the case can at times be rushed, but when working on one subject with another in the background, the detective must be very cautious, especially when the one in the background happens to be a suspicious woman.

Rogers knew Bordeaux like a book. Through the connection which the office maintained with the underworld, we were able to stage several parties for Carrol's benefit. Here, we could get him away from the watchful eye of the woman, and in time we hoped to win his confidence to the point where we could pump him about the United States' end of the game.

While all this was going on we were keeping a close watch on the woman. Yvonne was called in and, through Rogers, introduced to the woman. Yvonne's job was to keep Miss Carrol, as she called herself, entertained while Rogers, with Carrol in tow, did the town.

Levy, our friend from the underworld, was taken into our confidence; he promised to help. He faithfully kept his promise, and through him we were able to keep Carrol busy almost every night, while Yvonne was supplied with tickets to the theatre and to other places



"S-shay," he stuttered, drunkenly, "l-let me in on this and I'll make the plates. I'm an expert engraver and I know how!"

of interest to visitors—all this keeping Miss Carrol occupied.

Then one night we sprung the trap. At the time Levy was entertaining the two men, and, in an apparent burst of confidence, made a suggestion.

"You know, Rogers, if we wanted to and could find the right type of helper, we could clean up millions by counterfeiting the fifty-franc note. It's dead easy."

"Yes, but I don't know of any one who is clever enough to make the plates for us," lamented Rogers.

While this little byplay was going on Carrol, well under the influence of the generous portions of wine which Levy had repeatedly forced upon him, sat in his chair at the table and blinked his eyes. Finally the scheme suggested by Levy penetrated to his brain.

"S-shay," he stuttered, drunkenly, "l-let me in on this and I'll m-make the plates. I'm an expert engraver and I know how!"

At last we had him! If he was telling the truth—and that could be quickly learned—our chase was over. Rogers believed—and rightly—that it would not do to rush Carrol too far on this first night, especially since he was well on the road to oblivion by this time, so he merely added:

"All right, old man. We'll have a meeting tomorrow night where we can work out the plans and get started. Let's go out now."

Rogers, elated at his success, could not sleep until he had told me about it. And I agreed with him that within a few days we would have this clever pair of crooks just where we wanted them. I little reckoned on that woman, however.

Consternation reigned in our office the next afternoon when John, who had been sent up to the hotel to keep an eye on the pair, burst into my private office and stammered:

"Major, the Carrols uv skipped! They took the noon train fer Paris."

Poor John! He had put his heart and soul into the work and now to see it apparently go for naught was too much for him.

"It's the woman!" I exclaimed. "She saw the trap and, knowing Carrol's love of boasting, has checkmated us by spiriting him away to Paris."

This was not the first time in history, nor would it be the last, when a clever woman had upset a man's carefully thought out plans. In the pursuit of criminals one soon learns to take the defeats philosophically. Arrangements were now quickly made for Rogers and John to follow the pair to Paris. Other cases pending at the Base at this time prevented me from joining the expedition.

Locating the two in Paris was not nearly so difficult as one might suppose. The Carrols were forced to register at the French control office upon their arrival; and as they were traveling under passports issued under that name, they would of necessity have to continue the use of them. The French kept a close record of all foreign civilians in Paris; so it was but the work of an hour to locate the hotel where they were staying.

We could not but admire the woman for her cleverness in forestalling us by rushing Carrol to Paris. If we were to be successful, we knew that we must at all times in the future take her into our calculations. We could never hope for success, if we ignored her. Rogers and John, knowing this, determined to give her a wide berth in all future plans and keep out of her sight. Their only hope of completing the case lay in finding Carrol by himself. As long as the woman was in sight, they must necessarily hide in the background.

For days she did not allow Carrol to leave her side. No child ever had a nurse more constant or attentive. The ever-alert Rogers could only hope that the woman would soon tire of her constant attendance and, believing that her precautions were not necessary, would relax her vigilance. If she did—— Well, Rogers was always prepared to swoop down upon Carrol and finish what had been started at Bordeaux.

In and out of the cafés, along the boulevards, through shops, art galleries and museums the chase went on. It soon became evident from the constant bickerings

between Carrol and the woman that he was chafing under his enforced seclusion.

There is no knowing how long this case might have continued had it not been for assistance from an unforeseen quarter. The "sister"—whom by the way we always called Mrs. Carroll—was prostrated with the "flu" and forbidden by the doctor to see any one except the nurses. So Carrol, like a child just released from the restraint of school, seized upon the opening and suddenly appeared in the cafés alone. Here was the golden opportunity Rogers had been so patiently awaiting, and he was not slow to grasp it.

Carrol had shown a marked preference for a certain café and here he came just as soon as he could. Rogers and John waited for two nights for the vigilant invalid to appear, and when she did not Rogers decided it was time to show himself. On the third night, before Carrol arrived at the café, the two entered and succeeded in securing a small table near the door.

The Carrols Escape to Paris

A FEW minutes after they had settled themselves, in walked Carrol. He noticed our two men as he entered. If he was surprised to see them in Paris, he was wise enough not to show it.

"Of all persons!" he ejaculated. "What brings you two to Paris? I thought you were fixtures in Bordeaux."

"Well," drawled Rogers, "we came up here for a good time—principally."

While Rogers was giving Carrol his reasons for being in Paris, he was covertly watching to see just how they would be received. He knew full well that everything depended upon Carrol's believing his story. Carrol apparently thought that Rogers was telling the truth, for he at once proposed ways for the three to have a good time. Rogers, agreeing to all, patiently awaited the time he knew would come when a man of Carrol's temperament, tiring of the sameness of café pleasures, would crave more exciting things. And, just as he had anticipated, one night the climax came, for Carrol leaned over and whispered:

"I'm sick of all this. You remember the last night in Bordeaux?" Rogers nodded his head in reply, and Carrol continued: "I still would like to start a game like that. The old woman," he added, with a sheepish grin, "objects to my going in for any such work over here. That's why she yanked me away from Bordeaux so quick when I told her what we were planning. But this time we'll keep it to ourselves."

Not desiring to show too much eagerness for the plan, Rogers needed considerable urging before he would even consider starting it again.

"All right," he finally consented, "I'll send for Levy, if you're in earnest. When he comes we can complete the deal here as well as in Bordeaux."

I knew that Rogers must be on a hot trail when I received his wire asking that Levy be sent on to Paris to help him. I lost no time in rounding up Levy and dispatching him.

Levy's arrival in Paris was the signal for all of them to get to work in earnest. The others did not even give him a chance to rest up from his trip. On the first night the four conspirators, for by now John had been taken in on the deal, gathered in a private room at the *Café Chapeau Rouge* to make their arrangements.

Levy explained in detail how he proposed to counterfeit and dispose of the spurious money once it was made.

"The only thing we lack," he ended, "is the plates." Then, as if struck with a sudden thought, he turned to Carrol. "By the way, old man, didn't you say you were an engraver?" he nonchalantly asked.

Every nerve of Carrol's fellow conspirators tensed while they awaited the reply of the master-crook. Were they at last to get the real story from this man?

"Sure," boasted Carrol. "You fellows make the necessary arrangements for the paper and the printing plant and I'll attend to the plates."

"You're just kidding us, now," broke in Rogers. "You never did such work in your life!"

"Oh, yes, I have!" said Carrol. "I once made a set of plates that defied detection."

"Where?" shot back Rogers.

"Never mind *where*," grinned Carrol. "Maybe sometime I'll let you in on a big secret, but not now."

Poor Rogers! He had hoped to clinch the case then and there by that one word, "Where," but no, the man was still doubtful of his associates. And for the present Rogers had to be content to plod along with what he already had secured.

The counterfeiting plans proceeded as fast as Rogers dared to permit. We did not propose really to go into the business of counterfeiting French money and thus lay ourselves open to prosecution. Rogers knew that he was skating on very thin ice in even planning such a *coup*, but as long as he could keep the arrangements in his own hands, he let it proceed. In this way Carrol was with them every night, and more than once he seemed on the verge of telling them of some of his recent exploits. It looked as if our case might be closed any day when, one night, Carrol failed to show up at the rendezvous.

Fearing that Carrol might be ill and thus spoil it all, Rogers hurried to the hotel where the Carrols were registered. Discreet questions to the clerk as to their whereabouts, brought back the astonishing question:

"Are you Mr. Rogers?"

Rogers, answering in the affirmative, was further startled when the clerk reached in a drawer, brought forth a sealed envelope, and handed it to him. Hastily tearing it open, Rogers read:

> You cannot induce my husband to join you in your nefarious schemes. If you attempt to follow us or again bother us I shall report it all to the police.

It was signed "J. L. Carrol."

Gone! Checkmated again!

Carrol, probably in a burst of confidence, had disclosed the plans to the woman and, although she was just recovering from an illness, they had once more run away.

At this hotel it seemed they were registered as man and wife, and the lady was carrying out the rôle in this letter.

The Scene is Shifted Again

"AS soon as I learned that they were gone," said Rogers, in making his report to me, "I went at once to the French and found that they had had their passports viséd so that they could visit Pau."

Naturally, I was angry at the lady for twice beating us at our own game, but defeat was not in our vocabulary, so we once more set about evolving new plans.

New faces would of necessity now have to take up the work. The woman would run without a doubt, if either Rogers or John showed up at Pau. With our past failures in mind, we determined to try new tactics. Lieutenant Greene, the officer who had been so successful in solving the mystery of "The Woman in Room 27," published in McCLURE'S for July, 1922, was detailed to the case. If any of my men could win this woman's confidence, Greene was the man. Furthermore, we were fully aware of Carrol's penchant for

[*Continued on page 122*]

"'Tom Seeley, you let her go,' I says. 'Let who go?' Tom Seeley says, bunchin' his mug up to mine. 'That woman,' I says, loud. 'That woman upstairs on that chain!'"

The New Lodger

A Story of Christmas Eve and Lumberjacks on a Spree

By Maryland Allen

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

UNCLE MEYER sat serenely in the red-armed rocking chair before a bright fire that warmed the brick hearth. She was alone and she seemed to have forgotten that the hour was very late. Perhaps because the old banjo clock above the mantel with the gilt bird perched at the top and the sunny landscape with a thundercloud rising in the background painted on the door below ticked busily in a sort of hushed undertone, with no more intrusive reminder of the passage of time. It was Christmas Eve. Had been, that is, for it was almost Christmas morning. In a few more ticks of the hushed old clock the bells would begin to ring. The whole city, so heavily sheeted up in icy fog, would awake to mirth and the discord of rejoicing. There would be carols sung in the moving picture theatres as well as in the churches.

And all of this was nothing to Uncle Meyer. For she was a Jewess, handsome, warm, vividly colored and young. She kept the lodging house on Front Street—of which the bright, clean room where she sat was a part—as her father had done before her. The sign outside above the door, faintly illumined by a single electric light bulb, still read "Uncle Meyer's Place." It had not changed with the death of the old Jew. Only his daughter became Uncle Meyer to the lodgers, for all that she was young and handsome. And she was well spoken of by all men. The Bank of Columbia particularly respected her because of the size of her account there.

So she sat in her red-armed chair and darned the heavy yarn sock of a lodger, as indifferent to the Christian festival as to the smothering yellow fog outside. The square, dark old room with the red-tiled floor and the shaded lamp suspended over nothing in the center, the brick fireplace and hearth, the bright andirons and brass tongs and shovel hanging against the chimney; the two old pewter flagons, the teapot with the red tray behind it and the two glass candlesticks upon the mantel; the banjo clock topped by the gilt bird hanging above—all seemed the proper setting for her bright, dark beauty. She bent above her work, her mind serene. The heavy, hand-knit sock stood out like a paddle on her hand. She was content, indifferent to the fog, to the hour, to the wild bursts of laughter and music that occasionally drifted past in the street.

THE shining brass latch on the door clicked and a man entered, black against the grayish-yellow of the fog, indistinguishable in the dim light cast by the electric bulb above the sign. The mad merriment from down the street burst with a sudden roar across his shoulder. Then the closing of the door muffled it again and the man advanced beneath the hanging lamp.

He was a Swede logger, big, fair, quiet and slow. He wore a blue-flannel waterproof shirt hanging loose and

unbelted, his heavy Mackinaw breeches were stuffed into clumsy laced boots, he carried his coat across his bent arm. He advanced slowly from the door. The caulks in his soles would not bite into the square red tiles of the floor and he rocked a little as he moved. Halfway to the hearth he halted and pulled off his old felt hat that was shapeless, soft as down from having been so often wet. The light from the hanging lamp made a glory of his tangle of light hair.

"A—evenin', Missus Uncle Meyer," he drawled hesitatingly.

After one swift, comprehensive upward look Uncle Meyer glanced down at her work again.

"Good evenin'," she said. Her voice was deep, soft and richly colored like her face. However friendly, her tone was purely impersonal. A lodger was a lodger to Uncle Meyer.

"Ma'am," went on the Swede in a voice of exasperating slowness, "tham boys——" With a thick, scarred hand he gestured back over his shoulder at the space between his broad, stooped back and the closed door.

To the tense listeners in that quiet room—the three men and the woman—came the clear clink and rattle of a chain outside the door

UNCLE MEYER smiled a little and kept on darning. "Lost 'em, did you?" she questioned, genially. She was perfectly accustomed to Swede loggers.

But the Swede shook his tousled towhead. Dragging a chair to the hearth, he sat down, flopping his old hat upon the tiles, and began to unlace one of his clumsy, muddy boots.

"Nope," he drawled. His mild blue eyes looked up at Uncle Meyer as his fingers fumbled with the bootlaces. "Nope. Only, I tank mabbe dey troo by now. Dacie, he goes across dere." He pointed with one hand, still continuing to unlace the boot with the other.

"You mean St. Ignatius?" demanded Uncle Meyer in her large, impersonal way. "You mean the Roman Catholic Church?"

"Yuh," said the Swede. "I mean dere. Dacie say he not pray for one y'ar now. He say he pours it all out now, Chris'mus Eve. Mabbe God's heart be l'il more sof'." He chuckled in admiring appreciation of Dacie's strategy.

"Humph!" rejoined Uncle Meyer. She pushed her chair back a little from the fire and bent her head over her work once more. Her handsome, strongly Semitic profile stood out in vivid relief against the dark wall beside her. The Swede, bent above his boot, still gazed up at her, his mild eyes twinkling with an even mixture of humor and admiration.

"Thought you said there were two more of you," remarked Uncle Meyer at length, without glancing up from her work.

"Yuh, missus," drawled the Swede. "Powder Jack he just steps into the Bells o' Shandon." And, still unlacing, he pointed down the street in the direction of the music and the shouting. "He hears they's a celebration there—besides bein' Chris'mus Eve. An' he steps in lookin' for a snootfull o' hootch an' a fight. Jack bane boy for both," he added, with reflective admiration. Then he paused in the deliberate unlacing of his boot. "You hear 'bout dat celebration, missus?" he demanded cautiously.

"Yes," replied Uncle Meyer. "Oh, yes, I heard." She turned over the sock, found another hole and fell to darning again composedly.

"Wel-l-l-l," drawled the Swede in a deep, interrogatory tone of blended interest and offense, "is dat *all* you hear?"

"Wel-l-l," repeated Uncle Meyer, still very composedly, "not much more. That poor wench Tom Seeley keeps on a chain above the dance hall's got a baby, a man-child. That's all the celebration's about that I know of," she ended a trifle sharply.

"My, my!" The Swede lifted his big foot, took the unlaced boot tenderly by the toe and heel and was about to pull it off. Suddenly he let go and set his foot down again upon the red-tiled floor. By his eyes he seemed to reflect that the asperity in Uncle Meyer's tone boded ill for some matured but unspoken plan of his own.

"My, my!" he said again, placatingly, eying her furtively all the time. "Keepin' her on a chain thataway. Tom Seeley bad fallar, bad fallar."

"Takes a bad feller to run a place like the Bells an' get away with it," returned Uncle Meyer. She lifted her eyes from the sock on her hand and shot him a sudden, shrewd glance of interest. "What you come in here ahead of the others for? Why ain't you prayin' with the priest at St. Ignatius or gettin' drunk an' fightin' at Tom Seeley's Bells o' Shandon?"

THE Swede's mild blue eyes shed upon her the gentlest, most disarming smile.

"I got my priest an' Church here, missus." He fumbled beneath the collar of his shirt with his thick, stiff fingers and drew out a little lead figure that was hung about his neck by a greasy black string. "Good Saint Orpher," he drawled, holding the little image up for Uncle

Meyer's closer inspection. "My girl Ultruda give him to me. Dat's for prayin'. Dat fallar Tom Seeley's whisky at dat Bells o' Shandon make me ver' sick."

He spat into the fire and rubbed his stomach with a pitying tenderness, pathetically reminiscent.

"Dat's for de drink part. An' I can't fight wit'out I bane drunk. I coom in har arly, missus, to ask you make me one Chris'——"

His mild, propitiating glance lifted and caught Uncle Meyer in vivid profile. His drawling voice died instantly away. Here was not one to coax with any talk of Christmas.

"To ask you make me one kind act," he amended.

He lifted his foot and pulled off the boot. The heavy yarn of the sock beneath stood out like the fur of some strange animal. From the end of the sock, large and unseemly in its complete red nakedness, protruded his big toe.

"Dat bad for my toe," he said, touching it tenderly. "An' I ain't a handy man dat darns, missus," he finished, with insinuating pleading.

"Pull if off, then," said Uncle Meyer, smiling. She made a capable, comprehensive gesture with the sock over her hand. "Don't expect me to mend it on you, do you?"

INSTANTLY the Swede stripped off the sock and thrust it toward her. "Dat's der stuff, missus!" he cried, joyously. "Dat's der stuff!"

A wilder, more furious shouting burst up from the Bells o' Shandon. It sounded louder, too, as if a door there had been jerked suddenly open. A pistol shot rang out, flat like a slap on the back, dulled to all echo by the fog. And, borne up like a cork on this wild wave of sound, there came a hurried footstep outside of Uncle Meyer's door.

The Swede faced about, the sock still swinging in his hand. And Powder Jack burst into the room. running at top speed. He slammed the door with a force that shook the house and came to a full stop beneath the hanging lamp.

"Boo-oo-oo!" he roared.

He was an American, tall, young; a logger, a river-driver, swift-water man. He was dressed like the Swede, only he wore his Mackinaw coat over his blue shirt, his laced, caulked boots had been cleaned and freshly oiled, and the knitted gray socks, pulled up over his breeches to the knee, wore gay bands of yellow at the tops. His clean-shaven, reckless face was set in a glow of anger, yet he looked astonished and upset. This made him appear less devil-man and more mischievous boy. He took one more stride to the fireplace, moving easily, as supple as a wild-cat and with an astonishing economy of motion.

"Look here, Uncle Meyer!" he cried. "What for a cop are you?"

UNCLE MEYER did not even raise her head. She drew the Swede's sock on her hand, indifferent alike to Powder Jack's entrance and his challenge. But he whirled around and faced the closed door, his caulks screeching on the tiles.

"I'll make evens with that dog," he muttered, deeply. "Why, I didn't even get one drink and it was free!"

The Swede rose up from his chair and came forward, hobbling along with one caulked boot and one bare foot.

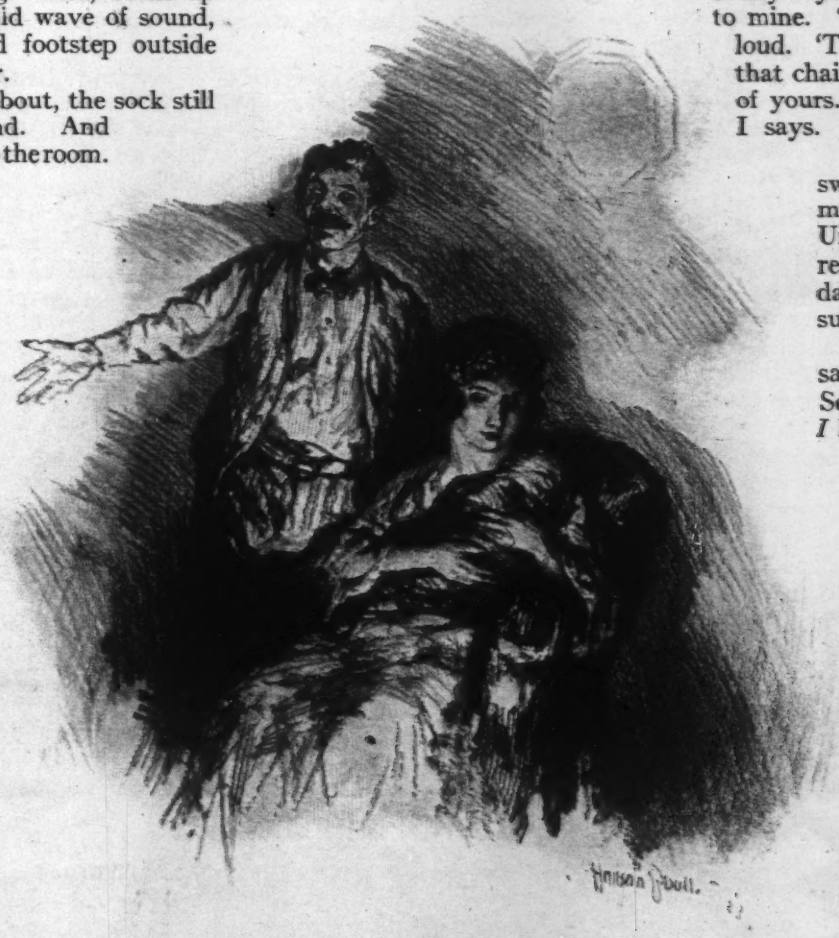
"You didn't get a drink," he drawled, staring into Powder Jack's angry face. "An' it was free?" He shook his head slowly from side to side. "I tank you didn't get in dere, fallar," he said.

Powder Jack turned upon him. "I know blamed well I did get in there!" he shouted. "Ain't this Chris'mus Eve an' ain't I got a roll to blow? Didn't he say the booze was free? I *was* in there, I tell you! I was in there an' Tom Seeley says, 'Boys, this here's a free treat. All hands step up for real whisky. I gotta son.' Then Big Luke right there behind me in the crowd—you know, Big Luke from the Brooks-Scanlon Camp Two—Big Luke says in my ear: 'Hot man for a son,' says Big Luke to me. 'Keeps his wife on a chain upstairs.' 'What's this?' I says. I was *mad!* 'Tom Seeley, you let her go, you hear me?' 'Let who go?' Tom Seeley says, bunchin' his mug up to mine. 'That woman,' I says, loud. 'That woman upstairs on that chain waitin' on that baby of yours. I know she's there,' I says. An' I did, didn't I?"

His black eyes shot swiftly from the Swede's mild, attentive face to Uncle Meyer in the big, red-armed chair calmly darning socks. She made sudden answer.

"Yes, you did," she said, briefly. "But Tom Seeley didn't stop there, *I* know," she added.

"You're whoopin' loud now, Uncle Meyer," retorted Powder Jack. "'What's that to you?' he says to me. 'What cha goin' ter do about it?' he says. He drawed a gun. You, Sven——" Jack gripped the Swede, angrily. "You'd took mine, you hound, and I had ter beat it outer there. But I give Big Luke the high sign as I was leavin'," he



"Sure she will take care of the baby!" cried Dacie vivaciously. "Ain't she da mother of us all? And ain't this Chris'mus mornin'?"

added, hopefully. " 'Begin,' I says. 'I'll be back. We'll bust this house in two and let loose that chained woman an' the baby she's got to keep.' Big Luke he began—— Hark to him now! Gimme my gun, Sven, I gotta hustle back."

"Naw, Jack, naw." Fearless, but placating, the Swede's thick fingers tapped the other's fierce, gripping hand. "I took your gun 'cause I know dat Tom Seeley. He don't play fair. You stay here one while; den go. Fists is good a-plenty. Killin' ain't what you after. Dis bane Chris'mus Eve, fallar, an' you not ver' wise man."

At the Bells o' Shandon the noise became terrific—a tremendous battering, punctuated by wild bursts of shrieks and shouts. Powder Jack made one convulsive lunge for the door and then gave back before the Swede's continuous, gentle pressure. Step by step they went, Powder Jack retreating, Sven relentlessly coming on, almost to the fireplace. Then, with a downward motion of his strong, thick hand, the Swede thrust his unwilling prisoner into a chair. Powder Jack dropped down, surrendering altogether.

"Confound you!" he groaned. "Chris'mus Eve, free drinks *and* a fight and I'm missin' it all."

"Don't cry, fallar," comforted the Swede, patting his shoulder gently, smiling still that foolish, kindly smile. "When the missus finish my sock we find a fight—one healthy fist fight. We find some more drink—we find some girls, too."

"Plenty girls at Tom Seeley's place," commented Uncle Meyer indifferently, utterly concentrated upon the big hole in the Swede's sock.

Their affairs were nothing to her. She kept her own house clean and orderly and made it pay. And that was the end of her responsibility in Portland. Whatever else went on in that gray city held no interest for her. She had dealt with so many lodgers, seen so many Christmas Eves, all composed of fog, fighting and drunkenness, that she had come to feel it was merely the first remembered one of her childhood forever returning to be celebrated in the old, never-changing way.

Powder Jack reared his drooping head, his tanned face flaming.

"I know blame well there is!" he shouted. "I'm goin' back there." He started threateningly to his feet. "Gimme my gun, you Sven."

The Swede made no move to obey. He did not lift his hand from the other's shoulder. Neither did he seem to be the least alarmed. For all his foolish mildness he was a man of influence, well known in the logging camps.

"Gimme that gun!" roared Powder Jack. He stood erect, his strong young body tense, like a wild creature prepared to spring. And yet he seemed helpless before the Swede's foolish, disarming smile. "Ain't I gotta roll to blow before mornin'?" A queer, plaintive note sounded through his rage. "You gimme that gun!"

Then Sven did lift his big discolored hand. "I bane——" he began slowly, smiling all the time. And the door opened, admitting like the rush of a huge wave

Sven paused in the deliberate unlacing of his boot. "You hear 'bout dat celebration, missus?" he demanded cautiously

the furious uproar at the Bells o' Shandon. Sven broke off short. "Dacie coom here," he said, quietly, not turning around.

Without a word of greeting, the Italian strode past him to the brick hearth and straddled it, his back to the room, looking slim and boyish in his laced boots and Mackinaw. His rapid mutterings rustled in the sudden silence with a sound like silk. He crossed himself with his head slightly raised, facing the old gilt clock and whispering.

THE hand that held the sock dropped with something like a slap into Uncle Meyer's comfortable lap. All her serene, friendly indifference vanished, her soft eyes grew hard.

"Let up on that," she said, sternly. "You can't mess up my clean hearth with your fairy stories and idols."

"All bane clean, missus," deprecated Sven, with his smile.

"Sure!" Dacie whirled upon her with a genial warmth. There was no look about him of fasting or of prayer. His thin, dark face was full of careless mirth, his desire to chuck Uncle Meyer beneath her firm, pretty chin shamelessly apparent. "Sure it is!" he cried. "Come on, Uncle Meyer, give us a bite, there's a good girl, then we'll go out an' raise a rumpus. It's Chris'mus Eve an' we've got money to spend."

But Uncle Meyer turned away offendedly. She bent to the sock again, her handsome Semitic profile set in lines of utter contempt.

Sven caught Dacie's glowing, reckless glance and pointed furtively to Uncle Meyer. Waveringly his big forefinger followed the outline of her face making an invisible, grotesque caricature against the atmosphere of the room.

"Jewess," he whispered, hoarsely. "Yus, but also der woman. She cooks der food, she handles de babies, she mends der socks. Don't for your life, fallar, anger der woman."

Dacie laughed aloud and turned to their landlady once more. "It's a holiday, Uncle Meyer," he coaxed, every silky note in his voice a cheeky caress. "So we gotta get in da fight, get drunk an' spend all our money. But, Sweetness, we gotta eat first."

Uncle Meyer lifted her head and opened her full, red lips. "Eat somewhere else" lay eloquent in her warm, disdainful brown eyes. But the words were never uttered. The noise at the Bells o' Shandon rose to a crescendo of horrible turmoil that filled the room to the exclusion of all other sound. Shrieks of wildest terror; yells of rage; deep, breathless shouts like grappling dogs and a sharp volley of shots that rose and fell and rose again.

Dacie, supremely indifferent under Uncle Meyer's displeasure, turned an attentive ear.

"Hear that!" he cried, admiringly. "We won't have to go so far. Come on, Uncle Meyer," he smiled at her fiercely, eager for food and for the fight. "Buck up, Uncle Meyer—eats!"

"FORGET the eats!" cried Powder Jack. "I won't wait. Sven, gimme that gun." And he sprang at the Swede, rocking on his caulks. "I'll fix Tom Seeley!" he shouted. "I'll serve 'im out for keepin' his wife upstairs on a chain!"

"What?" Dacie beat down Sven's lifted arm. His thin face burned with delighted anticipation, wild joy over the possibilities. Keeping a woman on a chain, was he? Like a vicious dog or a performing bear. What a thing to hang a fight on!

"Gimme my gun," reiterated Powder Jack, by way of reply. He seized Sven's hairy throat and shook his shock head violently from side to side.

The Swede thrust him back against the mantel; with the other hand he caught Dacie's uplifted arm. The brutal noise from the Bells o' Shandon filled the room in a swiftly rising flood of hideous sound. Borne upon it like foam, faint, but coming ever nearer, sounded the gong of the police patrol.

All this time Uncle Meyer had sat with her darning in a pool of serene, peaceful calm. As remote from the three powerful figures that contended on her hearth in all the pride of youth, strength and uncontrolled masculine desires as some lovely, enchanted Hebrew princess in a dream. Now, with a swift, precise movement she threw aside Sven's sock and rose up from the red-armed chair.

"No fighting in this house," she said in her quiet, compelling way. "The rules are over there beside the door and you can all read."

But the men took no heed. With a blare and a rush the motor patrol went by in the street and its passing seemed only to intensify the desperate, silent struggle upon the hearth.

"Come on, you boys," said Uncle Meyer again. Her voice was no louder, her tone not a whit more sharp. It was all in a day's lodging-keeping for her. "You want to stop that."

"Hush!" Dacie's long black head suddenly shot out of the writhing tangle of limbs and bodies. Lithe and quick as a cougar, he sprang away from the other two men. Halfway to the door he crouched low to the red-tiled floor and motioned for silence behind him with his hand. "Hush!" he cried again.

"Tom Seeley coom for you," whispered Sven. He sought to interpose his burly body between Powder Jack and the door.

"Hush, I tell you!" cried Dacie, just above his breath.

AND on the other side of the latched door there came the clear clink and rattle of a chain. A breathless moment of waiting and it came again. The tense, listening faces in that quiet room stood out suddenly white and sharp—the three men and the woman. Clink! The suspense became cruel—broke.

"Gimme that gun!" roared Powder Jack. Sven's arms gripped him. "Gimme that gun!" said Powder Jack, deep in his throat.

Dacie, still crouching, waved behind his stooped back that warning hand.

"Hush, hush, hush!" he whispered.

Clear and penetrating, thin as a knife blade, a whisper thrust through the crack in the door. A whisper that filled the room with sound as loud and as blasting as the thunders of doom.

"Jewess," rasped that whisper so desperate, thin and shrill, "help now. I have prayed to your God. You help now."

The motor patrol went back along the street. The gong, released in violent, spasmodic outbursts, sounded soft and smudged against the thick fog. A deep and tragic silence lay over the Bells o' Shandon.

But in the bright warm room at Uncle Meyer's Place Powder Jack wrenched himself free from Sven, the recaptured automatic shining black in his hand.

"Open that door!" he cried.

The Swede stepped up beside him, his big hand moved out from under his left armpit in a slow, deadly gesture.

"Ya-as, fallar," he drawled. "Open der door."

Dacie, still crouching, darted forward; his left hand flashed out to the latch. [*Continued on page 124*]

Drummond stood in the doorway, his arms still lashed in front of him, and his eyes—with the gleam of a homicidal maniac's—were fixed on Professor Goodman

The Third Round

In Which Bulldog Drummond Sets Out to Sea in an Ambulance

By H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

For Synopsis see Page 106

ONCE again Mr. Robinson dashed to the bell and pealed it. His momentary shock at Freyder's ghastly accident had passed; his sole thought was that Drummond was no longer unconscious. And Drummond in full possession of his physical powers was a dangerous person to have about the place, even if his mind was wandering. But was it? That was the point. Or was he shamming? Such a possibility at once suggested itself to Mr. Robinson's tortuous brain, and he was not a gentleman who took any unnecessary risks.

He had watched Professor Goodman totter from his chair with a look of wild hope in his face as he realized the unexpected presence of a friend; he had watched him sink back into it again with a groan as his cry for help was greeted with a vacuous grin from the man happily playing on the floor. But still he was not satisfied, and a revolver gleamed ominously in his hand as he watched his enemy.

His finger tightened on the trigger, and he raised the revolver, till it was pointing direct at Drummond's heart.

"I'm going to kill you, Drummond," he said quietly.

But if he expected to discover anything by such a test he was doomed to disappointment. There was still the same vacuous grin — still the same lolling head and a jumble of incoherent words—and very slowly he lowered the weapon as one of his men came rushing into the room to stop abruptly at the door as his eyes fell on the figure on the floor.

"So there you are, my beauty!" he muttered, with a sigh of relief.

"Was it you who was told to look after Captain Drummond?" said Mr. Robinson softly.

The man looked at the speaker with fear in his eyes.

"I put him on the bed, Chief," he said sullenly, "and he was unconscious. I hadn't had any supper so——"

"You went downstairs to get some," Mr. Robinson concluded his sentence for him. "You went downstairs, you miserable fool, leaving him alone." The man shrank back against the wall at the look in his chief's eyes. "I will deal with you later," continued Mr. Robinson, "and until then you will continue to look after him. If nothing further of this sort happens it is possible that I may overlook your fault—so you had better see to it. Go, now, and get one of the others. And bring some rope when you return."

The man departed with alacrity, and once more Mr. Robinson fell to staring at the man sitting on the floor. To Professor Goodman he paid not the slightest attention; all his thoughts were concentrated on Drummond. Was he shamming, or was he not? Had Freyder's blow on the head deprived him of his reason—or was it a wonderful piece of acting? And finally he decided on yet another test.

Still watching Drummond narrowly, he walked over to the door and affected to give an order to some one in the passage outside.

"Bring the girl Phyllis in here."

Now surely there would be some telltale start if he was shamming—some little movement that would give him away. But there was nothing — absolutely nothing — to show that Drummond had even heard. He was engrossed in some intricate shunting operations with his shoes, and after a time Mr. Robinson came back into the room. Almost, if not quite, his mind was made up—Drummond was insane. Only temporarily possibly—but insane.

The blow on the back of his head had caused something in his brain to snap, and the man he hated most on earth was just a babbling lunatic. Almost, if not quite, he was sure of it; for certain proof he would have to wait until he could examine him—and especially his eyes—more closely. And Mr. Robinson had no intention of examining Drummond, sane or insane, closely until Drummond's arms were very securely lashed together.

"You'd better be very careful," he remarked, as the two men came in with rope. "I am almost certain that he's suffering from very bad concussion, but if you handle him roughly he may get angry. I shall be covering him the whole time with a revolver, but I want you to lash his wrists behind his back."

They approached him cautiously, and Drummond smiled at them vacantly.

"All right, old chap," murmured the first man ingratiatingly. "Pretty train you've got there. Won't you shake hands?"

"Gumph!" remarked Drummond brightly, busily pushing his shoe.

"Get hold of his other hand," said the first man tersely to his companion. "Then we'll get them both behind his back and I'll slip a running noose over them."

Which was excellent in theory, but poor in execution. A loud crack was heard and the two men staggered back holding their heads, which had impinged with violence.

"Gumph!" again remarked Drummond. "Puff—puff—puff."

"Confound the swine!" snarled the man who had originally been told to look after him, and Mr. Robinson smiled gently. It was very obvious that, whatever his mental condition might be, Drummond's physical strength was unimpaired.

"I THINK, Chief," said the second man, "that we should do it better if we lashed his wrists in front of him to start with."

"Do it as you please," snapped Mr. Robinson, "but do it quickly."

Which again proved excellent in theory, but poor in execution. For it soon transpired that Drummond was far too happy playing with his train to realize the desirability of having his hands lashed together. In fact, the proceeding appeared to annoy him considerably. And it was not until another man had been summoned and Mr. Robinson himself had joined in the fray that they finally got the noose over his wrists and drew it tight.

When at last it was done, four panting men stood around in a ring regarding him triumphantly as he rolled on the floor. And after a while he lay still, with a foolish grin on his face.

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"Gug-gug!" burbled. "Where's my train?"

"I'll gug-gug him!" snarled one of the men, kicking him heavily in the ribs.

"Stop that!" said Mr. Robinson savagely. "All accounts with this young man are settled by me. Now, stand by in case he struggles. I'm going to examine his eyes."

They approached him cautiously, but for the moment the trouble seemed over. Like so many madmen, and people temporarily insane, his frenzied struggles of the last ten minutes had completely exhausted Drummond. And even when Mr. Robinson raised his eyelids and stared into his eyes he made no attempt to move, but lay there smiling stupidly. For a long while Mr. Robinson examined him, and then with a nod of satisfaction he rose to his feet.

"Take him to his room, and see that he doesn't escape again. He's mad, but how long he'll remain so I can't tell. If you see the faintest sign of his recovering his reason, come and tell me at once."

He watched them pick up Drummond and carry him out. They took him into the next room and threw him on the bed, and Mr. Robinson followed. For a moment or two he moved restlessly on the pillows—then he gave a strangled grunt and a snore.

"He's asleep, Chief," said one of the men, bending over him.

"Good," answered Mr. Robinson. "Let us trust he remains so for some time."

Then, with a look of cold determination on his face, he returned to the room where Professor Goodman still sat huddled in his chair.

"AND now, dear brother," he remarked, gently closing the door, "we will resume our little discussion where we left off. I was, if you may remember, just about to ask you to sample the temperature of the furnace at 2,000° when the interruption occurred. Is it necessary that I should repeat that request, or was your experience at the lower temperature sufficient for you?"

Professor Goodman raised his haggard face and stared at his tormentor.

"What have you done to that poor young man, you fiend?"

Mr. Robinson smiled, and stroked his whiskers.

"Well, really," he answered mildly, "I think the boot is on the other leg. The question is, rather, what has he done to my unfortunate staff! Poor Mr. Freyder I feel almost certain must be in great pain with his face, and——"

"I know that," said the other. "But what has sent him insane?"

Mr. Robinson smiled even more gently.

"As a scientist, dear brother, you should know the tiny dividing line between sanity and madness. One little link wrong in that marvelous mechanism of the brain, and the greatest thinker becomes but a babbling fool. Not that his best friends could ever have called poor Drummond a great thinker, but"— he paused to emphasize his words—"but, dear brother, he serves as a very good example of what might happen to one who *is* a great thinker."

Professor Goodman shivered; there had been no need to emphasize the meaning underlying the words.

"You see," continued Mr. Robinson, "Drummond very foolishly and very unfortunately for himself has again crossed my path. This time, as a matter of fact, it was by pure accident. Had you not lunched with him on the day of your death and given him the notes of your process, you may take it from me that this little interlude would never have occurred. But you did—and, well, you see what has happened to Drummond. The silly young fellow is quite mad."

"You have done something to him to make him so," said the other dully.

"Of course," agreed Mr. Robinson. "Or, to be strictly accurate, Freyder has."

And suddenly Professor Goodman rose to his feet with a pitiful little cry.

"Oh! I don't understand. I think I'm going mad myself!"

FOR a moment or two Mr. Robinson looked at him narrowly. If such an appalling eventuality as that happened, the whole of his scheme would be frustrated. True, it was a common figure of speech, but Professor Goodman was a frail old man, accustomed to a sedentary life. And during the past two or three days his life had been far from sedentary. Suppose that under the strain the old man's reason did snap—— Mr. Robinson drew a deep breath; the mere thought of such a thing was too impossible to contemplate.

But it had to be contemplated, and it had to be taken into account in this immediate course of action. Whatever happened, Professor Goodman's intellect must be preserved at all costs. Even a nervous breakdown would constitute a well-nigh insuperable obstacle to his plans. And in spite of the seriousness of the position, Mr. Robinson could hardly help smiling at the irony of the thing. It was a problem in psychology which in the whole of his career he had never had to face under exactly similar conditions.

There had been occasions when a man's reason had snapped under the somewhat drastic treatment with which Mr. Robinson was wont to enforce his wishes. But on all those occasions a remarkable aptitude with the pen had enabled him to dispense with the formality of the victim's signature. This time, however, his wonderful gifts as a forger were wasted. Knowledge of ancient cuneiform writing might have been of some use in enabling him to decipher the notes, he reflected grimly—but as it was they were hopelessly and utterly unintelligible. Only Professor Goodman could do it, and that was the problem which had just come home to him more acutely

Drummond's frenzied struggles had completely exhausted him. He lay on the floor, smiling stupidly

than ever. What was the best line to adopt with the old man? How far would it be safe to go in a policy of threats and force? Or would apparent kindness do the trick more quickly? That was the important thing. It was a ticklish point to decide; but it was essential that it should be decided, and at once.

He glanced at the haggard, staring eyes of the man confronting him; he noted the twitching hands, and he made up his mind. After all, it was easy to go from kindness to threats, whereas the converse was difficult. And though he had reluctantly to admit to himself that burning a man's arm on red-hot metal can hardly be regarded as the act of a personal friend, there was no good worrying about it. It had been done, and could not be undone. All that he could do now was to try to efface the recollection of it as far as possible.

"Sit down, professor," he said gently. "I feel that I owe you some explanation."

WITH a groan the other sank back into his chair.

"Will you have a cigar?" went on Mr. Robinson easily, holding out his case. "You don't smoke? You should. Most soothing to the nerves. In the first place I must apologize for not having made things clearer to you before, but this slight contretemps with Drummond has kept me rather fully occupied. Now I want you to recall to your mind the interviews that you had with Sir Raymond Blantyre."

"I recall them perfectly," answered the professor, and Mr. Robinson noted with quiet satisfaction that he seemed to be less agitated.

"He offered you—did he not—a large sum of money for the suppression of your secret, which you refused—and very rightly refused? But, my dear professor, do you really imagine for a moment that an unscrupulous blackguard of his type was going to accept your refusal? If you chose to refuse the money, so much the better for him; but whether you refused or accepted he intended to suppress you. And but for me"—he paused impressively—"he would have done so."

Professor Goodman looked at him in bewilderment.

"But for me," repeated Mr. Robinson, "you would now be dead—foully murdered. You have never in your life, and I trust you never will again be in such deadly peril as you were in a few days ago. Indeed, if it were known now that you were alive, I fear that even I would be powerless to save you."

He leaned forward and touched the professor on the knee.

"Have you ever heard of a man called Peterson?"

"Never," returned the other.

"No—probably not. You and he hardly move in the same circles. Peterson, of course, is only one of the many names by which that arch-devil is known. He is a King of Criminals—a man without mercy—a black-hearted villain." Mr. Robinson's voice shook with the intensity of his emotion. "And to that man Sir Raymond Blantyre went with a certain proposal. Do you know what that proposal was? It concerned you and your death. You were to be murdered before you gave your secret to the world."

"The villain!" cried Professor Goodman, in a shaking voice. "To think that I've had him to dinner at my home!"

Mr. Robinson smiled pityingly.

"MY dear professor," he said, "I'm afraid that your life has been lived far apart from the realities of the world. Do you really suppose that such a trifle as that would have weighed for one instant with Sir Raymond Blantyre? However, I will get on with my explanation. It matters not how I discovered these things; I will merely say that for twenty years now I have dogged this man Peterson as his shadow. He did me the greatest wrong one man can do another—I won't say more.

"I have dogged him, professor," he repeated, "as I say for twenty years, hoping—always hoping—that the time would come for my revenge. I have lived for nothing else; I have thought of nothing else. But one thing I was determined on—that my revenge when it did come should be a worthy one. A dozen times I could have given him away to the police, but I stayed my hand. When it came I wanted the thing to be more personal. And at last the opportunity did come. It came with you."

"With me?" echoed Professor Goodman. "How can I have had anything to do with your revenge on this man?"

"That is what I am going to explain to you," continued Mr. Robinson. "In this man Peterson, Sir Raymond Blantyre had encountered a blackguard far more subtle than himself. Peterson was perfectly prepared to murder you—but he had no intention of murdering the secret of your process. That he proposed to keep for himself—so that he could continue blackmailing Sir Raymond. You see the manner of blackguard he is. It was a scheme after his own heart, and I made up my mind to strike at last. Apart from frustrating the monstrous crime of murdering you, I should achieve an artistic revenge. Now pay close attention. Professor Scheidstrun, the German scientist, made an appointment to see you, didn't he?"

"He was with me when I was chloroformed!" cried the other.

Mr. Robinson smiled. "No, he wasn't. A man you thought was Scheidstrun was with you."

"But—good heavens!" gasped the professor. "I met him in the hall. I was late, I remember——"

"And, as you say, you met him in the hall talking to your maid servant."

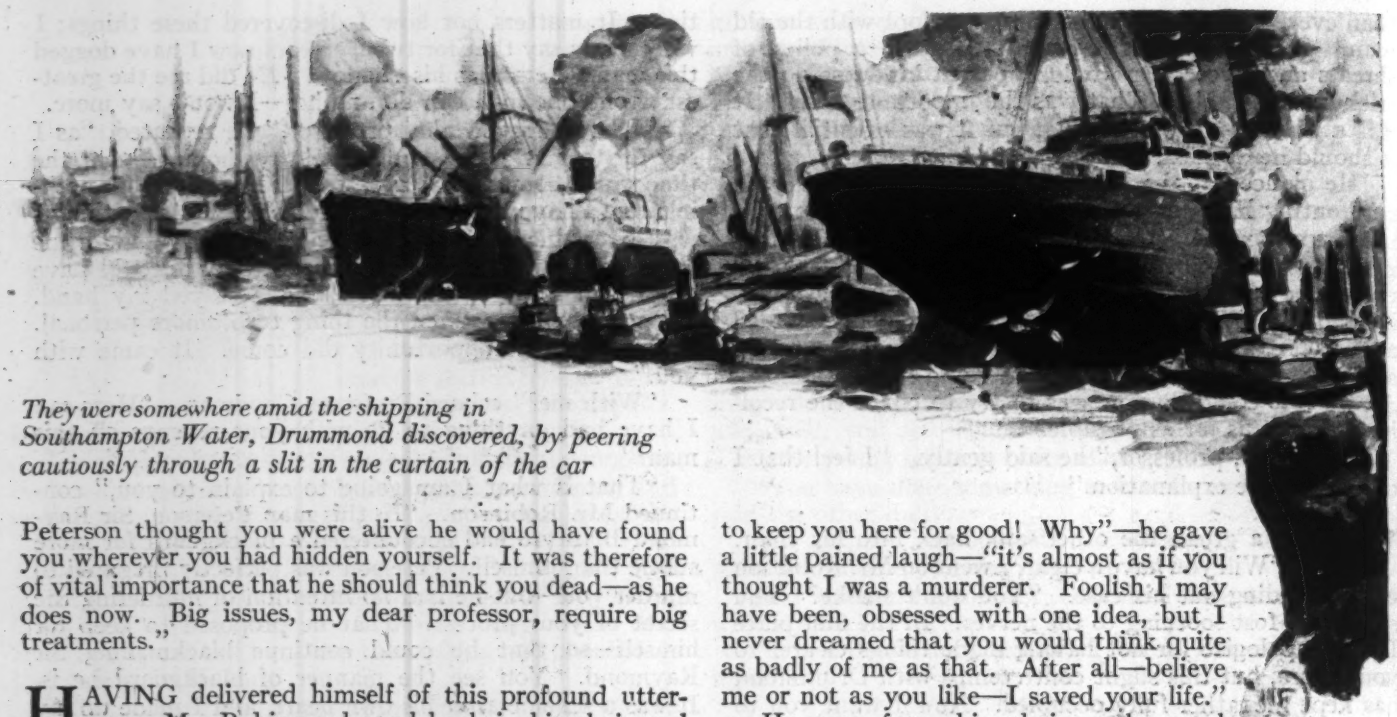
"But how on earth did you know that?"

"BECAUSE the man you met in the hall was not Scheidstrun—it was I." He laughed genially at the amazement on the other's face. "It's a shame to keep you mystified any longer; I will explain everything. It was Peterson who made the original appointment with you, writing in Scheidstrun's hand. What he intended to do I know not; how he intended to murder you I am not prepared to say. But the instant I discovered about it, I realized that there was not a moment to be lost. So I took the liberty, my dear professor, of posing over the telephone as your secretary. I rang up Peterson and, speaking in an assumed voice, I postponed his appointment with you until the following day. And then I took his place. I may say that I am not unskilled in the art of disguise, and I knew I could make myself up to resemble Scheidstrun sufficiently well to deceive you."

"But why on earth didn't you tell me at the time?" said Professor Goodman, peering at him suspiciously.

Once again the other laughed.

"My dear fellow, surely during the course of your married life Mrs. Goodman must have let you into the secret of one of your characteristics. Or has she been too tactful? You are, as I think you must admit yourself, a little obstinate, aren't you?" He dropped his tone of light banter, and became serious. "I don't think—in fact, I *know* you don't realize the deadly peril you were in. Even had I succeeded in convincing you of your danger and you had agreed to come away and hide yourself, you would not have consented to the destruction of your laboratory. And that was essential. As long as



They were somewhere amid the shipping in Southampton Water, Drummond discovered, by peering cautiously through a slit in the curtain of the car

Peterson thought you were alive he would have found you wherever you had hidden yourself. It was therefore of vital importance that he should think you dead—as he does now. Big issues, my dear professor, require big treatments."

HAVING delivered himself of this profound utterance, Mr. Robinson leaned back in his chair and gazed at his listener. Bland assurance radiated from his mutton-chop whiskers, but his mind was busy. How was the old fool taking it? He still had his trump card to play, but he wanted that to win the game without possibility of failure. And as his mental metaphors grew a little mixed he realized that it must fall on carefully prepared soil.

Professor Goodman stirred uneasily in his chair.

"I really can hardly believe all this," he said at length. "Why is all this deception necessary? Why must I pose as your brother? And why, above all, have you tortured me?"

"Let me answer your last point first, if I can," said Mr. Robinson. "And yet I can't. Even if I can persuade you to forgive me, I never shall be able to forgive myself. Sudden anger, professor, makes men do strange things—dreadful things. And I was furious with rage when I found that you had deliberately failed in the experiment. I realize now that I should have explained everything to you to start with. But I suppose my hatred of Peterson and my wish for revenge blinded me to other things. As I have told you, everything is subservient to that in my mind. Bringing you here, making you pose as my brother—what was all that done for except to throw that fiend off the scent should he by any chance suspect. And at present he does not. He believes that the secret for which he would have given untold gold has perished with you. He is angry, naturally, at what he considers a buffet of fate, but that is no use to me as a revenge. He must know that it was not fate, but *I* who wrecked his scheme. He must know that not only has he lost the secret forever, but that *I* have got it. There will be the revenge for which I have waited twenty years." His eyes glistened, and he shook his fists in the air. "And then and not till then will it be safe for you to go back and join your wife."

Professor Goodman leaped from his chair.

"You mean that?" he cried. "You will let me go?"

Mr. Robinson gazed at him in pained surprise; then he bowed his head.

"I deserve it," he said in a low voice. "I deserve your bad opinion of me firstly for not having told you, but especially for my vile and inexcusable loss of temper. But surely you can never have believed that I was going to keep you here for good! Why"—he gave a little pained laugh—"it's almost as if you thought I was a murderer. Foolish I may have been, obsessed with one idea, but I never dreamed that you would think quite as badly of me as that. After all—believe me or not as you like—I saved your life."

He rose from his chair and paced thoughtfully up and down the room.

"No, no, my dear fellow, please reassure yourself on that point. The very instant it is safe for you to do so you shall return to your wife."

"But when will it be safe?" cried the professor excitedly.

"When Peterson knows that your secret is in my possession, and that therefore murdering you will avail him nothing," answered Mr. Robinson calmly.

"But how do I know you will keep your word?"

"You don't," said the other frankly. "You've got to trust me. At the same time, I beg of you to use your common sense. Of what possible advantage is it to me to keep you here? I shall have to trust you to take no steps to incriminate me, and that I am fully prepared to do. My quarrel is not with you, professor; nor is it with that young man Drummond. But quite by accident he got between me and my life's object—and he had to be removed. So is it fair to Mrs. Goodman to keep her in this dreadful sorrow for one moment longer than is necessary? The very instant you have given me your secret, and your word of honor that you will say nothing to the police, you have my word of honor that you are free to go."

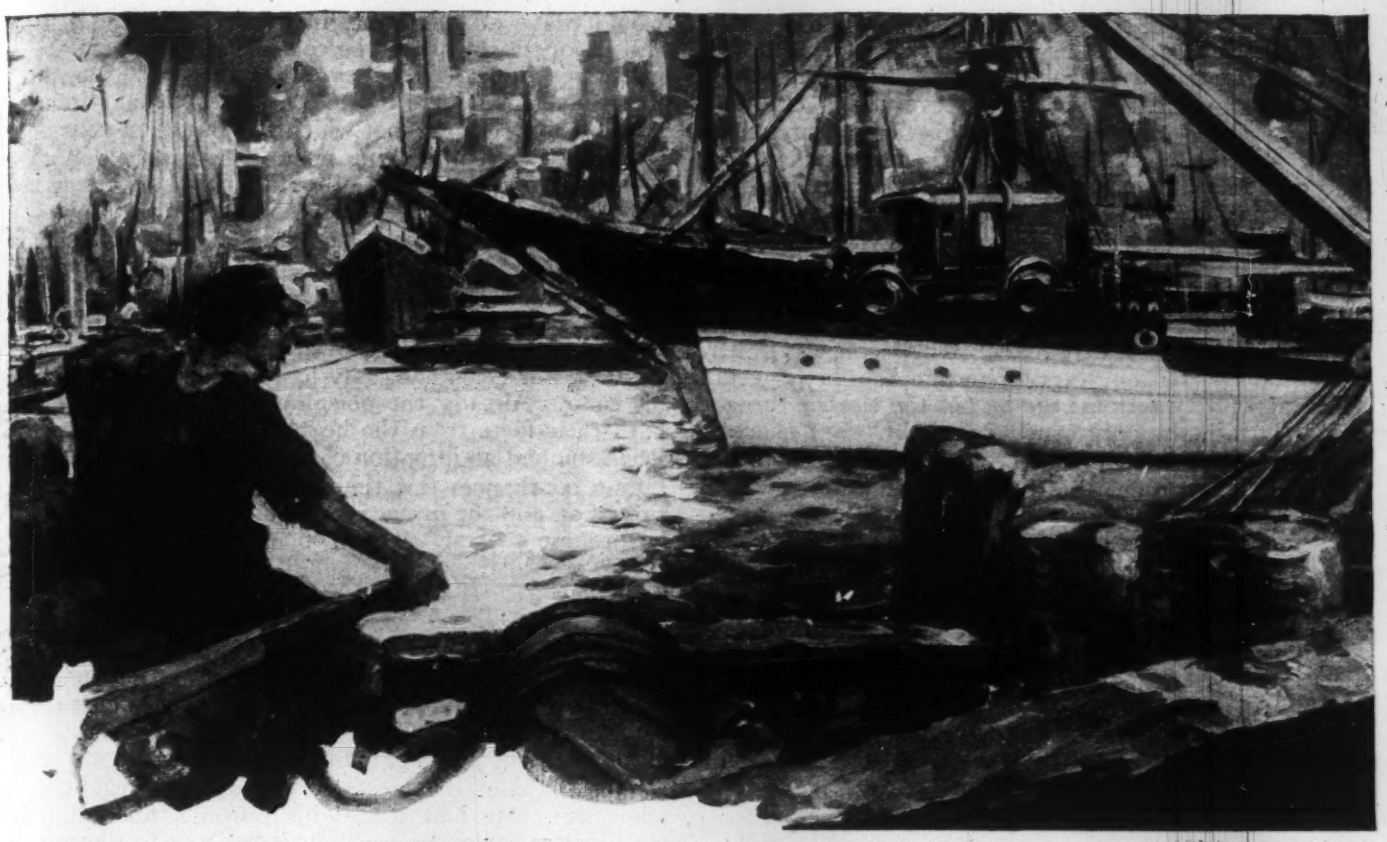
"But what do you propose to do with my secret when you've got it?" asked the professor. He was watching his captor with troubled eyes, wondering what to believe.

"Do with it!" cried the other exultantly. "I propose to seek out Peterson and let him know that I have got what he has missed. And if you but knew the man, you would realize that no more wonderful revenge could be thought of."

"Yes, yes! I see all that," said the professor irritably. "But in the event of my giving the secret to the world—what then?"

MR. ROBINSON curbed a rising desire to throttle the old man. Never had his self-control been so severely tried as it was now with precious moments flying when every one was of value. But, true to his new policy, he kept every hint of irritation out of his voice as he answered.

"I shall have to have your promise also on that point, professor. For one year you will have to keep your



discovery to yourself. That will be sufficient for my revenge."

He realized that had he made no proviso of that sort it would have been enough to arouse the other's suspicions, for Professor Goodman was no fool. He also realized that if he made the period too long the other's inherent pig-headedness might tempt him to refuse. So he compromised on a year, and to his intense relief it looked as if the old man were inclined to consider it favorably. He still sat motionless, but his brow was wrinkled in thought.

"One year," he said at length. "For I warn you, sir, that not all the Petersons in the world will keep me from publishing my discovery then."

"One year will be sufficient," said Mr. Robinson quietly.

"And will you on your side," continued the professor, "promise not to publish it before that date?"

Mr. Robinson concealed a smile.

"I undoubtedly will promise that," he answered.

"And the instant you possess the secret I may go to my wife?"

MR. ROBINSON'S pulse was beating a little faster than normal. Could it be that he had succeeded in bluffing him?

"As soon as Peterson knows that the secret of the process is mine—and that will be very soon—you may go. Before that it would not be safe."

"And if I refuse?"

For a moment or two Mr. Robinson did not reply; he seemed to be weighing his words with care.

"Need we discuss that, professor?" he said at length. "I have already told you the main—almost the sole—object of my life: revenge on this man Peterson. Rightly or wrongly, I have decided that this is my opportunity for obtaining it. I have gone to an immense amount of trouble and risk to achieve my object, and though, as I said, I have no quarrel with you, yet, professor, you are an essential part of my scheme. Without you I must fail—I make no bones about it. And I do not want to fail. So should you still refuse, your wife will go on thinking herself a widow until you change your mind. It rests with you and you alone."

His eyes, shrewd and penetrating, searched the old man's face. Had he said enough, or had he said too much? Like an open book he read the other's mind: saw doubt, indecision, despair succeed one another in rapid succession. And then suddenly he almost stopped breathing. For the professor had risen to his feet, and Mr. Robinson knew that one way or the other he had come to a decision.

"Very well, sir," said the old man wearily. "I give in. It seems that the only way of setting my poor wife's mind at rest as soon as possible is for me to trust you. I will tell you my process."

Mr. Robinson drew in his breath in a little whistling hiss, but his voice was quite steady as he answered.

"You have decided very wisely," he remarked. "And since there is no time like the present I think we will have a bottle of champagne and some sandwiches to fortify us and then get on with the experiment at once."

"As you will," said the professor. "And then perhaps tomorrow you will let me go."

Mr. Robinson glanced at his watch.

"Today, professor," he remarked jovially. "It is past midnight. And I can promise you that should your experiment succeed, you will leave this house today."

He watched the champagne bring back some color to the other's cheeks, and then he produced his notebook.

"To save time," he said, "I propose to write down the name of each salt as you take it and the amount you use. Does it make any difference in what order the salts are mixed?"

"None whatever," answered the professor. "Provided they are all mixed properly. No chemical reaction takes place until the heat is applied."

"And to make it perfectly certain you had better give me the formula for each salt at the same time," continued Mr. Robinson.

At first the old man's fingers trembled so much that he could hardly use the balance, but Mr. Robinson betrayed no impatience. And after a while the enthusiasm of the scientist supplanted everything else, and the professor became absorbed in his task. Entry after entry was made in Mr. Robinson's neat handwriting, and gradually the look of triumph deepened in his eyes. Success had come at last.

Of pity for the poor old man opposite he felt no trace—pity was a word unknown in his vocabulary. And so for an hour the murderer and his victim worked on steadily in the silent house until at length the last salt was mixed—the last entry made. The secret was in Mr. Robinson's possession. Not for another four hours would he be absolutely certain: the test of the electric furnace would furnish the only conclusive proof. But short of that he felt as sure as a man may feel that there had been no mistake this time, and his eyes were gleaming as he rose from the table.

"Excellent, my dear professor," he murmured. "You have been lucidity itself. Now all that remains is to start up our current and await results."

"The results will be there," answered the other. "That I know."

HE opened the furnace door and placed the retort inside; then, switching on the current, he sank wearily into his chair.

"You don't think it will be long, do you, before you can convince this man Peterson?" he said, with a pathetic sort of eagerness.

"I can assure you that it won't be," returned the other, with an enigmatic smile. "I keep in very close touch with him."

"Because I would be prepared to run any risk in order to let my dear wife know as soon as possible that I am alive."

Mr. Robinson nodded sympathetically.

"Of course you would, my dear fellow. I quite understand that. But I feel that I must safeguard you even against your own inclinations. However, the instant that I consider it safe, you shall go back."

"Can't I even write to her?" queried the other.

Mr. Robinson affected to consider the point; then regretfully he shook his head.

"No—not even that," he answered. "I know this man Peterson too well. In fact, professor, I am not even going to allow you to return to your wife from this house. It is better and safer for you that you should remain in ignorance of where you have been, and so I propose to take you for a short sea voyage in my yacht and land you on another part of the coast. From the boat you will be able to radio to your wife, so that her mind will be set at rest. And then, when you finally rejoin her, I would suggest your pleading sudden loss of memory to account for your mysterious disappearance."

"But what on earth am I to say about the man who was buried?" And suddenly the full realization of all that the question implied came home to him and he stood up. "Who was that man?"

"An uninteresting fellow," remarked Mr. Robinson genially.

"But if you were the man I thought was Scheidstrun, you must—you must have murdered him!" The old man's voice rose almost to a scream. "Good heavens! I'd forgotten all about that."

He shrank back, staring at Mr. Robinson who was watching him narrowly.

"My dear professor," he said coldly, "pray do not excite yourself unnecessarily. I have often thought that a society of murderers run on sound conservative lines would prove an admirable institution. After all, it is the majority who should be considered, and there are so many people who are better out of the way. However, to set your mind at rest," he continued, "it may interest you to know that the foot which was buried in your boot did not belong to a living man. As you are doubtless aware there are methods of obtaining these things for experimental purposes, if you possess a degree."

There was no object, he reflected, in unnecessarily alarming the old man; it saves bother to get an animal to walk to the slaughter house rather than having to drag it there. And he was likely to have all the dragging he wanted with Drummond, even though he was insane.

Professor Goodman, only half satisfied, sank back in his chair. Already the perspiration was running down both their faces from the heat of the furnace, but Mr. Robinson had no intention of leaving the room. He was taking no chances this time; not until the current was turned off and the furnace was cool enough to handle did he propose to rest. Then, once he was satisfied that the retort did contain diamonds, he would have some badly needed sleep in preparation for the work next night.

The yacht *Gadfly* was lying in Southampton water, and he had decided to go on board in the late afternoon. His two invalids would be carried on stretchers; an ambulance was even now in readiness below to take them to the coast. They would both be unconscious—a matter which presented but little difficulty to Mr. Robinson. And the professor would never regain consciousness. He had served his purpose, and all that mattered as far as he was concerned was to dispose of him as expeditiously as possible. With Drummond, things were a little different. In spite of what he had said to Freyder downstairs, the scheme was too big to run any unnecessary risks and though it went against his grain to kill him in his present condition, he quite saw that he might have to.

Point by point he ran over his plans and, point by point he found them good. Their strength lay in their simplicity, and he could see nothing which was likely to go wrong before he was on board the *Gadfly*. Up to date no mention of Mr. Lewisham's sudden disappearance had found its way into the papers; presumably, whatever Mrs. Lewisham might think of the matter she had not consulted the police. And as for Drummond, no questions were likely to be asked in his case until long after he was safely out of the country.

And after that, as he had said to Freyder, nothing mattered. The *S. Y. Gadfly* would founder with all hands somewhere off the coast of Africa, but not too far from the shore to prevent Freyder and himself reaching it. That the crew, drugged and helpless, would go down in her, he did not propose to tell them when he went on board. After all, there were not many of them and it would be a pity to spoil their last voyage.

THE heat from the furnace was growing almost insupportable, and he glanced at his watch. There was another hour to go, and with a sigh of impatience he sat back in his chair. Opposite him, Professor Goodman was nodding in a kind of heavy doze; though every now and then he sat up with a jerk and stared about him with frightened eyes. He was muttering to himself, and once he sprang out of his chair with a stifled scream, only to sink back again as he saw the motionless figure opposite.

"I was dreaming," he muttered foolishly. "I thought I saw a man standing by the door."

Mr. Robinson swung around and peered into the passage; there was no one there. Absolute silence still reigned in the house. And then suddenly he rose and went to the door; it seemed to him as if something had

stirred outside. But the passage was empty and he resumed his seat. He felt angry with himself because his own nerves were not quite under their usual iron control. After all, what could possibly happen? It must be the strain of the last few days, he decided.

Slowly the minutes ticked on, and had any one been there to see, it must have seemed like some ceremony of black magic. The furnace glowing white-hot and in the circle of light thrown by it two elderly men sitting in chairs—one gently stroking his mutton-chop whiskers; the other muttering restlessly to himself. And then outside the ring of light—darkness. Every now and then a sizzling hiss came from inside the furnace, as the chemical process advanced another stage toward completion—that completion which meant all power to one of the two who watched and waited, and death to the other. The perspiration dripped down their faces; breathing was hard in the dried-up air. But to Mr. Robinson nothing mattered; such things were trifles. Whatever might be the material discomfort, it was the crowning moment of his life—the moment when the greatest coup of his career had come to a successful conclusion.

And suddenly he shut his watch with a snap.

"The time is up!" he cried and, strive as he would, he could not keep the exultation out of his voice.

With a start Professor Goodman scrambled to his feet and, mumbling foolishly, he switched off the current. It was over; he had given away his secret. And all he wanted to do now was to get home as soon as possible. Two hours more to let it cool——

He paused motionless, his lips twitching. Great heavens! What was that in the door—that great dark shape? It was moving, and he screamed. It was coming into the circle of light, and as he screamed again Mr. Robinson leaped to his feet.

Once more the thing moved, and now the light from the furnace shone on it. It was Drummond, his arms

Robinson gazed triumphantly at the big uncut diamond. Success at last, assured and beyond doubt! There was no need for further delay

still lashed in front of him. His face was covered with blood, but his eyes were fixed on Professor Goodman. And they were the eyes of a homicidal maniac.

FOR a moment or two Mr. Robinson stood motionless, staring at him. Drummond's appearance was so utterly unexpected and terrifying that his brain refused to work, and before he realized what had happened Drummond sprang. But not at him. It was Professor Goodman who had evidently incurred the madman's wrath, and the reason was soon obvious. Insane though he was, the one dominant idea of his life was still a ruling factor in his actions, though now it was uncontrolled by any reason. And that idea was Peterson.

Why he should imagine that Professor Goodman was Peterson it was impossible to say, but he undoubtedly did. Again and again he grunted the name as he shook the unfortunate scientist backward and forward, and for a while Mr. Robinson wondered cynically whether he should let him go on in his delusion and await results. He was almost certain to kill the old man, which might save trouble. At the same time there was still the possibility of some mistake in the process, which rendered it inadvisable to dispense with him for good quite yet.

An uproar in the passage outside took him to the door. Two of the three men who had been told to guard Drummond were running toward him, and he cursed them savagely.

"Pull him off!" he roared. "He'll murder the old man."

They hurled themselves on Drummond, who had forced the professor to his knees. And this time, strangely enough, he gave no trouble. He looked at them with a vacant stare, and then grinned placidly.

"Good heavens, Chief!" cried one of the men. "He's murdered Simpson. He's lying there with his neck broken."

Mr. Robinson darted from the room, to return almost at once. It was only too true. The third man was lying across the bed with his neck broken.

"Where were you two imbeciles?" he snarled savagely.

"We were taking it in turns, boss," said one of the men sullenly. "The swine was asleep and his arms were bound——" He turned vindictively on Drummond.

"So you left him alone with only one of you," Mr. Robinson remarked coldly. "You fools! You triple-distilled fools! And then I suppose he woke and Simpson went to tuck him up. And Drummond just took him by the throat and killed him, as he'd kill you or any one else he got his hands on—bound or not."

"Gug-gug," said Drummond, sitting down and beaming at them. "That man in there hit me in the face, when I took his throat in my hands."

And suddenly the madness returned to his eyes and his huge hands strained and wrestled with the rope that bound them. He grunted and cursed, and the two men instinctively backed away. Only Mr. Robinson remained where he was, and the light from the still-glowing furnace glinted on the revolver which he held in his hand. This was no time for half measures; there was no telling what this powerful madman might do next. If necessary, though he did not want to have to do it, he would shoot him where he sat. But the spasm passed, and he lowered his revolver.

"Just so," he remarked. "You might as well hit a steam roller as hit Drummond, once he's got hold. And, judging by his face, Simpson must have hit him hard and often before he died. Take him away; lash him up—and unless you want to join that fool Simpson don't take turns guarding him—and don't get within range of his hands."

The two men closed in warily on their prisoner, but he gave no further trouble. Babbling happily, he walked between them out of the room, and Mr. Robinson suddenly remembered the unfortunate professor.

"A powerful and dangerous young man," he remarked suavely. "I trust he hasn't hurt you, my dear professor."

"No," said the other dazedly, "he hasn't hurt me."

"An extraordinary delusion of his," pursued Mr. Robinson. "Fancy thinking that you, of all people, were that villain Peterson!"

"Most extraordinary," muttered the professor.

"And it's really quite amazing that he should have allowed himself to be separated from you so easily. His friends, I believe, call him Bulldog, and he has many of the attributes of that noble animal." He peered at the professor's throat. "Why, he's hardly marked you. You can count yourself very lucky, believe me. Even when sane he's a terror—but in his present condition—— However, such a regrettable contretemps will not occur again, I trust." He glanced at the furnace. "Another hour, I suppose—before it will be cool enough to see the result of our experiment?"

"Another hour, that is correct," agreed the professor mechanically.

And during that hour the two men sat in silence. Each was busy with his own thoughts, and it would be hard to say which would have received the greater shock had he been able to read the other's mind.

For Mr. Robinson was thinking among other things of the approaching death of the professor, which would scarcely have been comforting to the principal actor in the performance. And Professor Goodman—who might have been expected to be thinking of nothing but his approaching reunion with his wife—had, sad to relate, completely forgotten the lady's existence. His mind was engrossed with something quite different. For when a man who is undoubtedly mad—so mad, in fact, that in a fit of homicidal mania he has just throttled a man—gets you by the throat, you expect to experience a certain discomfort. But you do not expect to be pushed backward and forward as a child is pushed when you play with it—without discomfort or hurt. And, above all, you do not expect that madman to mutter urgently in your ear: "For heaven's sake—don't give your secret away. Delay him—at all costs. You're in the most deadly peril. Burn the house down. Do anything!"

Unless, of course, the madman was not mad.

BUT, however chaotic Professor Goodman's thoughts, they were like a placid pool compared to Drummond's. He had first recovered consciousness as he lay on the floor in the room below, and with that instinctive caution which was second nature to him he had remained motionless. Two men were talking, and the sound of his own name instinctively put him on his guard.

At first he listened vaguely—his head was still aching infernally—while he tried to piece together in his mind what had happened. He remembered taking the receiver off the telephone in the deserted house; he remembered a stunning blow on the back of his head, and after that he remembered nothing more. And since he realized that he was now lying on the floor, it was obvious that an overwhelming desire for his comfort was not a matter of great importance with the floor's owner. The first point to be decided, therefore, was the identity of that gentleman.

On that score he was not left long in doubt, and it needed all his marvelous self-control to go on lying motionless when he realized who it was. It was Peterson—and as he listened to the thoughtful arrangements for his future it was evident that Peterson's feelings for him were

still not characterized by warm regard. He heard the other man pleasantly suggest finishing him off then and there; he heard Peterson's refusal and the reasons for it. And though his head was still swimming and thinking was difficult, his subconscious mind dictated the obvious course. As long as he remained unconscious, Peterson's insensate hatred for him would keep him safe.

So far, so good—but it wasn't very far. However, they couldn't sit there talking the whole night, and once they left him alone, or even with some man to guard him, he had ample faith in his ability to get away. And once out of the house, he and Peterson would be on level terms again.

Once again he turned his attention to the conversation. Yacht—what was this about a yacht? With every sense alert, he strove to make his throbbing brain take in what they were saying. And gradually as he listened the main outline of the whole diabolical scheme grew clear in all its magnificent simplicity. But who on earth was the man upstairs to whom Peterson kept alluding? Whoever he was, he was presumably completely unconscious of the fate in store for him. And it struck Drummond that he was going to complicate matters. It would mean intense rapidity of action on his part once he was out of the house if he was going to save the poor chap's life.

For one brief instant, as Peterson bent over him, he had a wild thought of bringing matters to a head then and there. To get his hands on the swine once more was an almost overmastering temptation, but he resisted it successfully. It would mean a fight and an unholy fight at that, and Drummond realized that conditions were all against him. His head, for one thing—and total ignorance of the house. And then to his relief Peterson sat down again. No—there was nothing for it but to go on shamming and take his chance later.

Up to date he had not dared to open his eyes for even the fraction of a second, so he had no idea in what guise Peterson was at present masquerading. Nor had he a notion as to what the second man looked like. All he knew about that sportsman was that he was the dealer of the blow that had stunned him. And Drummond had a rooted dislike for men who stunned him. His name, he gathered, was Freyder; so he added Mr. Freyder to his mental black list.

AT last to his relief the conversation had ended, and he heard the orders given about his disposal for the night. Inert and sagging, he had allowed himself to be carried upstairs and thrown on the bed. And then in very truth nature had asserted herself. He ceased to sham and fell asleep. For how long he remained asleep he had no idea, but he awoke to find himself alone in the room. The door was open and from outside there came the sound of voices. It seemed to him that it was now or never, and the next instant he was off the bed. He slipped off his shoes and stole into the passage.

The voices were coming from the next room, and the door of that was also open. He recognized the voices as those of Peterson and the man called Freyder, and without further delay he turned and went in the opposite direction, only to stop short in his tracks as a terrible scream rang out. It came from the room where Peterson was.

Like a shadow he stole back and looked in, and the sight he saw almost made him wonder if he wasn't delirious. For there, moaning pitifully in a chair, was Professor Goodman. That was the staggering fact which drummed in his brain—Professor Goodman was not dead, but alive. But—what to do: that was the point. They were going to torture the poor old man again, and he already heard steps in the hall.

And like a flash there came the only possible solution. Downstairs they had mentioned concussion: so be it—he would be concussed. It was the only hope, and the ease with which Freyder's face made contact with the electric furnace was a happy augury.

But he was under no delusions. From being a helpless log, he had suddenly become an obstreperous madman. It was going to make things considerably more difficult. And one thing it had definitely done—it had lessened any chance he had of escaping from the house. They would be certain to tie him up. Still—now that he had discovered the amazing fact about Professor Goodman, it would have been impossible for him to leave the house in any case, unless he could take the old man with him when he went.

With his hands lashed together on the bed, and this time feigning sleep, he tried to see the way out. Three men were in the room with him now, and for a time he was inclined to curse himself for a fool. Better almost to have let the old man be burned again—and got away himself for help. But no man—certainly not Drummond—could have allowed such a thing to take place if it was in his power to prevent it. Besides, Freyder's face was an immense compensation.

Why were they torturing him? There could only be one reason—to compel him to do something which he didn't wish to do. And what could that be except reveal to Peterson the secret of his process? The more he thought about it, the clearer it became. Once Peterson was in possession of the secret, any further necessity for keeping Goodman alive would have departed. Obviously, he had deceived Peterson once—but would he have the pluck to do it again? That he was an obstinate old man at times, Drummond knew—but torture has a way of overcoming obstinacy. Especially Peterson's brand of torture.

FOR all that, however, torture would be better than death, and to give Peterson the secret would be signing his death warrant. For hours he lay there trying to see a ray of light. That Peterson would try to restore him to sanity before killing him he knew, but, at the same time, it was not safe to bank on it absolutely. That Peterson would kill Goodman at the first moment possible he also knew. And that was the fact which tied his hands so completely.

If only he could get at Goodman—if only he could warn him not to give away his secret whatever happened—there was hope. The professor's life was safe till then; they might hurt him—but his life was safe. And if only he could get away he might pull it off, even now. The process, he knew, took six hours; if the professor had the nerve to bluff Peterson twice more—twelve hours, say fourteen—— A lot could be done in fourteen hours.

And suddenly he lay very still. Two of the men were leaving the room. Was this his chance? He stirred uneasily on the bed, as a sick man does who is asleep. Then he rolled over on his back breathing stertorously. It was all perfectly natural, and roused no suspicions in the mind of the remaining man. But it brought Drummond's hands into the position in which he wanted them.

Contemptuously the man came over and stared at him. It was a foolish thing to do, and it was still more foolish to lean down a little to see the patient better.

For the next moment a pair of hands with fingers like steel hooks had fastened on his throat, and the sleeper was asleep no more. Gasping and choking, the man beat impotently at Drummond's face, striking it again and again, but he might as well have hit the wall for all the good he did. And gradually his struggles grew fainter and fainter till they ceased altogether.

Thus had Drummond got his message through to Professor Goodman. On the spur of the moment it had occurred to him that by pretending to believe he was Peterson not only would it increase his chances of speaking to the professor, but it would also tend to strengthen the belief that he was insane. And now as once again he lay on the bed—bound this time hand and foot—he wondered desperately if he had succeeded.

PROFESSOR GOODMAN had got his whispered message—that he knew. But had he been in time? In addition, as far as he could tell, he had up to the present successfully bluffed Peterson and every one else in the house as to his mental condition. But could he keep it up? And, anyway, trussed up as he now was and as common sense told him he would continue to be until he was taken on board the yacht, what good would it do even if he could? It might save his life for the time being, but it wouldn't help him or the professor to get away. Once they were on board, he had to admit to himself that their chance of coming out alive was small.

Anything can happen on a boat where the whole crew are unscrupulous. And even if the possibility of his getting away by going overboard and swimming arose, it was out of the question for the professor. Besides, it was not a matter of great difficulty to lower a boat, and an oar is a nasty thing to be hit on the head with, when swimming. No—the only hope seemed to be that Professor Goodman should hold out, and that by some fluke he should get away. Or send a message. But to whom—and how? He didn't even know where he was.

And at that very moment the principal part of that forlorn hope was being dashed to the ground in the next room. Once again the benevolent Mr. Robinson was chiseling out the clinker from the metal retort, while the professor watched him wearily from his chair. There was no mistake this time; Drummond's warning had come too late. And with a cry of triumph Mr. Robinson felt his chisel hit something hard: the diamond was there. He dug on feverishly and the next minute a big uncut diamond—dirty still with the fragments of clinker adhering to it—lay in his hand. He gazed at it triumphantly, and for a moment or two felt almost unable to speak. Success at last, assured and beyond doubt. In his notebook was the process; there was no need for further delay.

And then he realized that Professor Goodman was speaking.

"I have shown you as I promised." His voice seemed very weary. "That is the method of making the ordinary white diamond. Tomorrow, after I have rested for a while, I will show you how to make one that is rose-pink."

"Is there much difference in the system?" Mr. Robinson asked thoughtfully.

The professor's voice shook a little—but then it was hardly to be wondered at. He had had a trying evening.

"It will mean obtaining a somewhat rare strontium salt," he answered. "It has to be added to the other salts in minute doses from time to time to insure perfect mixing. The heat, also, has to be regulated a little differently."

His eyes searched the other's face anxiously. "Delay him—at all costs." Drummond's urgent words still rang in his ears, and this seemed the only chance of doing so. The main secret he had already given away; there was nothing he could do or say to alter that. Only with Drummond's warning had he realized finally that he had been fooled; that in all probability the promise of rejoining his wife had been a lie from beginning to end. And the realization had roused every atom of fight he had in him.

He was a shrewd old man for all his absent-mindedness, and during the hour he had sat there while the furnace cooled his mind had been busy. How Drummond had got there he didn't know, but in Drummond lay his only hope. And if Drummond said delay, he would do his best to carry out instructions. Moreover, Drummond had said something else, too, and he was a chemist.

"Where can you obtain this strontium salt?" asked Mr. Robinson at length.

"From any big chemist in London," replied the other.

Mr. Robinson fingered the diamond in his hand. It would mean additional delay, but did that matter very much? Now that he was in possession of the secret he had half decided to get away early in the morning. The yacht was ready; he could step on board when he liked. But there were undoubted advantages in being able to make rose-pink diamonds as well as the ordinary brand, and it struck him that after all he might just as well adhere to his original plan. Drummond was safe; there was nothing to fear from the old fool in the chair. So why not?

"Give me the name of the salt and it shall be sent for tomorrow," he remarked.

"If you're sending," said the professor mildly, "you might get some other salts, too. By my process I can make them blue, green, black or yellow, as well as red. Each requires a separate salt, though the process is basically the same."

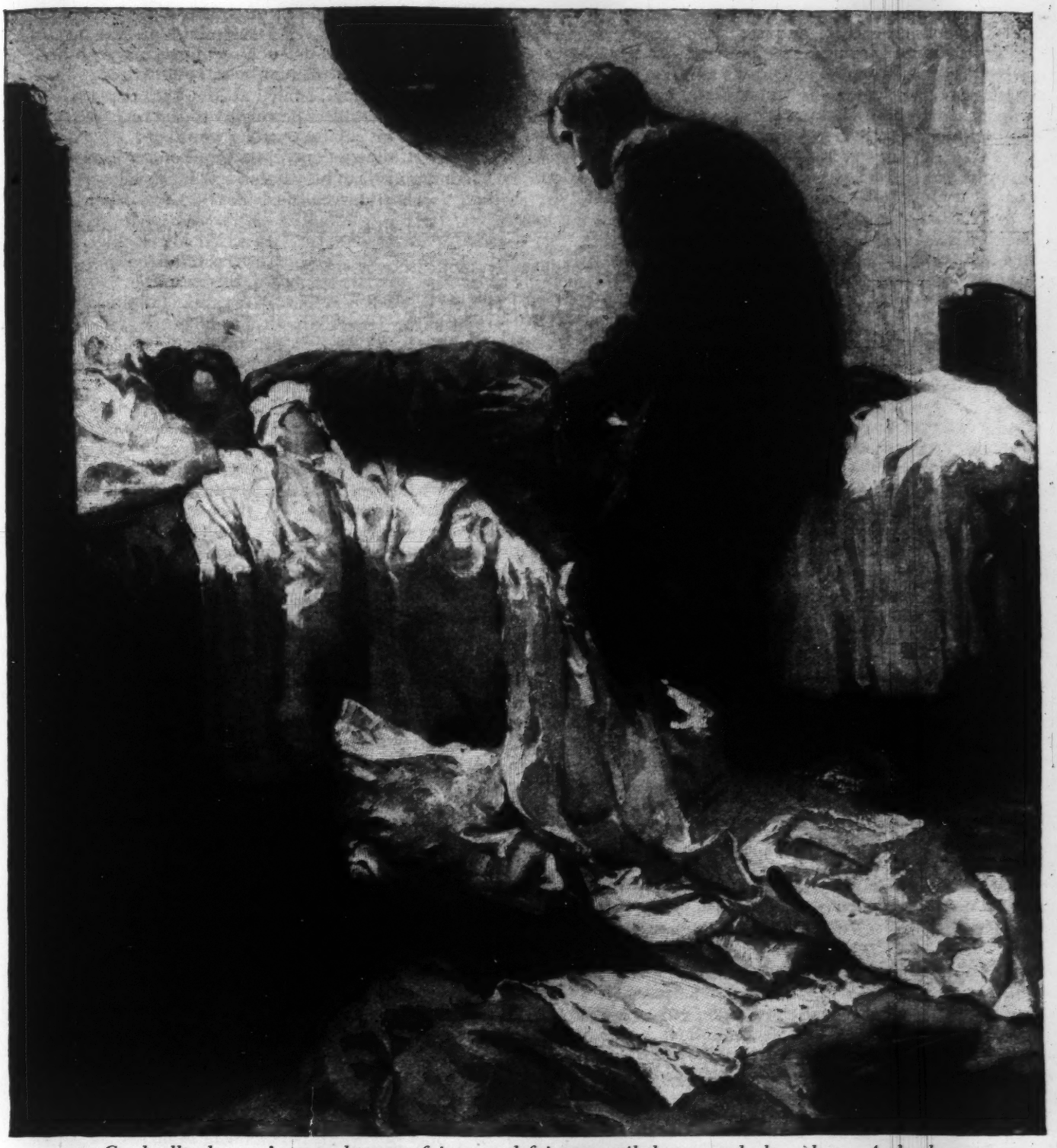
Once again Mr. Robinson frowned thoughtfully, and once again he decided—why not? Blue diamonds were immensely valuable, and he might as well have the process complete.

"Make a list of everything you want," he snapped, "and I will get the whole lot tomorrow. And after you've done that, go to bed."

He watched the old man go shambling along the passage to his room; then, slipping the diamond into his pocket, he went in to have a look at Drummond. He was apparently asleep, and for a while Mr. Robinson stood beside him with a look of malignant satisfaction on his face. That his revenge on the man lying bound and helpless on the bed added to the risk of his plans, he knew; but no power on earth would have made him forego it. In the eyes of the world Professor Goodman was already dead: in his case, he would merely be confirming an already established fact. But with Drummond it was different. There would be a hue and cry; there was bound to be. But what did it matter? Was not he himself going to die—officially? And dead men are uninteresting people to pursue.

"Don't relax your guard for an instant," he said to the two men. "We shall be leaving here tomorrow afternoon."

HE left the room and went down to his own particular sanctum. He had made up his mind as to what he would do, and it seemed to solve all the difficulties in the most satisfactory way. These special salts should be sent direct to the yacht, and Professor Goodman should initiate him into their mysteries on board. He would have the electric furnace taken from the house, and the experiments could be carried out just as easily at sea. And when finally he felt confident of making all the various colors, and not till then, he would drop the old



Gradually the man's struggles grew fainter and fainter, until they ceased altogether. And when he finally lay still, Drummond left the room

fool overboard, and Drummond also. The extra few days would increase the chance of his becoming sane again.

He suddenly bethought him of Freyder, and went into his room. His face, even his eyes, were completely hidden by bandages and Mr. Robinson expressed his sympathy. Then he left the room and, returning to his study, took the diamond out of his pocket. The tools at his disposal were not very delicate, but he determined, even at the risk of damaging the diamond, to work with them. He wanted to make assurance doubly sure, and it was not until the first faint streaks of dawn were coming through the window that he rose from his work with a sigh of satisfaction. On the table in front of him lay diamonds to the value of some six or seven thousand pounds. There had been no mistake this time. And with a sigh of satisfaction he placed them in his safe.

He felt suddenly tired and, glancing at his watch, he found that it was already half-past three. A little rest was essential, and Mr. Robinson went upstairs. He stopped by the professor's room and looked in: the old man was fast asleep in bed. Then he went to see Drummond once more, and found him muttering uneasily under the watchful eyes of his two guards. Everything was correct and in order, and with another sigh of satisfaction he retired to his room for a little well-earned repose.

It was one of his assets that he could do with a very small amount of sleep, and eight o'clock the following morning found him up and about again. His first care were his two prisoners, and to his surprise he found the professor already up and pottering about in the room where he had been working the night before. He seemed in the best of spirits.

"One day nearer rejoining my dear wife," the old man remarked, as he saw the other standing in the doorway. "You can't think how excited I feel about it!"

"Not being married myself," agreed Mr. Robinson pleasantly, "I admit that I cannot enter into your joy. You're up early this morning."

"I couldn't sleep after six," explained the professor. "And so I decided to rise."

"Your breakfast will be brought to you shortly," remarked Mr. Robinson. "I would advise you to eat a good one, as we shall be starting shortly afterward."

"Starting?" stammered the professor. "But I thought you wished me to show you how to make blue diamonds. And the other colors, too."

"I do," answered the other. "But you will show me, professor, on board my yacht. I trust that you are a good sailor, though at this time of year the sea should be calm."

Professor Goodman stood by the electric furnace, plucking nervously at his collar. It seemed as if the news of this early departure had given him a bit of a shock.

"I see," he said at length. "I did not understand that we were starting so soon."

"You have no objections, I hope," murmured Mr. Robinson politely. "The sooner we start the sooner will come that delirious moment when you once more clasp Mrs. Goodman in your arms. And now I will leave you if you will excuse me. I have one or two things to attend to—among them our obstreperous young friend of last night."

He strolled along the passage into the room where Drummond was. And though he realized that the idea was absurd, he felt a little throb of relief when he saw him still lying bound on the bed. Ridiculous, of course, that he should find anything else, and yet Drummond, in the past, had extricated himself from such seemingly impossible situations that the sight of him bound and helpless was reassuring. Drummond smiled at him vacantly, and with a shrug of his shoulders he turned to the two men.

"Has he given any trouble?" he asked.

"Not a bit, guv'nor," answered one of them. "He's as balmy as he can be. Grins and smiles all over his face, except when that old bloke next door comes near him."

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Robinson. "Has the old man been in here this morning?"

"He came in about half an hour ago," answered the other. "Said he wanted to see how the poor fellow was getting on. And as soon as Drummond saw him he started snarling and cursing and trying to get at him. I tell you we had the devil's own job with him—and then after a while he lay quiet again. Thinks he's some bloke of the name of Peterson."

"How long was the old man here?" said Mr. Robinson abruptly.

"About half a minute. Then we turned him out."

"Under no circumstances is he to be allowed in here again."

Mr. Robinson again bent over Drummond and stared into his eyes. But no sign of reason showed on his face; the half-open mouth still grinned its vacant grin. And after a while Mr. Robinson straightened up again. He had allowed himself to be alarmed unnecessarily; Drummond was still off his head.

"We are leaving at once after breakfast," he remarked. "He is to be put in the ambulance as he is. And if he makes any noise—gag him."

"Very good, guv'nor. Is he to have anything to eat?"

"No—let the swine starve."

Mr. Robinson left the room without a backward glance, and the sudden desperate glint in Drummond's eyes passed unnoticed. For now indeed things did look utterly hopeless. The professor's plan passed to him on a piece of paper, which he had conveyed to his mouth and swallowed as

The Story from the Beginning

LURED by the prospect of incalculable wealth for himself, Edward Blackton, international criminal, returns to England at the request of Sir Raymond Blantyre, who represents vast diamond interests, in jeopardy at the moment. Blackton's plan is to gain possession of the secret process by which a well-known chemist, Professor Goodman, has been able to manufacture flawless diamonds at a small cost.

Blackton, disguised as Professor Scheidstrun, a German geologist, gains an entrance into the Goodman laboratory, kidnaps the professor and blows up the place. But when he interviews the professor, in the guise of Mr. William Robinson, a wealthy scientist, he finds that there is an unforeseen hitch in the carrying out of his scheme. For the professor hasn't the notes of his process, and without them he can do nothing. And he learns that Drummond has them now!

In order to recover them, Robinson sends for the real Scheidstrun, to whom Drummond reluctantly delivers the notes after receiving a letter from Professor Goodman—written presumably before his death—requesting that he do so. But Drummond is suspicious and he finally interviews the members of the Diamond Syndicate, telling them that Scheidstrun is in possession of the secret process—a fact of which they are ignorant. Blantyre, Algy Longworth and Drummond call upon the German, who is living in the house of a Mr. Anderson, Drummond has discovered. Later, Drummond conceals himself in the house, where he overhears a conversation between Sir Raymond and the real Professor Scheidstrun which clears up the mystery for him.

But, unfortunately, he is discovered by Freyder, Robinson's secretary, who knocks him unconscious, and takes him to Robinson's abode.

Meanwhile, Robinson has forced Professor Goodman to produce a diamond for him by his secret process, and soon after the arrival of Freyder and the unconscious Drummond, the experiment is finished and the retort cool enough to examine. Robinson chips away the clinker in intense excitement, only to find that the professor has deceived him! There is no diamond. Then, in a rage, Robinson turns on the electric furnace and tortures the poor old man. Professor Goodman screams. A moment later, with the furnace glowing white-hot, Freyder instead of Goodman plunges against it.

And Robinson, staring in wonder at the shrieking man, sees Drummond sitting on the floor in the shadow, grinning vacantly and pushing along a train that consists of his own shoes.

soon as read, even if it was a plan of despair, had in it the germ of success. It was nothing more nor less than to set fire to the house with chemicals that would burn furiously, and trust to something happening in the confusion.

At any rate, it might have brought in outside people—the police, the fire brigade. And Peterson could hardly have left him bound upstairs with the house on fire. Not from any kindly motives— but expediency would have prevented it. Only the chemicals had to come from London, and if they were starting at once after breakfast it was obvious that the stuff couldn't arrive in time.

He took his hat off to the dear old professor. Tortured and abominably treated, he had kept his head and his nerve in the most wonderful way. For a man of his age and sedentary method of life not to have broken down completely under the strain was nothing short of marvelous. And not only had he not broken down, but he'd thought out a scheme and got it to Drummond wrapped around a Gilette razor blade. It had taken a bit of doing to get the blade into his waistcoat pocket, and had his arms been bound to his body he couldn't have done it. But fortunately only his wrists were lashed together, and he had managed it. And now it all seemed wasted.

HE debated in his mind whether he would try to cut the ropes, and chance everything in one wild fight at once. But the two men eating their breakfast near the foot of his bed were burly brutes. And even if by twisting himself up he had been able to cut the cord round his legs without them noticing he would be at a terrible disadvantage, cramped after his confinement as he was. Besides, there was the professor. Nothing now would have induced him to leave the old man. Whatever happened, he must stay beside him in the hope of being able to help him. Because one thing was clear. Even if he personally escaped, unless he could get help before the yacht started—the professor was doomed. The yacht was going down with all hands; there lay the devilish ingenuity of the scheme.

And even if he could have prevented the yacht sailing, he knew Peterson quite well enough to realize that he would merely change his plans at the last moment. As he had so often done in the past, he would disappear with the secret—having first killed Professor Goodman.

No; the only possible chance lay in his going on the yacht himself and trusting to luck to find a way out. Incidentally, it was perhaps as well that the only possible chance did lie in that direction, since as far as Drummond could see his prospects of not going on board were even remoter than his prospects of getting any breakfast.

A sudden shuffling step in the passage outside brought his two guards to their feet. They dashed to the door just as Professor Goodman appeared, and then they stopped with a laugh. For the old man was swaying backward and forward.

"I've been drugged," he muttered, and pitched forward on his face.

The men sat down again, leaving him on the floor.

"That'll keep him quiet," said one of them. "It was in his tea."

"If I had my way I'd put a bucket of it into the swab on the bed," answered the other. "It's him that wants keeping quiet."

The first speaker laughed brutally.

"He won't give much trouble. Once we've got him on board, it'll be just pure joy to watch the fun. Freyder's like a man that's sat on a hornet's nest this morning."

And at that moment Freyder himself entered the room. His face was still swathed in bandages, and Drummond beamed happily at him. The sight of him provided the one bright spot in an otherwise gloomy horizon, though the horrible blow which he received on the mouth at that moment rather obscured the brightness and gave him a foretaste of what he could expect from the gentleman later on. But, true to his rôle, Drummond still grinned on though he turned his head away to hide the smoldering fury in his eyes. In the past he had been fairly successful with Peterson's lieutenants, and he registered a mental vow that Mr. Julius Freyder would not be an exception.

He watched him go from the room, kicking the sprawling body of the professor contemptuously as he passed, and once again he was left to his gloomy thoughts. It was all very well to register vows of vengeance, but to carry them out entailed getting free first of all. And then a sudden ray of hope dawned in his mind. How were they going to be got on board? Stretchers, presumably, and that would be bound to attract attention if the yacht was lying in any harbor. But was she? She might be lying out at sea somewhere and send a boat ashore for them in some deserted stretch of coast. That was the devil of it! He hadn't the faintest idea where he was. He might be in Essex; he might be on the South Coast; he might even be down on the Bristol Channel.

A little wearily he gave it up. After all, what was the good of worrying? He was bound and the professor was drugged, and as far as he could see any self-respecting life insurance company would hesitate at a ninety-five per cent premium for either of them. His principal desire at the moment was for breakfast and as that was evidently not on the program, all he could do was to inhale the aroma of eggs and bacon, and wonder why he'd been such a confounded fool as to take that telephone call.

The tramp of footsteps on the stairs roused him from his lethargy and he turned his head to look at the door. Two men were there with a stretcher, on which they were placing the professor. Then they disappeared, to return again a few moments later with another, which they put down beside his bed. It was evidently his turn now, but, even bound as he was they showed no inclination to treat him as unceremoniously as they had the professor. His reputation seemed to have got abroad, and, though he smiled at them inanely and burbled foolishly, they invoked the assistance of the other two men, before lifting him up and putting him on the stretcher.

In the hall stood Mr. Robinson, who again peered at him intently as he passed, and then Drummond found himself hoisted into the back of a car through two doors. On each side of the car was a window covered with a muslin curtain. Two bunks, one on each side, stretched the full length of the car—and a central gangway, which had a little wash basin at the end nearest the engine, separated them.

ON one of these bunks lay Professor Goodman, breathing with the heavy stertorous sounds of the drugged. The men pitched him upon the other, as Mr. Robinson, who had followed them out, appeared at the door.

"You have your orders," he remarked curtly. "If Drummond makes a sound—gag him. I shall be on board myself in about two hours."

He closed the doors, leaving the two men inside, and the car started. It was impossible to see out of either window, owing to the curtains, and the ostentatious production of a revolver by one of the men removed any thought Drummond might have had of trying to use the razor blade. Mad or not, take no chances—was the motto of his two guards, and when on top of everything else, though he hadn't made a sound they crammed a handkerchief half down his throat, he almost laughed.

He judged they had been going for about an hour when the diminished speed of the car and the increased sounds of traffic indicated a town. It felt as if they were traveling over cobbles, and once they stopped at what was evidently a level crossing, as he heard a train go by. And then came the sound of a steamer's siren, to be followed by another and yet a third.

A seaport town obviously, he reflected, though that didn't help much. The only comfort was that a seaport town meant a well-used waterway outside. And if he could get free, if he could go overboard with the professor there might be a shade more chance of being picked up. Also, there would almost certainly be curious loungers about as they were carried on board.

THE car had stopped; he could hear the driver talking to some one. Then it ran forward a little and stopped again. And a moment or two later a curious swaying motion almost pitched him off the bunk. Surely they couldn't be at sea yet. Then the car dropped suddenly, and with a sick feeling of despair he realized what had happened. The car had been hoisted bodily on board; his faint hope of being able to communicate with some onlooker had snapped.

Once again the car became stationary, save for a very faint and almost imperceptible movement. From outside came the sounds of men heaving on ropes, and the car steadied again. They were actually on board, and the car was being made fast.

Still the two men sat there with the doors tight shut, and the windows hermetically sealed by the curtains. They seemed to be waiting for something, and suddenly with a sigh of relief one spoke.

"She's off."

It was true. Drummond could feel the faint throb of the propeller.

"The specimens are aboard," laughed the other man, "and I guess it will be safe to open the doors in about a quarter of an hour or so, and get a bit of air. This infernal thing is like a Turkish bath."

He rose and peered cautiously through a slit in the curtain, but he made no movement to open the door until the throbbing of the propeller had ceased and the harsh rattle of a chain outside showed that they were anchoring. Then and not till then did he open the doors with a sigh of relief.

Cautiously Drummond raised his head and stared out. Where were they? He had followed every movement since he had come on board in his mind, but he was still as far as ever from knowing where they were. But luckily one glance was enough. It didn't even need the glimpse he got of a huge Cunarder about a half mile away; he recognized the shore. They were in Southampton water, and though the knowledge didn't seem to help very much, at any rate it was something to have at least one definite fact to start from.

Southampton water! He managed to shift the sodden pocket handkerchief into a more comfortable position and his train of thought grew pessimistic. Why would men invent processes for making diamonds, he reflected morosely. If only the dear old blitherer still peacefully sleeping in the opposite bunk had stuck to albuminized food, he wouldn't have been lying trussed up like a Christmas turkey. Far from it! He would have been disporting himself on Ted Jerningham's governor's yacht at Cowes. Had not Ted expressly invited him—Ted, who had hunted Peterson with him in the past, and asked for nothing better than to hunt him again.

The irony of it! To think that Ted might even see the yacht go by; might remark on the benevolence of the appearance of mutton-chop whiskers, if by chance he should be on deck. And he would never know. In all ignorance he would return to one of his habitual spasms of love, which always assailed him when afloat, with any one who happened to be handy.

It was a distressing thought, and after a while he resolutely tried to banish it from his mind. But it refused to be banished. Absurd, of course, but suppose—just suppose he could communicate with Ted! Things were so desperate that he could not afford to neglect even the wildest chance. Ted's father's yacht generally lay, as he knew, not far from outgoing steamers. He remembered sitting on deck with Phyllis and watching one of the Union Castle boats go by so close that he could see the passengers' faces on deck. What if he could shout or something? But Ted might not be on deck.

Eagerly he turned the problem over in his mind, and the more he thought of it the more it seemed to him to be the only possible way out. How to do it, he hadn't an idea—but at any rate it was something to occupy his thoughts. And when the benevolent face of Mr. Robinson appeared at the door some hours later, he was still wrestling with the problem, though the vacant look in his eyes left nothing to be desired.

"Any difficulty getting on board?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"None at all, boss," answered the man who was still on guard. "We gagged the madman to be on the safe side."

Mr. Robinson beamed.

"Take the old man below and put him to bed," he remarked. "I will stay with our friend here till you return."

Thoughtfully he pulled the handkerchief out of Drummond's mouth and sat down on the opposite bunk.

"Still suffering from concussion," he said gently. "Still—we have plenty of time, Captain Drummond—plenty of time."

"Gug-gug," answered Drummond happily.

"Precisely," murmured the other. "I believe that men when they drown frequently say that. But I promise you we won't drown you at once. As I say—there is plenty of time."

[*To be concluded*]

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F. W. Woolworth, at left, and, above, his magnificent office in the Woolworth Building. Woolworth's first New York office was a bare and gloomy room renting for $25 a month

From Dimes to Millions

A Romance of Business Pioneering—the Story of F. W. Woolworth's Rise to Wealth on the Wings of a New Idea in Merchandising

By Edward Mott Woolley

SPANNING a gap of thirty-odd years in the story of Frank W. Woolworth, we ring up the curtain on a Monte Cristo scene. Never in his wildest fancies did Mr. Woolworth imagine, in those first years, that he had uncovered a lode so fabulously rich.

He told me that after his store in Lancaster proved successful he believed the way lay open for perhaps half a dozen five-and-ten-cent stores. He lived to see the F. W. Woolworth Company in possession of 1,039 stores, and today, four years after his death at the age of 67, the number has grown to 1,290, with 33,000 employees. The Woolworth stores in England number 142 more.

And yet, looking back, Mr. Woolworth saw clearly enough the reason for it all. He expressed the opinion that he might just as well have reckoned on a thousand stores at the beginning as on six, because the basic idea ran true to the instincts of the public. He carried directly into the beaten paths of the people the lines of goods they wanted.

"Other types of stores dealt in many of these things," Mr. Woolworth said to me, "but those who offered them for sale paradoxically threw about their merchandise several lines of fortifications to prevent the people from getting them. Many stores do the same thing today. In the first place, the settings and atmosphere are antagonistic. The would-be purchaser must take the initiative and often become actually aggressive before he can command even the attention of the seller. Most of the goods are concealed—sometimes with extraordinary and expensive planning—in receptacles where even the sales clerks cannot find them. And finally, so much circum-

Note:—F. W. Woolworth's posthumous autobiography—a remarkable feature of McClure's last month—is supplemented in this article by Mr. Woolley, bringing down to date the story of Woolworth's extraordinary business achievements.

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Night panorama of the lower end of Manhattan Island, showing the brilliantly illuminated Woolworth Tower dominating the scene, with the Singer Tower beyond, the curving lights of Brooklyn Bridge at left and Union Square in the foreground

location is involved in their sale and wrapping that the customer's time or patience is consumed before he has made half his purchases, and he goes away."

So there is no mystery about the things that happened to Frank W. Woolworth and his stores, and to the five-and-ten-cent business in general. The curious thing about it is that Woolworth for years had to fight—not to sell his goods, but to procure them to sell. Manufacturers ridiculed his scheme of things, as he himself told us in his autobiography last month.

Yet today most of the great manufacturing concerns, in the lines amenable to the "five-and-ten" market, have more than capitulated, and I am able to tell some of their stories in the succeeding pages. But before going into that phase of the narrative, I want to present what seems to me the biggest, most important, and most spectacular element of the Woolworth story.

I believe that Frank W. Woolworth, without realizing for a long time that he was engaged in so great a work, stood responsible for influences that literally molded the lives of unnumbered thousands of alien families into American ways—or at least gave them the original directing impulses.

Remembering of course that all classes of people trade at the five-and-ten-cent stores in great numbers, let us take up for the moment this one class by itself—the millions of people who have come over the seas since Woolworth began. In gathering material for this article, I visited a number of manufacturing centers adjacent to New York for purposes of observation, and the fact stood out very clearly that these stores had been a tremendous Americanizing force.

In a New Jersey city of 65,000 population I visited twenty-odd homes of the alien working people, and in every one were five-and-ten-cent goods in abundance. One dark-skinned, black-eyed woman, wife of a woolen-mill worker, in reply to my query, said eagerly:

"Woolworth—sure, I know. See, I buy so many things at Woolworth's!"

The "Museum" of Merchandise

SHE indicated kitchen implements, dishes, hosiery, various garments her children wore, cotton gloves, numerous items of general drygoods, millinery, cutlery—even a couple of oilcloth rugs in the kitchen. With growing enthusiasm, she escorted me through her four-room tenement flat, pointing out this and that article which had come from the ten-cent stores. Almost all the smaller objects in the place were included in the category, from tooth paste to the new seats her husband had just put in some of the kitchen chairs.

"Ten-cent store a big show—what you call it?" she went on. "Some kind of place you go to see, even if you got no money? Place to look, anyhow. What you call it?"

"Museum," I suggested; and her eyes danced.

"Yes, museum. When I first come to America before I marry, I go so many times to Woolworth. I just look. So wonderful! I go home every time and tell my mother what can see, and what can buy for five cents—ten cents, maybe. My mother finally she go, too, and say she don't know what things are, but wonderful show. How to use—no, she don't know.

"But by 'n' by she see how funny we get along at home. Not in old country no more. In old country got nothing in kitchen; nothing in bedroom; nothing in house. In America people got so much. So my mother begin to learn how, and she buy—oh, so many things in ten-cent stores.

"She take home things to make cooking, you know,

and so she learn to cook American style. In old country my three sisters never have but one handkerchief together in the house; but now my mother see how easy to have maybe six. My mother she only got one pair stockings in old country. Now she got maybe seven pair.

"One day my father he go to Woolworth's too and see; and he take home leather and things, and afterward he fix all our shoes.

"So my father he like show too, and go, oh, so many times to see. In old country my father never had hardly nothing he saw in ten-cent stores in America. Tooth brush—no. Only soft soap, my father knew about. And he buy paint for walls and floors, and some pictures, and my mother she seen some curtains, too, and take home and make herself for window——"

And so this young foreign matron went on and on telling about the evolution of the family through the influence of the "museum" of merchandise at the ten-cent stores, where everybody was always welcome whether any goods were bought or not.

The red fronts of the five-and-ten are truly a beacon. These people, realizing their shortcomings in English and in American garb and atmosphere, are afraid to venture beyond the thresholds of more pretentious stores. The five-and-ten stands wide open to all these hesitating throngs.

In all the other homes I visited, too, I found the effect of this same influence of the five-and-ten. From the bare necessities to the adornments and near-delicacies of life, this educational process was in evidence.

Woolworth himself told me that this Americanizing influence of his stores had been apparent to him for years, and he had watched with deep interest the changing habits and buying impulses of the alien population because of its contact with his establishments.

Keen Buying a Paramount Factor

KEEN buying, pivoted on the inflexible purpose of retailing at five and ten cents only, except in restricted regions, has been one of the paramount factors in the business. Woolworth's whole career seems to have hinged on *buying*, and not on what merchants commonly know as aggressive selling.

"Our goods simply sold themselves, shown as we displayed them, and at the prices we offered," he said to me.

This may not be construed literally, but the fact remains that Woolworth did not work against the immense resistance with which so many sales organizations contend in disposing of their goods. His salesmanship was largely a fine system of psychology. He experimented cautiously to discover what people would buy within his prices, and he made them want his goods, simply through the pulling power of his superb silent salesmanship.

The five-and-ten-cent stores have often been the chief factor in uncovering tremendous unsuspected markets. Sometimes these markets have had to do with lines of goods altogether new to the buying public, and yet the response has been overwhelming. One example is the line of paper and wooden dishes, forks, spoons and other

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Private office on the fortieth floor of the Woolworth Tower, typical of the luxury of the Woolworth suite

utensils now used so universally by motorists and campers in general.

The vice-president of a company that manufactures these goods said to me:

"Our goods were first offered in the ten-cent stores in 1920. They were something new, but had been sold to jobbers in minor quantities. Our product was originally put up in cartons to sell at twenty-five cents, retail. This first package was attractive, but a poor merchandising unit, beyond the public need both in quantity and price. As a stimulator, the price was reduced to permit a resale at ten cents, and the quantity cut down about one-half.

"Sales grew exceedingly fast. The new ten-cent carton proved a desirable item, in quantity and price. Our product is now carried by every five-and-ten-cent organization of prominence, and by almost every department store. We still offer the twenty-five cent package to the trade, but the ten-cent items constitute more than 98 per cent of our total business."

Similar testimony comes from a certain manufacturer of tooth paste:

"Our tooth paste was adapted to the price requirements of the ten-cent stores in May of 1921. The large-size tube, marked to retail at fifty cents, had been on the market thirty years. We could not afford to sell the small tube for ten cents unless demand expressed itself quickly in large volume.

"We found that the demand unquestionably lay through the ten-cent stores. And Woolworth ordered more in the first few months than we were geared up to supply. The demand was instantaneous, and sales grew rapidly. And as more people became familiar with the paste, more people too were willing to pay fifty cents for the large tubes in other stores.

"The masses benefited by getting a high-grade product for ten cents, and enough of it to make the purchase economical from the standpoint of quantity. Then one great benefit was the accessibility of the product. The sales of both the small and large tubes have continued to increase."

A crayon manufacturing company contributed the following:

"The early five-and-ten-cent stores tried to buy too cheaply and make a large margin of profit, for instance buying a two- or three-cent value and charging a nickel for it. The customer received no benefits beyond those he got in other stores. Woolworth undoubtedly established the fundamental requirement that buyers must get and give greater values than could be obtained anywhere else."

A company which manufactures radio parts puts it this way:

"The most interesting point in the merchandising of radio goods in the ten-cent stores is the remarkable values offered—made possible only through the great quantity sold. This situation is due of course to direct contact of the manufacturers with these stores.

"We have one item, for example, which was formerly produced at the rate of 250,000 a year, and sold at $2 for each set of four. When the item was introduced through a chain-store organization we succeeded in delivering to this single company over 500,000 of this item in a period of eight months—which no doubt will be greatly exceeded in the present year. The price to the consumer through the chain stores is forty cents for each set of four.

"Radio items in the ten-cent stores are dependent solely on their individual appeal to the public *for results*. Each bids for the first sale on its appearance, and for its continuing sale it bids on its ability to perform. The demand of the store buyers is not for price, but for the best they can offer the public at their price range. To accomplish this they even disregard their margin of profit often."

Luxuries Reduced to Everyday Staples

AND then a manufacturer of shaving soap and paste gives me some comments which stand out in strong contrast to Woolworth's prolonged battle to convince industry that his stores were worth dealing with:

"We sell the five-and-ten-cent stores only a very few five-cent items, although the sales on such items are very heavy. These stores have been buying our ten-cent items since the early days. About twenty years ago we changed the price on our principal five-cent items of today, and ever since then the increase in sales has been marked.

"The masses benefit by being able to buy a large number of articles of merit at rock-bottom prices. The popularity of the five-and-ten is continually bringing into these stores more and more articles of well-known merit."

Many erstwhile luxuries have been reduced to everyday staples by the five-and-ten. Aluminum and enamel ware are typical examples.

Not so long ago enamel pans, say, were being sold between twenty-five and fifty cents, according to size. Today pans of equal size and quality, so I am told by store managers, retail in vast quantities from five to ten cents. [*Continued on page 114.*]

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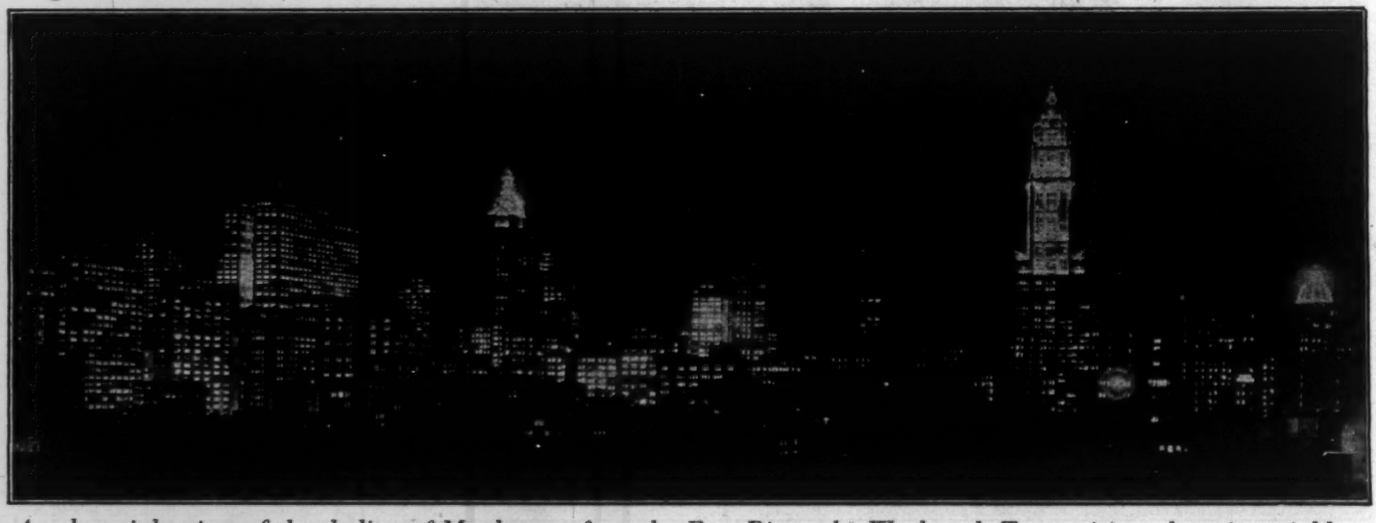

Another night view of the skyline of Manhattan from the East River, the Woolworth Tower rising above its neighbors

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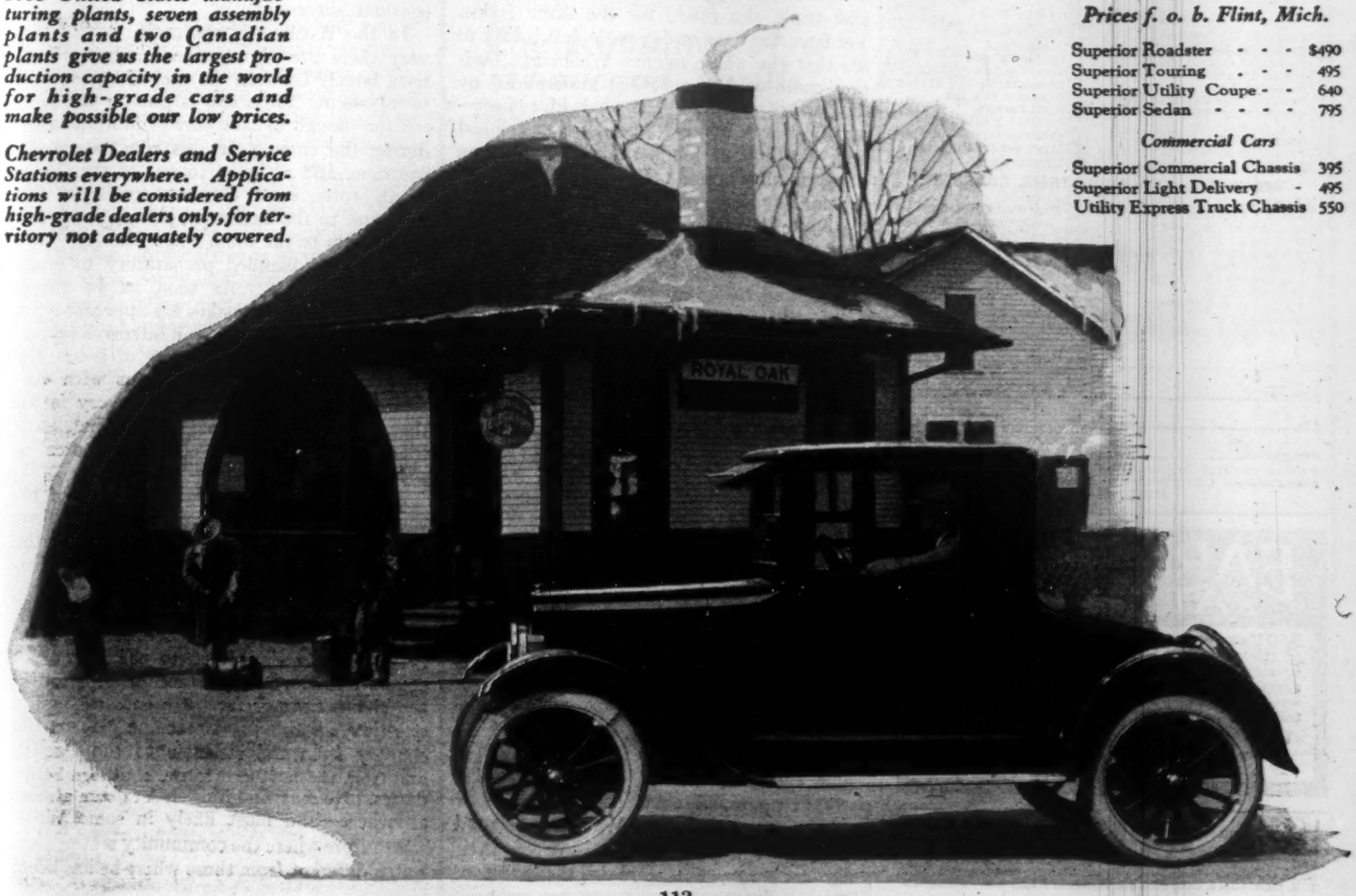
Commercial Cars

Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550



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From Dimes to Millions

[Continued from page 112]

So, too, have hardware items come down enormously—often fifty per cent. Take for example a regular line of screw-drivers which retailed not so long ago at twenty-five cents. The five-and-ten sells them today for a dime.

The reader will recall Woolworth's own story about the origin of his candy department. Afterward in a single year the Woolworth stores sold some 120,000,000 pounds. To visualize this great quantity of sweets, just reflect that if it could be placed on some super-scale, the equivalent of more than a million people—men, women, and children—would be required to balance it. If all these candies had been sent from a single factory at once, the freight train would have been thirty-two miles long. In the face of all this, Woolworth's early struggles to buy any candy at all, at a price within his limitations, stands out as a grimly humorous example of the proneness of human kind to think only in terms of narrow vision.

Recently there has developed in the Woolworth stores what promises to be a gigantic market for ten-cent books—well printed and bound in stiff covers. It is said that the Woolworth Company's first order, given to one publisher, was for a million copies, and that a second order was for five million.

Cooking utensils—which the five-and-ten has brought down heavily in price—sold to the tune of 27,000,000 pieces in a year, or enough to supply 900,000 families.

THE war period proved the crucial test of Woolworth's whole five-and-ten-cent plan. Through it all he stuck to his prices. There is no question that customers in that hectic period would have paid double and triple the price, for the same goods. Yet from the present-day outlook it is easy to see that the whole mighty Woolworth business could easily have been undermined by the flood of spenders. His whole idea of serving the people along a laboriously-developed plan would have found itself aborted when peace finally brought the people down to normal buying instincts once more.

About 1917, Woolworth said that his organization was as complete in every way as it could be made—that he himself could drop out without being missed. And perhaps the proof of his confidence is the fact that since 1917 the volume of the business has more than doubled. Since the beginning of the great war in 1914 it has almost trebled.

You recall that Woolworth was tremendously pleased that night in 1879 when he counted up his first day's receipts at Lancaster and found $127.65 in his cash drawer. For 1923, the total sales of the 1290 Woolworth stores, according to President Hubert T. Parson, will be around a hundred and ninety million dollars. Mr. Parson, by the way, came from Watertown. About thirty years ago he entered Mr. Woolworth's employ as an accountant. Since Mr. Woolworth's death, he has been the conspicuous figure.

Woolworth stores have never followed any arbitrary, dominating pattern so far as goods are concerned. A store in a farming region specializes heavily in such hardware parts and apparel as will fit the peculiar need. In some regions Woolworth found that women would not get down on their knees to scrub, but were in the habit of using mops. Therefore scrubbing brushes were pruned out of the stock. Woolworth did not waste energy in trying to overthrow inborn customs. If a new idea failed to take hold quickly, he dropped it.

From the beginning, Woolworth was determined to make each of his stores a unit by itself, so far as profit was concerned. No one store could be carried by the rest.

He always said that this policy was first suggested to him, through adaption, by the habit of Dutch farmers, who made each crop pay a profit, and grew rich slowly.

"I could have had twenty-five stores within seven years of my start," Mr. Woolworth said, "if I had been willing to go into debt. I have always had the feeling that if I had borrowed money for capital I would have failed."

Every man in the Woolworth organization is on a profit-sharing basis; on his own efficiency depends his income. But the Woolworth Company does not let the efforts of its men rest on their own industry and unaided absorption of knowledge. One of the most interesting phases of the Woolworth machine is the School of Apprentices, which is not a school in the usually accepted sense. It is all practice and no segregated theory—no classes, not any professors, none of the ordinary attributes of an institution of learning. On the other hand, every student begins to study Woolworth merchandising in some store on the day he enters the company's employ.

This School of Apprentices, as the company calls it, is a development of Woolworth's early conviction that he would have to educate his own executives if his business was to continue successful.

In the Woolworth apprentice school this year there are about nine hundred young men, largely between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. Each one is put on the payroll for enough to take care of him modestly during the three years his education is to continue, and assigned to one of the Woolworth stores, under the local manager. He goes first to the basement, if there is one, or at any rate to the room where the goods are received and handled preparatory to going on the counters. As soon as he shows sufficient ability he makes his appearance on the selling floor, and gets an intensive schooling in the display and ordering of goods, the handling of sales girls, relations with customers, window trimming, and every factor that enters into the rapid-fire merchandising that has made the Woolworth stores so successful.

All this may require a good part of his three years; but whenever he is proficient in these fundamentals he goes into the offices to take up the study of higher executive problems.

Probably some time during these three years of schooling the Woolworth student may suddenly get orders to pack his clean collars and depart for some other store in the chain, near or far. He goes without a question, for this great machine peppers the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the northern to the southern boundaries. He may find himself set down almost anywhere—and most likely in some Woolworth store where the community settings are quite different from those where he has been.

Finally, when the student has been kneaded and broadened and imbued with all the Woolworth philosophy and practice, he graduates into a full-fledged Woolworth profit-sharing man, and as soon as an opening presents itself he is assigned to one of the stores as manager.

I HAVE omitted from this narrative most of the chronology and bare history of the Woolworth Company, because the more intimate story lay in the development and molding of Woolworth markets. Yet to round out the great romance, let us just glimpse the high lights of the other picture.

It was about 1886, seven years after his start at Lancaster, that Woolworth decided to open a buying office in New York. He had no notion of a Napoleon room then as an office—which conceit came to him years afterward when he built the great Woolworth Building in New York. His first New York office was a gloomy room at a rental of $25 a month, without clerk or stenographer.

Every morning, after looking over his mail, Woolworth would lock the office and go out on a purchasing expedition, often spending the whole day in this way and the evening at his office again—doing the bookkeeping and letter writing. This laborious detail troubled him, not so much because it was hard work, but because he was coming to see more and more that the business needed brain work and that the routine jobs could be done by persons willing to do what they were told.

During those early buying experiences in New York, Woolworth had a good deal of quiet fun, along with his difficulties in getting goods he could sell at his retail prices. Few of the wholesale houses knew him.

"We shall have to ask you to pay in advance," was the finality that often confronted him when he had completed a purchase.

"I am quite willing to accommodate you, if you need the money," he was wont to say; and from his pocket would take a certified check.

Yet with all Woolworth's efforts to bring the manufacturers' price within his own limit, he always said, "It was never my plan to beat manufacturers' profits down to the vanishing point. I realized that this in the end would defeat my very aim itself."

It was while he was still worrying about doing all the office routine in New York that typhoid fever got hold of him and kept him home for two months. Thus it became necessary to employ some one to take care of the office, and to install a buyer.

Woolworth always believed that this was really the point where his business took the big upward turn.

"It destroyed my conceited notion that I could do everything myself, and do it better than anybody else," he said.

MR. WOOLWORTH had a cousin, S. H. Knox, possessed of a few hundred dollars in savings which were itching to work for him. Having watched from afar the mercantile operations of his dynamic young relative, Knox bethought himself to visit Lancaster and see with his own eyes.

He saw, believed, and was eager to get into the five-and-ten-cent business. Together the cousins founded a store in Reading, Pennsylvania. This shop had a somewhat indifferent career, and was sold. Woolworth and Knox then started another store in Newark, New Jersey, which was not exactly prosperous, either.

[Continued on page 116]

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From Dimes to Millions

[Continued from page 115]

Mr. Woolworth's friends later in life liked to speak of him as a man who was quite indomitable, who forged his way with unwavering persistence through all obstacles. But Mr. Woolworth's own posthumous story, as already told in McClure's Magazine, shows how intensely human he was, subject to all the discouragements of the common lot. He was not a superhuman man, but he had the faculty of "coming back" deeply written into his nature.

He and Knox started still another store at Erie. This, too, seemed destined at first to a dismal fate. A story is told about a long walk taken by Woolworth and Knox about the streets of Erie, in the course of which Woolworth took a forced optimistic viewpoint in order to cheer his discouraged cousin.

Both of them dreaded to return to the store, with its empty aisles and melancholy clerks. But when they did get back they were astonished to find it well filled with Saturday customers—largely farmers. The tide had turned, and success had condescended to settle upon the Erie establishment.

A little later the partnership of the cousins was dissolved. Knox had an idea that he would like to be in a business he could control himself. Thus originated the Knox chain of five-and-ten-cent stores, which spread itself over many communities and became a notable success. But Knox was never a competitor of Woolworth. The two kept out of each other's territories.

F. M. Kirby was another young man who enjoyed an early partnership with Woolworth, and who left him to project a five-and-ten-cent chain of his own.

Earle P. Charlton, once a traveling salesman of household goods and five-cent ware, was still another of the partners in that epoch, who advanced to vice-president.

Mr. Woolworth's brother, C. S. Woolworth, whom he brought down from Watertown to take charge of his second store in Pennsylvania, afterward went out for himself, formed a good many five-and-ten-cent stores, and prospered.

Twenty-odd years later all of these men came back into the Woolworth fold—when the greater Woolworth Company was organized. Knox joined the chain with his one hundred and twelve stores, Kirby with ninety-six, Charlton with fifty-three, C. S. Woolworth with fifteen, and W. H. Moore with two.

F. W. Woolworth at the time had three hundred and eighteen stores, so the grand total under the combination was five hundred and ninety-six. Their united sales during the previous year were $52,000,000.

Of course F. W. Woolworth was named president, and the others vice-presidents, and the organization mounted swiftly to its present pinnacle of success.

Diamond Madness

[Continued from page 66]

found him gazing down at a chilling scene. Sprawled beside the fire was the huge figure of the white-haired, red-faced giant we had so lately seen striding down the principal street of Upington with a cold smile on his lips.

Mister Magistrate Bagnal was dead. No smile was on that hard face now. It was painfully twisted.

"Look!" cried Barney Eloff, sharply. "A diamond!"

He was pointing to the dead man's forehead, in the center of which lay a small stone rimmed with a crimson frame.

Sergeant Keener bent over and picked it up. Beneath was the hole of a revolver bullet. The stone had been placed neatly over the wound, covering it precisely.

"Yes, a diamond," he said, wonderingly. There was the sharply audible intake of breath from the group of troopers pressing close.

Barney Eloff almost rudely took the stone from the sergeant's fingers and held it in the palm of his hand. He stared at it with glazed eyes, nodding his head slowly.

"I've seen many a diamond like that," Sergeant Keener said to me, in a whisper. "Sir Scotty used to roll them out by the handful on the bar in Upington. They're of a distinctive type. No doubt of it—that diamond belonged to Sir Scotty!" He raised his voice. "What about it, Mr. Eloff? Sir Scotty's, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. Absolutely. None in the South African market like it," said the buyer sadly.

"Then the lost diamond mine is somewhere near here?" I suggested.

"Rubbish!" cried Barney Eloff, coming sharply to life. "Certainly not! This is too close to Upington—it would have been found long ago. Why, man, don't you see? Jantje brought it here! I'll wager my boots Sir Scotty's house is empty of diamonds this minute—and he always had a cache of them there. I know, because I've seen them often when I was there trying to make him change his mind."

The diamond buyer gave a cold laugh as he held up the little stone with the blot of blood discoloring one side of it.

"Why, of course," he said. "Jantje, the Bushman, brought this with him. What a joke on the old magistrate lying there! And on all of us: that Bushman standing guard over a locked house, *with diamonds in his pockets*, and doubtless a laugh bottled up inside of him, watching there and waiting to give Sir Scotty plenty of time! Yes, yes! To give Sir Scotty plenty of time to be on his way before the wily little demon played his last card! Can't you idiots see? Jantje brought the stones along when Mister Magistrate Bagnal fell into the trap and drove him out into his own Kalahari at the point of a gun. Poor old balmy fool—thinking he could beat a Bushman on the Bushman's own ground! When he couldn't beat Sir Scotty! What an ass! Why, Jantje potted Mister Magistrate Bagnal with Bagnal's own gun—and left this souvenir behind to tell us his wizened soul was still loyal to Sir Scotty!"

Sergeant Keener's shocked look gave way to dawning thoughts. He gripped the speaker's arm, but Barney Eloff was paying no attention. Looking around, and tilting his head as if listening intently, he said:

"Where are the horses? I don't hear the

horses." He laughed, as if he had said something comic.

"Jantje must have scooted with them," said the trooper.

The diamond buyer looked at him witheringly. "With *both* horses? He didn't need two of them himself!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Sergeant Keener.

Barney Eloff laughed shortly. "I mean," he said, "that if you take the trouble to break into Sir Scotty's house when we get back, you'll probably find a dummy stretched out under that death sheet we saw through the window! Not Sir Scotty's body, anyway—just as I told you back in the Upington bar. I mean—Sir Scotty's gone, but he's not dead!"

BACK in Upington again, in the deserted house on the edge of the Kalahari, Barney Eloff stood poking the neatly-rolled bundle of old clothing that had bulked realistically under the tragic-looking sheet. The rest of us had been searching the house for diamonds, ripping open walls and floors. He grinned at our empty hands.

"Found nothing, eh?"

We nodded—except Sergeant Keener, who came rushing in, excitedly waving a scrap of paper.

"Look at this!" he cried. "One of the troopers picked up a scared Kafir hiding in the barn—and I found a note hidden in his blouse."

Barney Eloff unfolded the paper and read:

MISTER MAGISTRATE BAGNAL:

I am making another trip into the Kalahari. Jantje, for the first time, is disobedient. He insists upon remaining behind. I don't know why, but I have a suspicion. I'm afraid he broods too much about you. When a Bushman loves there is no such devotion; when he hates he never forgets. His is not the forgiving nature mine is. You will do well, therefore, to accept this warning from me: Do not be trapped by him. I cannot be responsible for anything he may do in my absence. S.

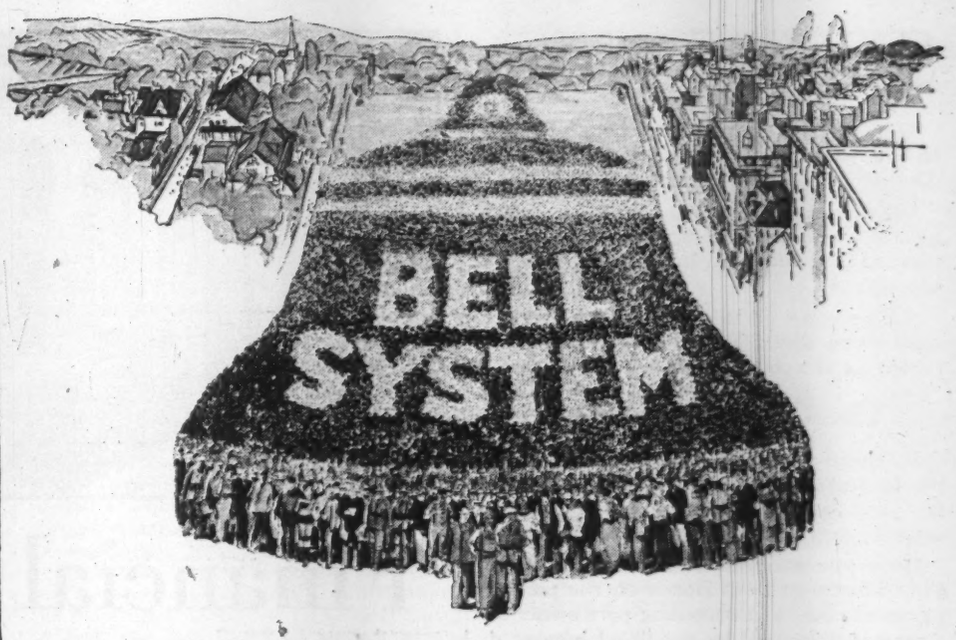
The diamond buyer's sigh of relief broke the silence.

"Just as I thought," he said. "Sir Scotty did not murder the fellow in cold blood—though nobody had a better right! Probably just another of those secret trips to his beloved Kalahari, perhaps to send out more diamonds by his underground route. And the Bushman, remaining behind, decides it's a good time to strike—to do the master a good turn. He knocks off their ancient enemy, and takes a couple of horses so they can both make a get-away."

Barney Eloff laughed. "You wouldn't think a Bushman could have such a cunning brain—devising a scheme like that. And the scientific chaps say Bushmen know so little that they can rarely learn to count up to twenty!"

Sergeant Keener gave a grunt of derision.

"Cunning!" he exclaimed. "Ask that shivering Kafir we found in the barn! He's scared white of Jantje. Says the Bushman sneaked up on him as he started off with the message, chucked him into one of the stalls, and threatened to kill him if he moved a step toward hunting up Mister Magistrate Bagnal. Read? I know he can't read. He doesn't need to. Nor count, either—counting up to two is enough for him. Sir Scotty's one and Jantje's two—that's where he stops counting!"



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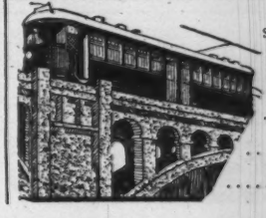

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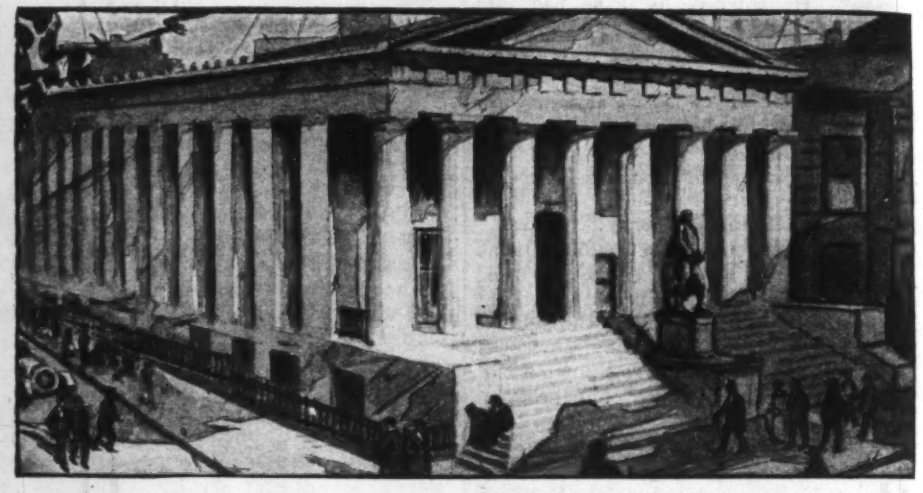

Financial Problems

By Franklin K. Sprague

THIS department of financial advice freely offers its services to all readers. Send your query to the Financial Editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City, and you will receive a prompt reply. Correspondence will be held confidential, but investment questions of general interest will be published anonymously.

Q. With reference to Joint Stock Land Bank stocks and bonds, authorized under the Federal Farm Loan Act of 1916, amendments 1923: Are they safe investments? What constitutes the backing of the bonds and stocks? According to the literature sent out by the Kansas City Joint Stock Land Bank of Kansas City, Missouri, the stock has a book value of $145 per $100 share. Are all stock-selling propositions based upon the book value of the stock after the company has been in operation for some time? I note at the bottom of the circular that the bonds yield 4.70 per cent to the redeemable date and 5 per cent thereafter. Please explain how they ascertain this yield to the redeemable date.

A. As stated in the circular accompanying your letter, the bonds of Joint Stock Land Banks are secured by an equal amount of United States Government bonds or farm-land mortgages negotiated within set restrictions. In the early stage of such a bank's career the ratio of Government bonds is larger than when the bank has been in existence long enough to have acquired other earning assets. The banks are so conservative in placing money in farm mortgages that these mortgages acquire a high standing as collateral.

The stockholders of Joint Stock Land Banks have very much the same status as holders of ordinary bank stocks. They share in the profits and take the risk of having the ordinary dividends reduced in the event that the farm-mortgage market should become and remain stagnant for a long enough time to reduce the bank's profits materially. Bank stocks, more than any other class of stocks, are regulated in their market price by book value, but there can be no set rule for strict adherence to this guide.

In some cases, market price is materially above the book value. In others, it is some distance below. Market price is also governed partly by earning power of the bank. A commercial bank operating in the North on a given amount of assets may earn much less and pay smaller dividends than a bank of similar size operating in the South and loaning money to cotton growers at rates that are not permitted by law in the North.

Those who have occasion frequently to figure bond yields have recourse to the standard table of bond yields. The average layman may figure a yield with fair approximation, however, in the following manner: Taking the Kansas City 5 per cent bonds, for example—the term to optional maturity date is 10 years. Divide the offering price of 102½ into the coupon rate of 5 per cent and you arrive at a figure of 4.88 per cent as the current income return. But if the bonds are called for redemption at the end of 10 years at 100 there is an apparent shrinkage of 2½ points in the principal. Divided by 10, the shrinkage per year is one-quarter point. Deduct this from the 4.88 and you have 4.63 as the yield to optional maturity.

The difference between the result arrived at by this rough method of figuring and the yield as shown in the standard table of yields is due to the fact that the latter makes allowance for the fact that the bondholder is deprived of the use of the premium money during the ten years. The yield to final maturity, thirty years hence, is in this case not exactly 5 per cent. It is a shade less. The apparent loss of 2½ points paid as a premium does not amount to much when spread over the longer period.

Q. Please express your opinion on the following list of bonds: French Government 7½s, 1941; Department of Seine 7s, 1942; Framerican Development Company 7½s, 1942; Rio Grande de Sul 8s, 1946; Philadelphia Company 6s, 1944; Virginia Carolina Chemical Company 7s, 1947; Missouri, Kansas & Texas 5s, 1962; St. Louis & San Francisco prior lien 5½s, Series "D," Straus Mortgage bond. I am particularly concerned about Virginia Carolina Chemical, as this bond cost me $98½ and today it is listed at $88. Will you advise me as to whether I should sell or hold this bond? I consider buying Radio Corporation of America preferred.

A. Fortunately you have the first mortgage bonds of the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company and not the convertible 7½s. This company showed a small deficit in the last fiscal year after paying fixed charges and this fact, coupled with continuing uncertainty

about the prospective buying power of agricultural districts, resulted in the heavy selling of 7½ per cent bonds and weakness in the first 7s. We believe, however, that the position of the holders of 7 per cent bonds is sufficiently well defined to justify you in retaining the bond, rather than selling it at a loss. Your other corporation bonds are suitable. Rio Grande de Sul 8s contain a greater element of business risk than the average investor should assume. A small block of Radio preferred would fit in well with your present holdings.

Q. I hold several shares of Tide Water Oil Company stock which until two years ago paid eight per cent, with an occasional dividend. At present, it is not paying anything, although their annual reports seem to indicate the company is in good financial condition. Kindly give your opinion of this corporation and whether you consider the investment good.

A. The Tide Water Oil Company is a conservatively-managed corporation and the directors are just as conservative in their attitude toward dividends. Otherwise the stock would long since have been restored to the dividend-paying class. It is our belief that the Tide Water Oil Company had as much right to continue dividend payments without interruption throughout 1922 as several of the stronger independents. Furthermore, the result of operations in 1922, when almost 10 per cent was earned on the stock, was sufficient to justify an ordinary conservative board of directors in restoring dividends.

The company earned more than 6 per cent on the stock in the first half of 1923 and when this condition became known the stockholders made indirect overtures to the management with a view to having dividends restored. In June, R. D. Benson, chairman of the board, stated that it was the opinion of the board that until the situation should become more settled in the oil trade the best interests of the company and its stockholders would be served by a further postponement of dividend payments. You are probably aware that the oil situation now is much less favorable than it was when this statement was made.

The oil companies will undoubtedly be forced to make substantial write-offs for inventory depreciation when compiling their reports for the full calendar year. Indeed, it is quite likely that in many cases such a write-off will completely obliterate profits made during the first half of the year. It looks as if Tide Water Oil stockholders will be forced to wait still longer for a resumption of payments. In view of the way events have shaped themselves in recent months, it is probably fortunate that Tide Water conserved cash instead of paying dividends. The market position of the stock clearly reflects the strong financial condition of the company.

Q. Please give your opinion of the following stocks: American Writing Paper preferred; Central Leather Company, common and preferred; Sinclair Consolidated Company, common and preferred.

A. American Writing Paper preferred stock is a highly speculative security.

Central Leather common is also speculative, although not to the same degree, and the preferred stock is likely to remain on the list of non-dividend payers for a long time unless there is a drastic change in conditions under which the company is operating. After only a brief spell of profitable operations following severe losses that turned a surplus of more than $30,000,000 into a corporate deficit of a few millions, earnings have again fallen off. In the third quarter of this year the company sustained a loss of more than $3,000,000, more than wiping out the profits of the first six months.

Sinclair Consolidated, although still paying dividends at the rate of $2 a year on the common, cannot claim anything better than a speculative rating for the common shares. The preferred is better as an investment, but even this issue is not entirely free of an element of business risk.

Q. Will you please tell me if the Home Building & Loan at Nampa, Idaho, the Western Building & Loan at Salt Lake, and the United States Building & Loan at Butte, Montana, are good investments, and if so which would be the best.

A. At this distance we cannot keep in close touch with organizations like the Home Building & Loan Association of Nampa, the Western Building & Loan Association of Salt Lake or the United States Building & Loan of Butte, Montana. As a general proposition, associations of this kind have proved a sound and convenient medium for regular saving and investment. In selecting an association, however, you should assure yourself that it is under State supervision, just as commercial banks are. Furthermore, the association should be local in character so that you may have an opportunity of inquiring into the integrity of the management.

Q. I am a single man, twenty-three years of age, earn on an average of $150 per month. I pay $75 a month on a home which I will have paid for in about a year. In the meantime I want to begin some profitable investment with some of the remainder of my monthly earnings. I could spend from $10 to $20 a month toward some other investment.

A. In seeking a suitable investment for small monthly savings, you can do no better than to purchase the shares of some long-established and sound building and loan association operating in your own State, and preferably in your own city.

Q. Please give your advice regarding Muscle Shoals. I purchased a lot for $650 through Howell & Graves, for which I paid down $162. I make monthly payments of $10. Hearing so much adverse criticism, I would like your advice as to whether or not I should continue payments. If I do not they will probably hold what I have paid, and if I go on paying it may be all the more lost.

A. The purchase of Muscle Shoals lots is nothing more than a speculation in real estate. In this case, the speculative element is aggravated by the dependence of the whole project on the disposition that will be made of Henry Ford's offer to buy the Government's partly-completed plant and contiguous property. The price of the lots, in the first place, is geared up to conform to their probable value if the Ford proposal is successful. You are paying a high price for a speculation. We do not know the form of your contract and cannot state, therefore, whether it would be possible to abrogate the agreement you have with the company selling these lots. Much will depend on the amount you have already paid on the lot.

Q. Do you consider Armour & Company preferred stock (7%) as safe as Armour & Company of Delaware 7 per cent preferred stock? Would either of these investments be classed as a reasonably safe woman's investment?

A. When Armour & Company of Illinois undertook to guarantee dividend on the huge block of Delaware corporation's preferred stock, it assumed an obligation that comes ahead of its own preferred stock. The Delaware stock is the better investment, but even so we do not regard it as sufficiently well secured to form a suitable investment for a woman.

[Continued on page 120]

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Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
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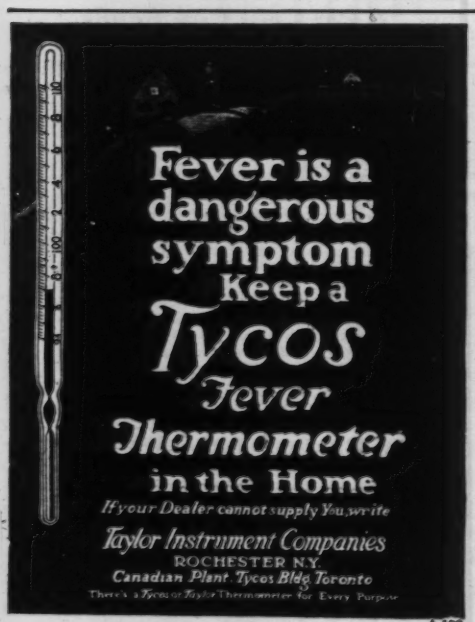
Investment Opportunities of the War.

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette St., New York.



Financial Problems

[Continued from page 119]

Q. I wrote you previously for information regarding the Consolidated Theatre and Realty Corporation, also enclosed some printed matter which, to some extent, explained their plan. I shall appreciate an early reply.

A. The proposition made by the Consolidated Theatre and Realty Corporation involves the assumption of a greater business risk than the average investor can afford to assume. With proper management and assurance that realty values will not decline in the sections in which the corporation is interested, an investment of this kind might prove profitable, but these are uncertain factors. If you are looking for a sound investment, our advice is to confine yourself to bonds and preferred stocks of established merit.

Q. I have several shares of Union Mortgage Company of Detroit stock for which I paid $10 a share. It is now listed around $2 a share. It has never failed to pay 7 per cent on $800. What is the financial condition of the company?

A. There is a substantial element of business risk in Union Mortgage of Detroit stock. This is clearly reflected in the present depreciated price of the issue.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McClure's Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City]

Investment Literature

[If you do not care to order these booklets direct we shall be glad to have them sent to you. Kindly order by Number.]

1. S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be glad to send on request their new booklet "Charting Hidden Treasure." This booklet contains tables that will help you build an income.
2. The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company of Miami, Florida, are publishers of "The Ideal Investment," a financial book which describes the character of first mortgage real estate bonds, and indicates how high-grade bonds which are secured by real estate are protected against loss. A copy of this book will be mailed free and without obligation, upon request.
4. "Current Offerings"—a booklet describing First Mortgage Investments in Washington, D. C., yielding 6½% to 7.13%, that have back of them a record of no loss to any investor in 50 years. For copies, address The F. H. Smith Company, 815 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C.
5. "A Graphic Guide to Investments." This chart has been prepared for the guidance of investors in testing securities. It lists over 60 requirements of a good investment. This guide is distributed gratis by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 135 Broadway, New York.
6. Why New York property is supreme as an investment security and why the owner of New York City realty bonds living in Oregon, Texas or California feels as safe in his investment as a native New Yorker is presented in a most interesting and convincing manner in a new brochure "A Mortgage on New York," recently issued by the Columbia Mortgage Co., 4 East 43rd St., New York City. Send for this brochure.

An Experiment in Electricity

[Continued from page 36]

You know the principles of electricity, don't you? You remember them, doubtless, from your school days—anyway, those that count. For instance, you must certainly remember the method of getting a shock, by holding two terminals in your hands. That is what happened a moment ago, except that you were standing on one terminal, and holding the other."

"Supposing you quit fooling and get down to it," said Jim grimly.

"Certainly," said the prince pleasantly. "In the week since I last saw you I have occupied myself in fixing scores of similar terminals all over your half of the room. For instance—the chair just behind you. There are two there. And though you might sit in that chair for quite a time in perfect safety, some chance movement might make the connection. And then you'd get another shock."

"Am I to understand," snarled Jim, "that you propose to keep me here hopping around the room having electric shocks?"

He again took a step forward toward the grille, to stop abruptly at the prince's shout of warning.

"Good heavens! My dear fellow—not yet. I couldn't bear to lose you so soon."

"What do you mean?" said Jim.

"You see when you shook the gate before only one fiftieth of the current was switched on. And now it's all on. Why, you'd have been electrocuted far too soon. I should have had no fun at all."

The prince lay back as if appalled at such a narrow escape from disaster, and Jim stood very still.

"You see, they're all over the room," he explained. "For all you know, at this very moment you may be within an inch of death, and I mean that literally. Perhaps if you moved your right foot an inch you would complete the circuit and be electrocuted. On the other hand, you may not be within a yard of it. That's the game. Just like hunt the thimble. Sometimes as you move about the room you'll be warm, and sometimes you'll be cold—and I wait and watch. How long will you last? It may be next minute; it may not be for an hour or more. Some of the death spots I know; some I do not—they were put in by another. And that makes it more exciting for me."

Jim was standing motionless, staring at the prince. Was it bluff or was it not? That was the thought in both our minds.

"You can, of course, continue standing exactly where you are with perfect impunity," continued the prince suavely. "And as a matter of fact—this being my first experiment of this nature—I am quite interested in the psychology of the thing. How long will you go on standing there? Four hours—five? The night is yet young. But sooner or later, my dear Maitland, you will have to move."

"What's your object in doing this?" said Jim slowly.

"Amusement, principally—amusement and revenge. How dared you, you miserable Englishman, profane our temple and put the authorities on our track?"

With his teeth bared like a wolf's, the Egyptian rose and approached the grille. He stood there snarling, and Jim yawned.

"You murdered a man," went on the prince, and his voice was shaking with rage. "A man who had forgotten more of the mysteries of life than you and all your miserable countrymen put together will ever know. And the penalty for that is death, as I told you."

"So it was you who wrote those notes, was it?" said Jim in a bored voice. "You wretched little nigger!"

In a frenzy of rage at the insult the Egyptian shook both his fists.

"Yes, it was I!" he screamed. "And it is I who have bluffed you all through. And as I've told you before"—he turned to me—"I will look after Molly."

With a great effort he recovered himself and sat down again. And once more silence reigned. Motionless as a statue, Jim stood there, and his eyes never left the prince's face.

I sat there watching him helplessly. In my own mind I knew that this was not bluff; in my own mind I knew that in all his life of adventure Jim had never stood in such deadly peril as he did at that moment. And the thing was so diabolically ingenious. Sooner or later he *must* move, and then indeed with every step he ran the risk of sudden death. It couldn't go on; we all knew that. It had to finish, and at a sudden gesture from Jim, the prince rose and approached the grille. On his face was a horrible look of anticipation; his sinewy hands were clenched tight.

"Well, old Dick," said Jim steadily, "this appears to be the end of a sporting course. I refuse to stand here any more for the amusement of that foul nigger. So I propose to sit down. And in case I sit the wrong way—so long."

He turned and lounged toward the big chair. Then he sat down and polished his eyeglass, while the Egyptian clutched the grille and gloated. I could have told then, if I hadn't known it before, that it was no bluff—that he was waiting in an ecstasy of anticipation for Jim to die. Anyway, it would be sudden. But when—when?

"A poor chair—this, nigger," said Jim mildly—and then it happened. Jim gave one dreadful convulsive leap and slithered to the floor, where he lay rigid and stiff. For a moment I was stunned; for a moment I forgot that it was my fate, too. I could only grasp the fact that Jim was dead. Murdered by a madman—for there was madness in the eyes of Prince Feisul as I cursed him for a murderer.

"Your turn next," he snarled. "But first we will remove the body."

He pressed over a switch on the wall, and a great blue spark stabbed the air. Then he went to the central gate and pulled it back.

"Not much sport that time," he remarked. "Too quick. But anyway, my dear Leyton, you will now know one place to avoid."

"Which is more than you do!" came a terrible voice, and the prince screamed. For Jim's hands were around his throat, and Jim's merciless eyes were boring into his brain.

"You're not the only person who can bluff, nigger."

The grip tightened, and the Egyptian struggled madly to free himself, until quite suddenly he grew limp and Jim flung him into the chair, where he lay sprawling. Then, picking up his revolver, Jim came toward me.

"Touch and go that time, Dick," he said, and there was a strained look in his eyes as he set me free. Then he crossed to the switch.

[Continued on page 122]

Is Your English a Handicap? This Test Will Tell You

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Sherwin Cody

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Correct answers shown in panel below

1. Would you write—

I did it already	or I have done it already
Who shall I call	or Whom shall I call
It's just as I said	or It's just like I said
The river has overflowed its banks	or The river has overflown its banks
I would like to go	or I should like to go
I laid down to rest	or I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three	or Divide it between the three
The wind blows cold	or The wind blows coldly
You will find only one	or You will only find one
Between you and I	or Between you and Me

2. How do you say—

evening	ev-en-ing	or	eve-ning
ascertain	as-cer-tain	or	As-cer-tain
hospitable	hos-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-pit-able
abdomen	ab-do-men	or	ab-do-men
mayoralty	may-or-al-ty	or	may-or-al-ty
amenable	a-me-na-ble	or	a-men-able
acclimate	ac-cli-mate	or	ac-cli-mate
profound	pro-found	or	pro-found
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-shee-ary	or	ben-e-fish-ary
culinary	cul-i-na-ry	or	cu-li-na-ry

3. Do you spell it—

calendar or calender	repetition	or repitition
receive or recieve	separate	or seperate
repreive or reprieve	acomodate	or accommodate
donkeys or donkies	trafficing	or trafficking
factories or factorys	acsesible	or accessible

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Answers

1

I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one
Between you and me

2

eve-ning
as-cer-tain
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-do-men
may-or-al-ty
a-me-na-ble
ac-cli-mate
pro-found
ben-e-fish-ary
cu-li-na-ry

3

calendar
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
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An Experiment in Electricity

[Continued from page 121]

"Now we'll see how he likes it," he muttered grimly.

There came another vivid spark, and with a loud clang the gate closed in the grille, while the Egyptian still sprawled unconscious in the chair.

"I took the only possible way, as it seemed to me," Jim continued. "If it failed—I died, and by the mercy of Allah it didn't. Oh! Great Scott, look!"

His hand gripped my arm, and I swung around just in time to see it. I suppose he'd slipped in the chair or something, but Prince Feisul's back was arched inward in a semi-circle and for a moment he seemed to stand on his head. Then he crashed forward to the floor and lay still.

I DON'T profess to account for it. Whether he was indeed mad, or whether he was merely the victim of some terrible form of mental abnormality will never be known. Amazing stories of unbelievable debauches were hinted at by his servants during the inquest—debauches always carried out in this room.

Tales showing his appalling cruelty and his fiendish pleasure in witnessing pain in others were listened to by an astounded and open-mouthed jury. But one thing they did not hear—and that was of the presence of two white men in the house on the night preceding the finding of the prince's dead body. And a verdict of Accidental Death saved complications.

The Counterfeiters

[Continued from page 88]

pretty faces. Bearing this in mind, we sent Marie along to assist Greene. This time we decided to fall back upon that old stand-by, Jealousy, to help us.

Greene, with Marie posing as his sister, went directly to the same hotel that sheltered the Carrols and there registered.

For the first few days, Greene and Marie kept to themselves. They wanted to study the situation to determine just how to proceed. And the plan which they finally evolved surely promised success.

One evening Greene casually sauntered into the billiard room. Here, he was knocking the balls around when Carrol came in. Greene soon induced the willing Carrol to join him in a friendly game. While the two men were playing, Marie wandered in. She was interested in watching the game, and an introduction followed. When the game was finished, the three walked out upon the balcony; and before the good nights were said, Mrs. Carrol had joined the party. Greene passed himself off as a French contractor, at Pau for a rest; while Carrol admitted being a Canadian, traveling for pleasure.

Carefully nursed, the acquaintance begun this night soon ripened into a kind of friendship. Mrs. Carrol seemed delighted to be with the fascinating Greene; while Marie, clever girl that she was, soon had Carrol following her around all the time.

At last, we thought, we have blinded Mrs. Carrol's eyes.

When he desired, Greene could be the most fascinating of men—he was on his mettle to win where others had failed. Marie, on her part, soon proved as clever as Greene, and before long she had Carrol a captive.

Quiet, balmy air loaded with the scent of innumerable flowers, a full moon shining on distant mountains or water, a pretty girl all interested in every word, the combination has made a fool of more than one man—Marie won.

"What an interesting life you have had!" commented Marie, gazing up into Carrol's eyes. "Do tell me more."

A man, otherwise keen, in order to impress a fair one will often tell her his innermost secrets.

"Please tell me the most exciting event of your life," begged Marie.

"I'm afraid if I did," drily commented Carrol, "that you would never speak to me again."

But Marie told him how much she longed for adventure, and how she despised humdrum, law-abiding citizens, and presently Carrol succumbed to the influence of the night and the girl and, in his desire to shine, told the essentials of the story we were so eager to get.

"And that's the reason we had to come to France," he said, in conclusion. As he uttered these words Mrs. Carrol, with Greene in attendance, came around the corner of the walk. Greene felt her body stiffen at the sight of the two so close together and, having overheard the man's last words he wondered if Mrs. Carrol had also caught the drift of what he had been saying.

If she had overheard Carrol, she could not help realizing that he was confiding not only his secrets, but hers also to this slip of a girl. But not by a look or a sign, except for that almost imperceptible stiffening of her body, did she betray what must have been running through her mind. With a joke about the dangers of the moonlight, she entered into the conversation as if nothing was amiss.

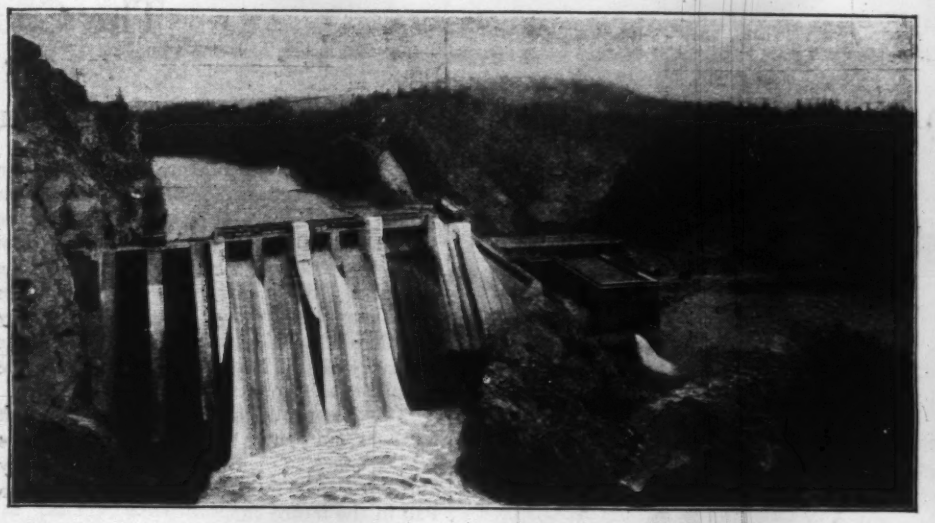
Later that same night Marie repeated to Greene the story she had so tactfully drawn from Carrol. Elated at their success, they decided the news was too good to keep until morning, and so they passed it on to me.

No doubt many readers will remember that during the war the newspapers throughout our country cautioned every one to be on the watch for a counterfeit *twenty-dollar bill*. Carrol claimed that he was the cause of that warning. By the time he had finished serving his sentence, he confided to Marie, the woman with Jim's help had fixed up the cottage in Michigan. Giving the Department of Justice men the slip when released from the penitentiary, he had made his way to the cottage.

Upon his arrival there, the three proceeded to print a million dollars' worth of counterfeit bills. As soon as the job of printing was completed, the press was dismantled and, with the plates, carried out in a boat at night and sunk in the lake.

Starting with Chicago, the trio quickly flooded that city with the counterfeits, then hurried East. Cleveland, Buffalo, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston were visited in turn, and large amounts of the spurious money exchanged for good bills. Finishing up at Boston, the trio separated. Jim departed for California, while Carrol

[Continued on page 124]



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The Counterfeiters

[Continued from page 123]

and his wife made their way to Montreal, Carrol's native city.

By the lavish expenditure of the ill-gotten money, they were successful in obtaining the proper permission and passports to visit the Continent. Delaying not a whit longer than necessary, the two went to England. Even here they did not tarry, but hastened across the Channel to France. Fearing Paris, they had decided to hide in Bordeaux. Such was the story that I heard from Marie over the telephone at two o'clock in the morning.

"Good work, Marie! Keep a close watch on them and just as soon as the chief arrives in his office, I will secure the necessary authority to arrest them and will come to Pau in the motor car."

My arrival at Pau entailed disappointment. All the way down I had been chuckling over the fact that finally we had succeeded in fooling the woman and of her surprise when we arrested them both and deported them to the States.

We swung up the driveway to the hotel and as I jumped out of the car at the steps, Greene met me with a long face, and informed me the birds had once more flown away.

The woman *had* overheard Carrol!

"Where did they go?" I demanded.

"Biarritz," was Greene's laconic answer.

Off to Biarritz we started. This time we were determined that if we caught up with them they would not do any more running around. Biarritz is a long distance from Pau, but my chauffeur made little of it.

Another disappointment here!

"Yes, they had registered at the French bureau, but remained only long enough to get something to eat and then had hired a carriage and left for Hendaye," was the gist of the report I received from the Frenchman in charge of the bureau.

"On to Hendaye!" I ordered, determined to get them. Once more we burned up the roads. It had now developed into a race for the International Bridge, I was sure, with the odds in our favor since the frontier would not be opened. We were banking heavily on the fact that only at certain times was the frontier opened for the ingress or egress of travelers.

As we swung down the hill into Hendaye, we saw a carriage drawn up before the custom's office. Taking the corners on two wheels, we came to the end of the bridge. Hastily I jumped out and ran for the gate at the center of the bridge and arrived just in time to see the two Carrols cross that little white line that meant safety to them, and step into the sanctuary of Spain.

I could not follow, since I was in uniform. Had I stepped across the line the Spanish *gendarmes* waiting there would have seized me and I would have been interned for the balance of the war.

Within three feet of me, they stopped. They seemed to enjoy my discomfiture hugely, and they laughed at me. Then they turned, and arm in arm they slowly started for the little town across the bridge.

"Good-by, major," mocked Carrol; and the woman blew me a kiss as they walked on across the bridge and so out of reach.

The case was now forever out of my hands, and the only thing I know definitely about it further is that the criminals were never caught.

I heard it estimated that when their trail was finally lost somewhere in Italy, they escaped with something like $350,000.

As to where the slip came, in letting them get away from the Michigan cottage, I never knew. My chief did send the first report on to G. H. Q., but I am left wondering if it was received before the Carrols left Washington.

The New Lodger

[Continued from page 93]

A loud click and the door flew wide open.

The light above the empty doorstep described a misty yellow halo in the night. Behind it the fog stood solid, blue and livid, blotting out the street. A black bundle that had leaned against the door rolled inward upon the red-tiled floor.

A queer sound broke the tense silence of the room. The sound of dead weeds stirred faintly by the wind. The swift, hoarse intake of breath in four parched throats.

"A bomb!" cried Dacie, then. "I know that Tom Seeley. I kick him out." He lifted his laced boot in a hot, courageous rush and Uncle Meyer shrieked aloud.

"Stop!" screamed Uncle Meyer.

In a dizzy sweep and swing she caught up the bundle close in her arms, her hands tore furiously at the wrappings, a great length of black-fringed shawl flowed in a dark torrent down the front of her starched white apron.

"It's—it's a baby!" she cried. Her voice was deep, sweet and incredulous. Astonishment and wonder transformed her flushed, handsome face. "It's a baby," said Uncle Meyer. The words fairly sang. And behind her through the open door, beating downward soft against the fog, the bells at St. Ignatius Church began to ring.

"Chris'mus mornin'!" shouted Powder Jack. "And I ain't had a fight, nor a drink nor blowed my roll!"

Dacie dropped upon his knees, his tightly-clasped hands came on a level with his pointed chin, his glowing eyes were fixed on the child in the Jewess' arms and his lips moved fast in prayer.

But Sven drew nearer, his caulked boot and heavy bare foot beating odd time upon the red-tiled floor, his blue eyes shone and his patient face was wreathed in smiles.

"Skoal!" he shouted, and whirled his big hand above his head. "Skoal!" shouted Sven. He gave Dacie a sounding kick with his bare foot that sent the Italian hurtling to his feet. "Skoal for der new lodger! Skoal!"

Uncle Meyer threw back her head, revealing her pretty throat, and laughed joyously.

Powder Jack came out of his despair. "Le's take it back to camp!" he cried. "It's ours. Now that the boss won't let us work but eight hours it 'ud be the real stuff for us to spend them other four hours on. Le's take it. Confound it, we gotter do *somethin'!*"

"Mabbe Uncle Meyer tak' care dat fallar for us," drawled Sven, tentatively.

"Sure, she will!" cried Dacie, vivaciously. He slipped his arm about the Jewess' shoulders and kissed her silky, rosy cheek with a sounding smack. "Ain't she da mother of us all?" he laughed. "And ain't this Chris'mus mornin'? Sure!"

"What do you mean 'your'?" exclaimed Uncle Meyer. She faced them suddenly with blazing eyes in high, imperious command. "Wasn't this baby left on *my* doorstep?" she shot at them, fiercely. "Don't that sign out there say Uncle Meyer's Place? Didn't that woman that left him there say, 'Jewess'? We all heard her plain enough. Well," she said, superbly, "I am a Jewess. Are you—or you—or you? This is *my* baby."

The three men gazed back at her in the profound silence of stunned astonishment. Not one of them dreamed of disputing her passionate assertion of ownership. Powder Jack was the first to recover.

"Stung!" he roared. He shouted until the room rang. "No whisky, no fight, no kid. Even we gotta go back to camp with money in our jeans. Glory, what a Chris'mus! Say, what *can* we do?"

"Aw, we spend de money," broke in Sven, gently. "Coom, Jack, we spend de money. We give de new lodger one chance."

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and laid it across the flat of his thick palm. There was a slight movement on the part of Powder Jack and Dacie. From each there came a strange whispering sound that was neither a laugh nor a sigh, but seemed acutely compounded of both. And two more thick, dingy green rolls lay beside the first in Sven's calloused palm. Smiling, the Swede advanced a short step and gave his hand an upward toss in the direction of Uncle Meyer. The money fell against her full, pressed-up bosom and rolled down upon the little body she held so close in her arms. She did not even lift her head.

"All right," she said, briefly. "I'll count it, bank it an' give you a receipt."

Sven looked at the two other men and grinned broadly. His heavy forefinger again described a burlesque of Uncle Meyer's handsome profile against the atmosphere of the room. She was a Jewess, Sven urged. Just a Jewess, after all.

Uncle Meyer raised her head and his thick finger hung suddenly poised in mid-air. He turned his sketch into an awkward gesture toward the old black stairway that wound up out of sight between the walls. Grinning broadly, thumping each other's ribs, Powder Jack and Dacie followed him to the foot of the stairs. There Dacie turned.

"Well, Uncle Meyer——" he began, gaily. But Sven caught his arm with a cautious pressure.

"Don't bother der woman," he whispered, hoarsely. "She has her work to do."

He lifted his sock from the table where Uncle Meyer had thrown it down and stood awkwardly swinging it to and fro in his hand For all that he had so definitely checked Dacie, he seemed himself to feel the need of further speech before they went upstairs.

"Uncle Meyer—missus——" he ventured slowly, and stopped. "Missus," he drawled again in painful hesitation.

"What is it?" demanded Uncle Meyer, absorbedly. She had drawn out a large clothes basket, set it upon two chairs close to the fire, and was busy making a bed for the

[Continued on page 126]

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The New Lodger

[Continued from page 125]

baby that lay wide-eyed, but peaceful in the big, red-armed chair. "What is it you want?" she said again. She did not look at Sven at all.

"Will you nick them rolls for th' price of our beds?" asked the Swede, anxiously. "Or chalk it up against us? We fallars got gude job wit' Columbia River Company, Camp Nine, missus."

"I'll nick the rolls," floated carelessly over Uncle Meyer's shoulder. She was plumping up a pillow.

"Good mornin', Uncle Meyer," laughed Powder Jack.

But she was bending over, putting the baby in the newly-made bed, releasing the soft little body from her hands with a jealous reluctance. She did not answer Powder Jack at all. And he was about to make an angry retort when Sven touched him again with a heavy, restraining hand.

"Dat's der woman, fallars," he said, slow and smiling. "De baby and de money—she has got dem both. What more needs she? Noddings. Now she cannot even spare de time to say good mornin'. Now de wise man, he go."

He marshalled the other two men heavily ahead of him up the broad, well-scoured treads of the stairs.

The Mystery at Meyerling

[Continued from page 31]

Baroness' brother hesitated to give as there was still hope that Mary would return and he felt that the most important thing was to keep the secret.

"In the course of the two conversations with the Chief of Police, Countess Larisch declared that, whatever happened, the affair was certainly connected with the person of Crown Prince Rudolph, because she knew for certain that Mary adored him inordinately.

"Baroness Vetsera then mentioned Count Hoyos, with whom the Crown Prince had gone on a shooting party at Wienerwald. The Chief of Police at once sent some one to the Hoyos Palace to get further information. The Count's porter informed the man that even if there were a shooting party at the Crown Prince's shooting place, Count Hoyos could not be taking part in it, because he was at home.

"After these attempts to trace the whereabouts of Crown Prince Rudolph the Baroness could do nothing more. She did not wish to go herself to the Burg to make inquiries, as she did not want to be guilty of any indelicate action. Countess Larisch then offered to go to the Imperial Palace in order to obtain, if she could, some information as to the Crown Prince's whereabouts.

"In the evening the Countess returned with the news that she had sent her maid, an exceedingly clever girl, to the Burg to do some spying and the maid had ascertained that the Crown Prince with his servants was at the shooting castle at Meyerling.

"Next day, Tuesday—this was January the 29th—the Baroness Vetsera in the company of her brother drove to the police.

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Countess Larisch returned to Pardubitz on the morning of the same day.

"The Baroness related everything she knew about the affair to the Chief of Police. She confided to him, also, that she had not attached much importance to her daughter's adoration of the Crown Prince, but now that her daughter had disappeared she could see the whole thing differently—especially as Mary's disappearance could only be connected with the person of the Crown Prince, according to Countess Larisch. But in what way, the Baroness declared, she had not the remotest inkling. The Chief of Police listened skeptically to Baroness Vetsera's account of what Countess Larisch thought of the disappearance and then stated:

" 'We have examined the Countess' driver, but there is really very little in his testimony —I am sure he knows more than he admits. There is something in the background of this affair. These cab drivers all stick together and it is more than likely that he had been paid to keep quiet.'

"After saying this, he turned suddenly to the Baroness with the question:

" 'Do you have full confidence in the Countess?'

"The Baroness replied that she had known the Countess for fifteen years, and that she had no reason to suspect her.

"Then the Chief of Police said that if the Baroness would make an official complaint, within a few days he would certainly be in a position to give her some definite information as to the results of the investigation. But he could do this only if the disappearance was not connected with the person of the Crown Prince. As soon as the threads of the search led to the person of the Crown Prince, he stated, he would be compelled to recall his men, and to stop the investigation.

"The Baroness lodged her complaint, but prevailed upon the Chief of Police to conduct the investigation secretly, for the present. At the same time she handed over Mary's photograph to him.

"The family grew more and more restless and the Baroness finally decided to follow the advice of an old friend of the family, who suggested that they complain to the Minister President, or go straight to His Majesty. For the moment, the Baroness decided only to go to the Prime Minister, as she had no serious proof in her hands which she could have placed before the Emperor Francis Joseph himself.

"Count Taafe, the Prime Minister, received the Baroness with the words that superficially he knew everything, as the Chief of Police had made a report to him. But he added that he could not interfere in the matter before night because the Crown Prince had announced that he would take part at the family dinner at the Burg that evening. When the Crown Prince was in Vienna, he continued, there would be no difficulty in making a thorough search at Meyerling. If, on the other hand, Rudolph did not come to dinner that fact could be used as a reason for inquiring as to whether anything had occurred to prevent his intended homecoming.

"Then the Prime Minister referred to the police chief's notes on the declarations of the driver, which had been sent to him in the meantime.

" 'That we should at present acquaint His Majesty about the existing suspicion could not be thought of, as the Baroness—as

[Continued on page 129]

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THE CONTENTS

The Fire-Bugs
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The Woman in Room 27
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The Mystery at Meyerling

[Continued from page 127]

she herself admits—has no proof of any kind in her hands. And then just think of it, Baroness,' continued Count Taafe, 'how would you stand before His Majesty if it were found that there is not a word of truth in the whole story?'

"The Baroness then asked whether it would not be advisable for the Prime Minister to speak himself to the Crown Prince to find out from him something authentic. But Count Taafe declared that he was not on such confidential terms with the Crown Prince that he could presume to talk with him about his private affairs. Count Taafe also impressed her with the importance of doing everything to keep the whole matter a secret.

"The Baroness turned to the subject of the Countess Larisch and stated that, according to the police chief, the behavior of the Countess was very suspicious. Count Taafe, however, said that this was out of the question altogether. The Countess—he suggested—would have acted more correctly had she gone straight to the Empress. The Empress being the only person who, assuming that the suspicion against her son was justified, would have had an influence with Rudolph and, beyond doubt, she was the only one to whom the Crown Prince would have told the whole truth about the affair. Count Taafe then proceeded:

" 'I have no doubt that tonight I shall find out something. If the Crown Prince does not come in for the dinner at Court that will be just as suspicious as if he does come and returns at once to Meyerling. There would be no doubt in my mind then that something had happened, in which case I would send my chief of detectives to the Castle at Meyerling — though it is exceedingly disagreeable for me to have to entrust him with the investigation of a matter of this nature.'

"The following morning—Wednesday, January the 30th—the Baroness received a letter from the Countess Larisch which proved beyond doubt in her mind that her daughter and the Crown Prince had been meeting. And it was shortly after the receipt of this letter that she discovered the terrible end of their relationship.

"It is known that Countess Larisch returned to Pardubitz on the evening of Mary's disappearance without troubling herself in the least about the fate of the girl who was entrusted to her care. The letter written by the Countess to the Baroness on Tuesday evening, January 29th, consisted of two lines:

" 'The steel cigarette case has never belonged to me!'

"After this the Baroness, possessed of what she took to be conclusive evidence of the Crown Prince's friendship with her daughter, looked upon it as her motherly duty to see the Empress on this urgent matter. Accordingly, she hurried to the Burg and saw Miss Ida Ferency, the Empress' lady in waiting. She requested Miss Ferency, who already knew about the conversation between Count Taafe and the Baroness, to arrange for her to be received by the Empress. She also indicated her object, which was to beg the

[Continued on page 130]

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The Mystery at Meyerling

[Continued from page 129]

Empress to find out from Rudolph the whereabouts of her daughter, so that she could take her home at once without any scandal.

"It was already too late.

"'This is impossible! Everybody knows already,' Miss Ida Ferency replied, 'that they are out there, both of them——' Her voice broke, and she was unable to continue.

"The Baroness did not appear to understand fully the meaning of Miss Ferency's words, and again asked her to arrange for her reception by the Empress.

"'HER Majesty can choose her own time to see me—I only want to tell her——' the Baroness began.

"Just then the Empress entered the room and related in a few words that Mary and Rudolph were dead.

"Heart-rending were the few simple words with which Her Majesty depicted the deep-felt grief and suffering of His Majesty at the tragic event.

"The terrible news, the awful catastrophe, so stunned the Baroness that she could not utter a word. She did not even inquire how it had happened, where it had happened, or what was the true cause of this terrible tragedy.

"Confused and speechless, the Baroness Vetsera departed from the Palace with tottering steps."

(Thus terminates Baroness Helen Vetsera's suppressed "defense," relating the events leading up to the tragedy in so far as she knew them. Police reports and other documents telling what had taken place at Meyerling, together with Mary's last letters and an account of the long-hidden facts of the last act in this historic Royal tragedy will appear in McCLURE'S *next month.)*

The World's Most Wonderful Monument

ITSELF one of the great natural wonders of the world, Stone Mountain, a monster dome-shaped mass of rock rising nearly 1,000 feet above the plain twenty miles from Atlanta, Georgia, is now being made the background for an artistic wonder of the world that has no parallel in history.

Gutzon Borglum, noted sculptor, with a corps of engineers, has at last begun the actual work of carving upon the sheer face of Stone Mount the magnificent memorial to the Confederacy.

After ten years or more of dangerous labor in which the art of the sculptor and the skill of the engineer will combine on a new plane of achievement, the mountain will bear in relief a towering group of horsemen 150 feet high, with the figure of General Lee in the center.

Among many seeming impossibilities accomplished preliminary to the work have been the invention of a projector to throw the outline of the design on the cliff at night, and the perfection of a monster suspended movable platform on which some 50 drillers will be able to work.